UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 01689425 5

Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by
William L. Shelden

J. Starkie.

Mr. T.P. COOKE AS LONG TOM COFFIN.

PUBLISHED OCTR 18 1828, BY JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

THE PILOT:

A NAUTICAL BURLETTA,

In Three Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZ-BALL, ESQ.

Author of The Fortunes of Nigil, The Floating Beacon, The Devil's Elixir, The Flying Dutchman, Inchcape Bell, The Innkeeper of Abbeville, &c.

THE MUSIC BY G. H. RODWELL, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at

THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. T. P. COOKE, *IN THE CHARACTER OF LONG TOM COFFIN.*

Engraved on Steel by Mr. Woolnoth, from an original Drawing by Mr. Wageman.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, Cumberland Terrace, CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

OCT
28
1987
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

REMARKS.

The Pilot.

We hold that critic no philosopher at all, who sets up his opinion in opposition to his interest, and tells the public they are a parcel of nunskulls, when, by just hinting they are wise men, he might enjoy a fair reputation, and, what is better—a reasonable portion of the good things of this life. The advice of Stephano, "Trinculo, keep a *good tongue* in your head," is saving counsel. The first step towards making a man pleased with *you*, is to make him pleased with *himself*—tickle his self-love, and you have him, as the bleeding nun had Raymond, "body and soul for ever." Now we, in our critical capacity, have been more than usually complaisant to the public; we have given "*coot worts*," that we might get "*good cabbage*;" we have not *told* them that they were fools, even if we have *thought* them so; and our greatest puzzle in writing has not been to *express*, but to *conceal*, our thoughts. This concealment, however, cannot be said to feed on our damask cheek—on the contrary, it has contributed to puff it out, and tinge it more after the fashion of the mulberry than the rose; to say nothing of our person, which, though more fat than *bard* beseems, is of that true critical rotundity as to inspire the same reverence as *Lingo's wig;* that belonged not to a scholar only, by a *master* of scholars!

It is the remark of a witty satirist of former days—

> "Were I to curse the man I hate,
> Attendance and dependence be his fate;
> Were I to curse him still once more,
> May he be always *proud*, and always *poor!*"

And it is the bounden duty of every critic, who, like old Mr. Silky, would "provide for his family," not to let his literary pride (for your *proud* stomach is generally a *hungry* one!) confine him to a crust and a garret; when, by accommodating himself a little to the public taste (even to the crucifixion of his own), he might command genteel lodgings in the second floor, and eat, drink, and be merry.

For ourselves, we are the very bass-string of humility in our devotion to the public. We cannot, however, say with *Mawworm*, that "we likes to be despised," nor are we emulous of *squibs*, except they be literary, nor of *crackers*, but such as appertain to wine and walnuts. We are in truth a critic of "*all work*"—we "un a-much"

to keep ourselves in clean linen, and "till at all we meet" to avoid the unpleasant company of duns. We cannot afford to pick and choose our authors, but must take them as they come. If tragedy and comedy are not of every-day purchase, farce must content us; and, if farce should become less plentiful than blackberries, we must put up with melodrame and pantomime. The *march of intellect* has done sad mischief to our profession, by overstocking the market; for, if *authors* have increased tenfold, *critics* have increased a hundredfold,—as one carrion crow, when dead, generates a thousand maggots. A *mouthful* of learning now-a-days is found to be as good as a *bellyful;* and a literary *parvenu* vomits criticisms with the same facility that a conjurer does ribands. Nothing, therefore, remains for us, but to sit down in sorrowful pride—"for grief is proud'—and leave the world for others to bustle in; or to consider all as fish that comes to net, whether very like a whale, or a Triton of the minnows. Such being the case, we would not object to review Bartlemy Fair and its miscellany of wonders; nor should we think it at all derogatory to our critical dignity to enter into a learned analysis of Richardson's Grand Theatrical Booth, or the mirth-moving comicalities of Punch and Judy—nay, rather than not be turning the penny, we would apostrophize the pig-faced lady, and immortalize with a biographical memoir that most delicate monster that smokes his link for a cigar, picks his teeth with a hay-fork, and takes his snuff with a fire-shovel—and all this, not that we love Shakspeare *less*, but that we love "meat, clothes, and fire," *more!*

Music has its *major* and its *minor* keys. The army has its *majors;* and, when we see boys, we cannot say *bearding*, but *bullying* men; its *minors* too. Why, then, should the drama not have its major and minor theatres (though, not to speak profanely, the majority of our theatres are minor), to gratify the different tastes of its numerous votaries? If at the *London Tavern* we quaff Burgundy and Champagne, we resort to the *Shades* for Cape and Pontac; while to the *Cider Cellar* more especially belong lamb's-wool, and that Shakspearian liquor, purl—

"Hamlet, this *purl* is thine!"

Each beverage has its good qualities, and its respective admirers. In like manner, tragedy is good, and so is comedy; and so are opera, farce, melodrame, and pantomime, in their turns. The two first interest our passions, judgment, and reason—the second lays fast hold of our ears—the third unbraces our muscles—the fourth makes us gape with amazement and terror—and the fifth is a fellow so impudent and independent (like the rogue who, in answer to Peter's interrogatory, told the saint he was of no *religion at all*), that he is at liberty to take a seat where *he pleases*, and even the stoutest stickler for dramatic legitimacy shall hardly attempt to push him from his stool!

Having premised thus far, we come to the question, whether t'is better to give such interludes, vaudevilles, &c. &c., as have been popular in their day, a local habitation in a select volume, and a name by christening them a Minor British Theatre, or to suffer them to die—to sleep among the kindred cobwebs of the prompter's shelf, a consummation not devoutly to be wished by the public, who have been amused by them, or by their authors, who, we suspect, do not entirely rest their fame on misjudging and temporary applause. We resolve to snatch from oblivion such pieces as are worthy to sail down the stream of time; and have, therefore, taken "The Pilot" on board, not to weather any theatrical storm that *we* may expect to encounter (for we anticipate nothing but soft breezes and sunshine), but because he has steered his bark among the rocks and *shallows* of the Adelphi Theatre with true nautical skill, and, after all his toils and dangers, bids fair to be an agreeable companion on shore.

This dramatic piece is taken from the well-known tale of the Pilot, written by Mr. Cooper; and here we gladly seize the opportunity of speaking favourably of at least *one* transatlantic author; for we should as soon think of giving America credit for the paintings of West, as for the writings of Washington Irving; whose education, studies, feelings, associations, and very style, are all purely *English*. The tale possesses considerable spirit, energy, and boldness of character and colouring, that mark an original genius. It is somewhat overlaid with description, always labouring to produce strong effects; and, as such, is well calculated for theatric exhibition. Mr. Ball has shown judgment in its selection and adaptation. He has preserved a good portion of the original language, to which his own offers no discredit. He has made the English do—what, we trust, they never will but in fiction—*change places* with the Americans; and mingled in the barbarous phraseology of Captain Boroughcliff the outlandish jargon of a regular Yankee, with certain whimsical peculiarities of speech, that are occasionally heard on our side of the water. Yet, half yankee and half cockney—a gallimaufry of amorousness, cowardice, and military swagger, he is an entertaining personage Long Tom Coffin is drawn with great energy: in the scene where he swoons, and describes the storm, we are for a moment impressed with its reality. We hear the roaring of the tempest, the creaking of the masts, and the cries of the mariners; the lightning flashes in our eyes, and the water booms in our ears. The whole scene is wrought up by mechanical skill, to a high pitch of terror; and, if we measure its merits by its effects, we shall be inclined to give it almost unqualified praise.

The acting, in some respects, was excellent. Mr. Yates played with judgment, and Mr. Terry with feeling; the latter would have produced more effect, had he laboured less. But the *crack*, performances were the Captain Boroughcliff of John Reeve and the

Long Tom Coffin of T. P. Cooke. There is a quaintness of manner about Mr. Reeve—a queer gait, a droll wink, a rich chuckle, that well qualify him for characters of burlesque and fun; but he is short and epigrammatic to a fault. His good things lose half their effect by his summary mode of despatching them. Mr. Cooke gave a new feature to the sailor's character. It was that of thoughtfulness and mystery—of deep-toned passion and romance. Tom, on the high and giddy mast, had beheld the ocean with a meditating eye; he adored it as his element, and reposed on its billows. "

> "As sweetly as a child
> Whom neither thought disturbs, nor care encumbers,
> Tir'd with long play,
> At close of summer's day,
> Lies down and slumbers!"

Mr. Cooke embodied the utmost conception of the author, and more. His appearance was highly picturesque; and the point of time that we have selected for his portrait, is at the moment when he throws off his disguise, and restores to the old Irishwoman her cargo and rigging. Although the popularity of a piece is not the surest criterion of its merit, the present one is an exception. It was played upwards of two hundred nights, and might have been played two hundred more ere it had been superseded by anything better.

☞ D——G.

MEMOIR OF MR. T. P. COOKE.

In writing the lives of men connected with literature and the stage, we have often had to regret their paucity of materials; and, consequently, the very moderate interest they were found to excite. Of the author, we have little more than a catalogue of his works—the privations, sorrows, and, perhaps, transient gleams of sunshine, under which they were produced—his sickness, and death; while the actor's brief chronicle is confined to his *first* appearance, and his *last*—the intermediate space being filled up by a review of his dramatic and moral character, his successes and failures, till we come to the closing scene of all, when the curtain drops, and "life's poor play is o'er." Whenever, therefore, we meet with an actor whose life affords something like novelty and adventure—that leads us out of the dull monotonous track of itinerant clerks, runaway apprentices, and shopmen stage-stricken—and partakes of more romance than the everlasting routine of ten probationary years of obscurity, starvation, rags, bailiffs, candles' ends, and orange-peel, with a sudden transition to the full blaze of popularity, that dazzles, blinds, and confounds—we fall to our biographical task with certain amusement to ourselves, and with some hope of amusing the public.—Such a life is Mr. T. P. Cooke's.—We shall, therefore, not, after the manner of Voltaire's History of Charles XII., produce a *novel* founded on fact, but content ourselves with plain truth, leaving fiction to that numerous class of *auto-biographers*, so much the fashion of late, who anticipate the lies that may be told of them when they have shuffled off this mortal coil, defraud the historian of his honest due, and produce a romance—"*themselves* the hero of each little tale."

We rejoice (*biographically*) that Mr. Cooke has been shipwrecked; it is also gratifying (*in a literary point of view*), to add, that, for two days and two nights, he was subjected to incredible misery, clinging to the shattered fragments of the ship. Had it pleased fate to have cast him on a desolate shore, like Robinson Crusoe or Philip Quarll, the description of the savages had been highly interesting; and the monsters by sea and land had proved excellent company for the *gentleman* in Frankenstein. It had been a grand feature in our memoir to have steeped him up to the lips in an iceberg, broiled

him among the Burmese, or involved him in some comical adventures with the white bears of Greenland; but there's comfort, yet—he had the good fortune to board an Algerine corsair; and we only regret *(as far as regards our story)* that he was not favoured with seven years' captivity among the Moors in Barbary—circumstances that would have proved an admirable relief to the old-fashioned mode of annunciation,—that Mr. Thomas Potter Cooke is the son of a respectable medical practitioner, and was born in Titchfield Street, on the 23rd of April, 1786—that, having an early bias towards the sea, he embarked on board His Majesty's ship, *Raven*, in the year 1796, and was stationed for two years in the Mediterranean, where he had the good luck to share in Earl St. Vincent's splendid victory—that he was (unfortunately for himself, *though luckily for our narrative*) wrecked off Cuxhaven—that, in consequence of a rheumatic fever, he was, for a time, obliged to quit his profession, to which he afterwards returned with fresh ardour, and sailed with Captain Prowse, on board the *Prince of Wales*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Calder, and was employed in the blockade of Brest Harbour—but that, the peace of Amiens drawing near, he was paid off; by which the *service* lost a good sailor, and the *stage* gained a good actor; for, in January, 1804, he made his first dramatic essay, at the Royalty Theatre, with success. Since that period, his engagements have been numerous. For eight years he superintended the melodramatic department at the English Opera. His first appearance at Drury Lane was on the 19th of October, 1816, as *Diego*, in the melodrame of *The Watchword, or the Quito Gate.* He was afterwards engaged by the manager of Covent Garden, where he made his first bow in October, 1822, in *Ali Pacha.*

Mr. Cooke selected *Long Tom Coffin* for his *entrée* on the boards of the Adelphi, in October, 1825. At the closing of that theatre, he repaired to Paris; and at *La Porte St. Martin* played "*Le Monstre*," eighty successive nights, to the infinite terror and delight of the Parisians.

Rightly to estimate Mr. Cooke's talents, it is necessary to see him in *Long Tom Coffin*, and the *Monster* in *Frankenstein.* Of the former, we have already spoken in terms of just praise.—The latter, being wholly out of nature, and something even beyond the supernatural, it would be vain to describe.—Thus much we may say, that it is a powerful and extraordinary conception—a dramatic treat, that those who desire to sup full with horrors will never be satiated with. Mr. Cooke's celebrity in this cast of characters has laid him under much infernal contribution. His hands are full of satanic business and we plainly foresee that, in his vocation, he will have to play—

"More *devils* than vast hell can hold."

This distinction has, however, put money in his purse, and given him considerable influence over the minor imps of darkness, who look up to their theatrical *Moloch* with diabolical deference; imitating his sublime atrocities, and catching his every look, motion, and sound; hoping, by perseverance ("which," says Caleb Quotem, "always succeeds"), to become popular and respectable demons, in time; and, like their great examplar, to turn their fire, sulphur, and Indigo blue, to speedy and profitable account—verifying Milton's line—

"Better to reign in *hell*, than serve in *heaven*."

☞ D——G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Costume.

PILOT.—Sailor's jacket and trousers.

BARNSTABLE.—Lieutenant's naval undress uniform.

CAPTAIN BOROUGHCLIFF.—Blue coat, trimmed with red—striped trousers—round hat, turned up on one side, with a red and white feather.

CAPTAIN MANSON.—Captain's naval uniform.

LONG TOM COFFIN.—*First dress:* Blue jacket, with canvass sewed along the seams—a large pocket-knife hanging by a cord from a button-hole—loose blue trousers—check shirt, collar nearly open—black neckerchief, tied very loose—blue and white striped stockings—shoes, and large buckles—low-crowned old round hat, covered with canvass—belt buckled round his waist, with a pair of pistols in it. *Second dress:* A red cloak over his sailor's dress—mob cap, and bonnet.

COLONEL HOWARD.—Military uniform.

SERGEANT DRILL.—American soldier's uniform.

LIEUTENANT GRIFFITH.—Naval Lieutenant's undress uniform.

KATE.—*First dress:* A midshipman's suit. *Second dress:* Pink muslin.

CECILIA.—White muslin dress.

IRISHWOMAN.—Coloured cotton gown—coloured neckerchief and apron.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Adelphi Theatre, 1825.

Pilot	Mr. Terry.
Barnstable	Mr. Yates.
Captain Boroughcliff (a regular Yankee)	M. J. Reeve
Captain Manson.	Mr. Meredith.
Long Tom Coffin	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
Colonel Howard	Mr. Elliott.
Sergeant Drill	Mr. Sanders.
Lieutenant Griffith	Mr. Foster.
Young Merry	Mr. Browne.
Captain of the Alacrity	Mr. Smith.
Boy	Master Kelly.
Kate Plowden	Mrs. Fitzwilliam
Cecilia	Miss Boden.
Irishwoman	Mrs. Daly.

Soldiers Sailors, &c.

THE PILOT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Ocean off the American Coast, with Rocks running into the Sea; a Ship and Schooner sailing in the distance,* C.

Enter BARNSTAPLE, YOUNG MERRY, *and two Sailors, in a boat,* R. S. E.

Bar. (C.) There, that's right, my lads, shove the boat out of the surf, and keep within hail This is, at best, but a Jacob's ladder we have to climb; [*Looking up the rocks.*] and it is by no means certain that we shall be well received by the Yankees when we do get up, though we should even reach the top.

Mer. (R. C.) We are under the guns of the frigate, you know; and you remember that three oar-blades and a pistol will draw her shot.

Bar. Yes, upon our own heads. Master Merry, never be so foolish as to trust a long shot—it makes a great smoke, and some noise, but it is a terrible way of throwing old iron about. In such business as this, I would sooner trust my coxswain, Tom Coffin, and his harpoon, to back me, than the best broadside that ever rattled out of the three decks of a ninety-gun ship. What, ho, there! Master Coffin! Coxswain, yo ho! come, gather your limbs together, and try whether you can walk on terra firma.

Long Tom C. [*Without.*] Yo ho! your honour! what cheer? yaw! yaw!

Bar. Ashore, ashore, ye lubber; what the devil are you skulking about! I verily believe the fellow considers it a crime to land, as if he expected to flounder like a porpoise or a lobster; because, like them, he was born at sea, and knows as little as they do of the shore. What, ho, Tom Coffin! coxswain, I say!

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN *in a boat*, L. U. E.

Long Tom C. [*Leaning on his harpoon in the boat, which is pushed forward.*] Belay, belay, your honour; you know I have no great relish for setting my foot ashore, becase, ye see, I'm no sea-gull, to steady myself by my wings—however, since you think proper to give the word of command, here I am. [*Jumps from the boat.*] Belay, [*Staggers.*] but this terror former, as your honour nicknames it, tosses and tumbles about like a whale-tub afloat among the breakers.

Bar. 'Tis you toss and tumble about; why can't ye stand steady upon your keel, Tom, or I'll order you to be blocked up for launching again.

Long Tom C. Why, ye see I don't know very well how to handle my legs ashore, becase I'm out of my own element, though I've heard people say that there sartainly be as much arth as water; you may believe me, I was out of sight of the sea once, myself; that was when I went from Liverpool to Plymouth, outside passenger of a craft the landsfolk named a coach. The man at the helm had an easy berth on't, for there his course lay a'tween walls and fences; and then they'd stuck up bits o'stone on end, that they call'd mile-posts, alongside of which a man might have steered with half an eye, from sunrise to sunset, without ever so much as getting to leward.

Bar. Ha, ha, ha! I'll warrant me, Tom, the people took you for some amphibious animal just escaped from the deep.

Long Tom C. Nambibberous enough, your honour;—I remember that I said to them, says I, only let me get my foot once more safe on salt water, and you 'ont catch me running the risk of my life on this here dry land again in a hurry.

Bar. (C.) Ha, ha, ha! now, Mr. Merry, how are we to find this pilot, that we came here, by the captain's orders, to look for?

Mer. (R.) He was to meet us on this rock, and the question you are to put to him is written on this bit of paper.

Bar. True, I recollect; but, somehow, I don't like hugging these American shores too closely; what say you, Master Coffin?

Long Tom C. (C.) Ah, sir! give me plenty of sea room, and good canvass, where there's no 'casion for

pilots at all, sir. For my part, I was born at sea, and never could diskiver the use of more land than now and then to raise a few wedgetables, and to dry your fish. I'm sure the sight on't always makes me uncomfortable, unless we have the wind dead off shore.

Bar. [*Smiling.*] Ah, Tom, you are a sensible fellow! but we must be moving.—Heaven keep us from riding out at anchor in such a place as this! But, look out from yon rock, Tom, d'ye see anything of the man we are in quest of?

Long Tom C. Look to your arms, your honour: I see something, looming large, approaching behind yonder craigs—the first thing we hear may be a shot.

Bar. Is it the pilot, think you, Tom?

Long Tom C. He seems nothing to apprehend, your honour; yet he is no sort of a pilot, that's for sartain;—a youngster wanting a berth, I should think.—

KATE *sings without*, L. S. E.

Aboard of a British ship I'll sail,
Where gallant hearts abide;
With my love to cruize through the stormy gale,
And over the swelling tide.

Long Tom C. My eyes! only listen, how he pipes all hands! there's jawing tackle for you!

Kate. Aboard of a British ship I'll sail,
Where gallant hearts abide;
With my love to cruize through the stormy gale,
And over the swelling tide.

Bar. That voice! the song, too——

Mer. It's very like one Miss Plowden used to sing before she left England, sir.

Bar. It was a scurvy trick of Kate's old guardian to carry off his ward to America, merely with the idea of uniting her to a man of politics opposed to mine—yet Kate lov'd me, I do believe, and could I but once discover her retreat——

Mer. Should this be she, sir——

Bar. Belay, boy, belay! dost think, for a moment, so trim a frigate would be capering about at random amongst rocks and shoals like these?—ha, ha, ha!—no, boy, no. Well, Tom, does the stranger near us?

Long Tom C. Ay, ay, yer honour; he'll be with you in less time than it would take me to cry luff.

Bar. You, then, Merry, get with Tom into the boat, while I hail the youngster, and see whether he has any despatches to overhaul.

Long Tom C. Ay ay, yer honour.

[*Merry goes on board the boat, and shoves off,* R.—*Long Tom retires,* R. S. E.

Enter KATE, *in boy's attire, singing,* L. S. E.

Bar. (c.) Stay a bit, youngster—what water have we in this bay?

Kate. [*Aside,* L.] By Heavens! 'tis Barnstable!—water, sir; I should think it would be the salt water of the ocean. You a sailor, and ask such a question of a little skipper like me! I find I shall have to make out a new chart for you.

Bar. Perhaps, my fine fellow, your cunning is equal to telling me how long we shall detain you, if we make you prisoner, in order to enjoy the benefit of your wit? Come, come, don't tremble, you are a fresh-water cruizer, doubtless, and I have no desire to frighten you, but——

Kate. [*Averting her face.*] Fresh-water sailor!—you'll find me an old cruizer.—Ha, ha, ha! Frighten me, you have but another to frighten—I'll let you see that I know how to reef and sail as well as the best of you.—Yo ho, there, taughten reef tackles, haul out your weather-earing, after points taught! reef away! yo, ho! frighten me, will you, that's a good joke!—I should like to see that.

Bar. Now, by all the whales in the sea, but you are merry out of season, young gentleman. It's quite bad enough to be at anchor in such a bay as this, without being laughed at by a stripling, who hasn't strength enough to carry a beard, if he had one—but I'll know more of you and your jokes; you shall aboard with me for the rest of the cruize.—Come, come—

[*Dragging her towards the boat.*

Kate. Barnstable, dear Barnstable! would you harm me? [*Taking off her hat.*

Bar. [*Surprised.*] Avast there! what do I hear, and what do I see? I dream! yet there lies the Ariel, and there lies the frigate. Can this be my own Catharine Plowden, who was hurried away from me so hastily, on the shores of old England.

Kate. The same—and the same to you ever. [*Embrace.*

Re-enter LONG TOM COFFIN, R. S. E.

Long Tom C. (R.) Yo ho! yer honour

Bar. Oh, Tom, it's all right—don't you see this is Miss Plowden rigged out. [*Kisses her.*

Long Tom C. [*Crossing to* L.] I ax pardon, yer honour.

Bar Dear Kate, how happy this meeting renders me! —I can anticipate every thing—you have heard that we were on the coast, and have flown to redeem the promises made to me in England. I ask no more—the chaplain of our frigate may splice us, Tom shall be clerk, and——

Long Tom C. Ay, your honour, I'll sing out amen!

Kate. Nay, nay, Barnstable; would you have me forgetful of the happiness of others? You know of your brother officer, Griffith's attachment to my sister, Cecilia, who is now residing with me. She, also, loves Griffith, and is, like me, a prisoner; without her, I do not enter your vessel.

Bar. This is, indeed, good intelligence for poor Griffith.—But, where is his mistress to be found?

Kate. Do I not say with me, at the residence of my guardian.—Unknown to all but her, in this disguise, I have stolen from my chamber, by means of a secret pannel, constructed, as I suppose, by smugglers, who, they say, inhabited our house before us. I have followed your movements for a week—to-day, I observed you approach the shore, and, by being adventurous, I have been successful.

Bar. But you'll go aboard with me now, dear Kate.

[*The Pilot is seen observing them from the rock*, L.

Kate. Impossible! in this packet I have prepared such an account as will, I trust, excite your chivalry, and induce you and your friend to deliver us poor damsels eventually from thraldom.

Tom. [*Looking through a glass to* L.] Is that the Pilot, your honour, right astarn on us?

Bar. [*Looking through the glass.*] The Pilot, it must be; he approaches; that form—where, when have I seen it before?

Tom. Heaven send he know his trade, for the bottom of a ship will need eyes to find its way out of this wild anchorage. And, damme, he looks as sulky, too, about the gills as a horse mackarel.

Bar. [*Angrily.*] Away with idle croaking, Tom, and

tend to your duty; [*Moaning of the sea heard.*] go, 'tis a threatening night, indeed;—but—

Tom. Ah, your Honour; I show'd you how to knot a reef point and pass a gasket, nor do I believe you could take two half hitches when you first cum'd aboard of the Spalmacitty; these be things that a man is soon expart in, but it takes the time of a man's natral life to larn the weather. [*Distant thunder—moaning heard.*] Sir, there be streak'd galls in the offing, that speak as plainly to all that see them, as ever you spoke through a trumpet; [*Moaning heard.*] besides, sir, don't you hear the sea moaning, as if it knew the hour was at hand when it was to wake up from its sleep?

Kate. These dreadful forebodings make me tremble for your safety.

Bar. O, Katharine, such sounds are nothing to a sailor's ear; but the Pilot whom we seek is here at last.

Enter THE PILOT, L. S. E.

Pilot, what water have you in this bay?

Pilot. [*Coldly.*] Enough to take all out in safety, who have entered in confidence.

Bar. You are the man I seek; are you ready to go?

Pilot. [*Coldly.*] Both ready and willing, and there is need of haste. [*Looking at the clouds.*

Bar. Follow into the boat: I'll join you in an instant.

Pilot. [*With point.*] The consequences of delay must be visited on those who occasion it.

Bar. [*Haughtily.*] And, sir, I shall meet the consequences with those who have a right to inquire into my conduct.

Tom. Aboard, aboard, yo, ho!

[*Pilot goes gloomily after Tom to the boat,* L.

Bar. Come, dearest Katharine, do not return to your prison again; my vessel can and shall protect you until your sister is redeemed, and—

Kate. Nay, nay, remember I have already done more than my sex will warrant; [*Distant thunder.*] go, go; you hear that every moment of your stay teems with peril.

Bar. But can I suffer you to return alone, through those desolate rocks, this crazy night?

Kate. Why not? I have proved that I could come hither alone. Go, Barnstaple,—if you would add to the

happiness of my existence, go and be doubly careful of your own. Good night; remember the packet.

[*Crosses to* L.

Bar. Good night! dearest, dearest Kate, good night.

[*Kisses her.*

[MUSIC.—*Kate goes up the rock,* L., *and kisses her hand to Barnstable as he enters the boat, and they push off,* R. U. E.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Colonel's House. Enter* CECILIA, R.

Cec. (C.) What is it can detain Katharine all this time?—so late, too—giddy girl! she will, I fear, repent of her imprudent enterprises at last: should the Colonel inquire for her, I know not how to find an excuse for her absence—if I am questioned, I have not the courage to utter a falsehood. I wonder where my poor Griffith is at the moment. Does he ever think of Cecilia, whom he left behind

SONG.—CECILIA.

When the sails are furl'd and the watch set,
And the moon shines on the silent deep—
When landsmen o'er their cups are met,
Or wrapt in the lazy arms of sleep;
The faithful tar, disdaining rest,
Consigns to every wind
A gallant sigh, from his manly breast,
For the lass he left behind.

While the level deck his feet pace,
'Mid the silvery clouds on high,
He views his Lucy's sweet face,
Like an angel's beaming from the sky
Her fancied voice, too, greets his ear,
Soft floating on the wind,
And again he breathes a sailor's pray'r
For the lass he left behind.

A footstep—ah! 'tis she herself—Katharine—

Enter KATE, *hastily,* L.

Kate. (L. C.) Dear Cecilia, why did you quit our chamber till my return? It was with the utmost difficulty that I could unclose the secret pannel.

Cec. Know you not that our guardian desired to

speak with us?—and, in order to prevent his noticing your absence, I hastened to meet him, lest he should enter our apartment; but go and change this odd attire, —you will be discovered.

Kate. Haste, then, and follow me, for I have such news as will make your heart bump—I—

Col. [*Without*, R.] Where are these foolish girls, hey?

Kate. O lud! O lud! if he catch me in man's clothes, we shall have a storm to a certainty—excuse me as well as you can, and follow, the moment you have disposed of the Colonel, to be gratified by the best intelligence that ever charmed the ear of woman.

Cec. Go—go. [*Exit Kate*, L.

Enter COLONEL, R., *not observing Kate.*

Col. I begin to suspect I might as well have remained in England, when I was there settling my brother's affairs; but, no,—I must return to America, and renew my commission under Congress. To be sure, my father made his fortune in this country, and I was born in it; but then my father was an Englishman, and no sooner had he completed his speculations abroad, than he returned to end his days in his native land: my brother was born in England, and sometimes, when I reflect, had they been living, that—— So you are here, are you, Madam?

Cec. You inquired for me, I believe, sir.

Col. Yes, I did inquire for you, and your sister Kate; where is she?

Cec. Busy in her own room, sir.

Col. Pshaw! go and inform her that Captain Boroughcliffe, my future heir, is arrived to pay his addresses to her; and 'tis my intention that he should marry her.

Cec. But you must know that my sister hates Captain Boroughcliff, sir.

Col. What's that to do with it? I suppose she's still in the tantrums about that fellow Barnstable, without a penny in his pocket, or parents to give him one; but, I think, I've removed her far enough from his reach—he won't easily discover his mistress on the coast of America.

Enter COLONEL'S *Servant*, L.

Ser. Captain Boroughcliff, sir.

Col. Show him up, by all means. [*Exit Servant*, L.] Now, Cecilia, you go immediately, and announce to Kate the arrival of the Captain, and say, 'tis my positive command that she hasten to receive him as her future lover.

Cec. O, certainly, Colonel. [*Exit Cecilia*, R.

Col. The Captain's a man of property; besides—his principles—there it is—Kate can't do better—these foolish girls are too frequently led astray by appearances; a good husband is, indeed, a scarce commodity, as times go; but—

Capt. [*Without*, L.] Attention, Sergeant Drill—follow.

Col. O! here he comes! Captain, your most obedient; happy to take you by the hand.

Enter CAPTAIN, *and* SERGEANT DRILL, *with portmanteau*, L.

Capt. (C.) Colonel, I subscribe myself the most devotedest of your servants, positively.—I hope your lovely ward is inclined to favour my passion at last: however, you must leave me alone to manœuvre with her—don't think she'll be able to withstand me—Sergeant Drill, there, knows I'm apretty considerable favourite with the ladies—ar'nt I, Sergeant?

Ser. O, yes!

Col. 'Tis astonishing what influence a uniform excites; the character of a brave man, too, never fails to have its weight with a female heart.

Capt. You've hit it exactly—my character for valour is pretty well known, I believe—isn't it, Sergeant Drill?

Ser. O, yes!

Capt. I'm a genuine Yankee—what of that? I'm proud of the appellation. Nobody like us, I guess. In peace (not to be poetical), I am a chicken, fluttering my wings on the bosom of innocence; but in war—O! if you were once to see me in battle, you'd never forget it—would he, Sergeant Drill?

Ser. O, no!

Capt. Then at parade—not that I ever like to speak of myself—still, as I'm about to attach myself to your family, 'tis no more than discreet that you should know all my particular recommendations; but Miss Plowden makes my breast all of a crumble; she's a regular *bun bush*, as the French call it—but she doesn't know me—My brother officers say I'm so clever, nothing like

me was ever seen before—I'm a sort of a kind of non entity—arn't I, Sergeant Drill?

Ser. O, yes!

Col. Do me the favour, Captain, to remain for a few minutes, while I go and speak to Kate. The girl has an excellent heart, and I hope every thing may be arranged for our mutual happiness. [*Exit*, R.

Capt. A pleasant old fellow, positively. Sergeant, you go and unpack the baggage—march!

Ser. O, yes! [*Exit*, R.

Capt. As for Kate and her heart, I'll engage both by storm, I guess—what's conquering a feminine young lady, to the exertion of drilling my raw recruits before a field-day—one half of them with muskets, the other half with umbrellas! To be sure, the other day, Sergeant Lapstone had the considerable impudence to say he was tired of the army, and asked me to give him a *good job;* and I did, with the end of a bayonet,—that was coming to the *point,* I calculate—no queering me—no no, every body finds that out on parade; but with the fair sex I'm genuine, as Sergeat Drill says. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the Colonel's House.—A large Balcony*, C.

Enter KATE, *in the dress of a woman, followed by* CECILIA, L. D.

Kate. (C.) At length I have escaped.

Cec. (L. C.) Now, Kate, for these welcome tidings.

Kate. Oh, Cecilia! I have seen him once again—I have seen him.

Cec. Him!—Whom?

Kate. Him to whom I vowed constancy in England—he whom I love better than all the Americans in the world—my own dear gallant Barnstable.

Cec. Is it possible?—so near—and——

Kate. Not to keep you in suspense, your sighing swain Griffith is at hand, also aboard the same vessel as formerly; from this very window we may discern—— *Opening window in* F.—*Lightning.*] O heaven! what do I see! a tremendous storm coming on, and they still on this side the dangerous shoals. Mercy! how the waves begin to swell—and the thunder, how awfully it roars

—now I perceive their bark battling with the rushing tempest.

Cec. My heart turns cold—happiness and misery at once so near.

Kate. Do but look again—how fearfully the white breakers lash the rocks—now—now the vessel, borne on gigantic waves, rises towards the very sky; now again she's buried in the dark deep trough of the sea—the waters roll furiously along—great power—she's wrecked! she's wrecked!

Cec. [*Wringing her hands.*] Kate! Oh Kate!

Kate. No, no,—there she moves once more. I dare not trust myself to gaze further, lest the faint ray of hope which that one glimpse instilled into my bosom be for ever changed to despair. O man! man! when sorrow and calamity surround thee, woman's last, best effort to assist thy drooping fortune still remains forcibly in her heart, and still reaches thee in her prayers.

[*Distant thunder is heard.—Lightning seen at intervals.*

DUET.—KATE AND CECILIA.—*Storm—Music.*

Heaven shield the mariner on his path of storms:
Where the breakers white
Fling o'er the night
A thousand dreadful forms;
When the stars are wrapp'd in gloom,
And ev'ry wave comes like a doom,—
Heaven shield the mariner—
Heav'n shield the mariner on his path of storms.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*The Deck of the Ariel, with the shrouds and masts manned as in a storm at sea.—On every side the ocean dreadfully agitated; thunder and lightning, mixed with the whistling of the wind.*

THE PILOT, CAPTAIN MANSON, MERRY, BARNSTABLE, LONG TOM COFFIN, *&c., discovered.*

Pilot. [C. *of the deck.*] Now is the time to watch closely. Here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quarter-master of your ship in those chains.

Bar. You, Tom, bear a hand in the chains there, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water.

Capt. M. I will take that office on myself. Pass a light into the weather-main chains there.

Pilot. Stand by your sheets; heave away that lead!

Long Tom C. Ay, ay! sir! By the mark seven.

Pilot. 'Tis well—try it again.

Long Tom C. Quarter-less five!

Bar. She shoals—she shoals—keep her a good full!

Pilot. Ah! you must hold the vessel in command now.

Long Tom C. By the deep two.

Bar. Tack! tack!

Long Tom C. Breakers! dead a-head!

Sai. Breakers on her lee-bow.

Bar. We are on the bight of the shoals. She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her

Bar. [*Through the trumpet.*] Clear away that best bower.—Clear away that——

Pilot. [*Interrupting him.*] Hold on;—hold on every one; she wants more canvass! hoist away the jib and mainsail. You, Tom, come to the helm.

Bar. [*Fiercely to the Pilot.*] Who is it that dares to countermand the captain's orders?

Capt. M. [*Bending from the rigging.*] Peace, Mr. Barnstable, yield the trumpet to the Pilot; he alone can save us.

Bar. [*Throws the trumpet on the deck.*] Then all is lost, indeed.

Capt. M. How, sir? how?

Pilot. See you yon light on the southern headland? If we keep that light open from the hill far inland yonder, we shall do well.—If not, we shall surely go to pieces.

Bar. Let us tack again.

Pilot. There is no more tacking or box-hawling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course. That sail is not enough to keep us up to the wind. We want both jib and main-sail.

Bar. 'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvass in such a tempest.

Pilot. It must be done,—we perish without it. See, the light already touches the edge of the hill; the sea casts us to leeward.

Bar. [*Taking up the trumpet.*] Let fly jib and sheet!

[*They let loose the mainsail, &c.; men pull it up by force.*

Pilot. She feels it. [*Crash—jib blows.*] Quarter-mas-

ter, come to the helm. [*Tom goes to the helm, the Pilot to the bow—they con her for some time.*] Silence, all. Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate; let her luff;—luff you can! [*Going to the helm.*] Hard a weather with your helm! [*Dead pause.*] Ease off all your sheets, and square away. She's safe! she's safe!

[*Noise and confusion here in excess.—Darkness and the rush of waters.—The vessel clears the shoal.*

Pilot. All's well—all's well; the wind abates; the danger is past. [*Shout huzza.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Between Decks.*

BARNSTABLE *discovered with a chart*, R.

Bar. (C.) Again we ride quietly on the breast of the sea—but my dear Kate, the cunning minx, to think, when I used to talk with her so of signals and their utility, that she should have treasured the conversations in her mind so as to compose a whole alphabet of love! Well, boy, what cheer?

Enter BOY, L.

Boy. Lieutenant Griffith, from the schooner, sir.

[*Exit Boy*, L.

Enter GRIFFITH, L.

Bar. Ned, I'm glad to take you by the hand. How goes on all at the schooner after the storm?

Gri. (L. C.) All's well, except that we are but indifferently watered, which is an evil that ought to be remedied, considering how near we lie to a land of springs and rivers. Your trusty pilot, as I hear, knows the coast well, and has consented to accompany me with a party of men to the nearest fresh water; so you will command in my absence?

Bar. I know of no objection: and, Ned, here's a signal book and a chart, from which you may take a few hints to some purpose.

Gri. What, have you found out the Yankees' private talk?

Bar. No, no: I met last night on those cliffs one who

has proved herself what I always believed her, a girl of spirit.

Gri. Of whom do you speak?

Bar. Of Katharine.

Gri. [*Starting.*] Katharine! Was she alone?

Bar. She was; but she left with me this paper and this book, which is worth a whole library—but listen to her instructions—[*Reads.*] "*Believing*"—you see she begins it at once, without Sir, or——

Gri. Well well, go on.

Bar. [*Reads.*] "*That chance may conduct me where I shall be able to transmit to you this packet, which contains a book of signals.*" You observe this is her book of signals.

Gri. Well, well! go on, my dear fellow.

Bar. [*Reads.*] "*With the flags, of which I possess counterparts, I write as follows,—at some small distance from the house where Cecilia and myself are prisoners, in a solitary wood, there is a sort of ruined turret, for which see the chart.*" There, bless her little soul—here, you see, is the chart, with the cardinal points of the compass, as well as if I had drawn them myself.

Gri. Never mind the compass, but go on.

Bar. [*Reads.*] "*This turret stands directly opposite my chamber window, and from which, if you could reach the turret, I could exchange signals with you, both of hope and distress.*" There, you see, is her chamber window.

Gri. Her window! which, then, is Cecilia's?

Bar. Oh! damme if I know! t'other, I suppose.

Gri. 'Fore George! but this is an excellent stratagem. We must get both the girls off, and that before the old man takes it into his wise head to leave the coast, as he will do if he hear of our being so near. Suppose I take these instructions with me, and——

Bar. No, no, be it your duty, this trip, to make what inquiries you can about the prison of our mistresses; perhaps we may get them off by stealth at once: if not, then for the signal-book and the old turret.

Gri. But our pilot,—is he a man to be depended on ashore?

Bar. With your life; and with your love, if you choose, Ned; but, perhaps, that's more than you would think right to risk in the keeping of any other man than yourself.

Gri. Except Tom Coffin; for Tom has an idea that a

petticoat is an ill omen afloat, and more likely to sink a ship's crew than all the breakers and whirlpools of the ocean, ha! ha! ha!

Enter the PILOT, L.

Bar. I have to ask your pardon for my hasty temper, my trusty pilot; you have this night proved yourself such a seaman as the world cannot equal.

Pilot. I am no stranger to these seas, and may find my grave in them—but you have acted your part bravely, young man—England will have no cause to blush for such an officer.

Bar. Something like a dream assures me that we have met before.

Pilot. [*Coldly.*] Perhaps so; but we are going ashore. [*Exit*, L.

Bar. Singular man! I cannot account for his strange conduct; but Griffiths, we must be on the look-out for the girls. It wont do to lose sight of them. Come, come. [*Exit*, L.

Gri. I'm ready; yes, my Cecilia, I fly once again to assure you of my unceasing fidelity, and that I have never an instant forgotton your last kiss of affection.

SONG—GRIFFITH.

I nevet can forget the hour when from my love I parted,
How fondly round my neck she hung, and, almost broken-hearted,
Exclaimed, "Dear Edward, think of me from morn to setting day—
O! think of me, my Edward dear, when cruizing far away."

And shall I ever prove untrue,
Where'er my footsteeps rove,—
No! by her eye of heavenly blue,
And by her kiss of love—
Sweet, sweet kiss of love!

Though light'nings rage around my head, and honour call to battle—
While thunders cleave the trembling sea, or cannons loudly rattle—
Ah, yes, I'll fondly think of her in tempest and in fight—
O! she shall be my magnet still, my guiding star of light,
And shall I ever prove untrue, &c.

[*Loud laughing and hurrah without*, R. S. E.—*Exit*, L.

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN, *and* SIX SAILORS, R. S. E.

Long Tom C. (C.) That's your sort, my boys; arter a storm comes a calm, then's the time to splice the main-brace, and drink to sweethearts and wives: what say you, my lads, as we are inclined to be merry, suppose some of you foot it away to the tune of a hornpipe, and if I'm not grown too stiff in my old pins, why, damme, I'll join you.

[*The Sailors take up the first part of the tune, Long Tom Coffin joins in and dances a hornpipe.*

SCENE II.—*A Dining-Room in the Colonel's House. Wine on the Table.*

Enter COLONEL HOWARD *and* CAPTAIN BOROUGHCLIFF, R.

Col. H. (C.) How say you? English vessels! and your informant beheld them with his own eyes?

Capt. B. (L. C.) O yes! He was willing to take an oath on it, Colonel, in the most correctest manner possible, I calculate.

Col. H. If these rash boys have really persuaded the silly old dotard who commands the vessel, to trust himself within the shoals in such a gale as that of last night, their case must be desperate indeed. That fellow, Barnstable, is the very devil in disguise; I should not be surprised to see him enter my house, with his whole ship's crew, and carry off both the girls before our faces.

Capt. B. O no! you surely forget that Captain Boroughcliff has the honour to be quartered in the neighbourhood, with as fine a body of genuine young men as ever marched under the command of a valiant officer, I reckon.

Col. H. I beg pardon, but you little know what desperate dogs we have to contend with; and the girls, too, are evidently inclined to revolt.

Capt. B. Oh yes! I understand your Englishmen are very devils in love matters; but your American fellows have a genuine knack of their own, I guess. But the ladies, my dear colonel—positively, I'm dying for their society; poor things! no doubt they are considerably uncomfortable—you lock them up too much—upon my word, you do—it's a great bore, I calculate.

Enter SERGEANT, L.

Col. H. (C.) Well, sir, what are your despatches? Nothing but what's done proper, I hope.

Ser. (L.) A sentinel, your honour, has detained two men, who were lurking about the plantations; we thought they looked rather suspiciously, and detained them.

Col. H. What do they look like?

Ser. Spies, your honour.

Col. H. Spies!

Ser. Yes, sir; they are fine upright fellows, and, perhaps, might be tempted to enlist, your honour.

Col. H. They may be Europeans; perhaps, from those mad sea-dogs who are looking after my wards. Captain, let them be secured.

Capt. B. O yes! I will—and enlist them myself; they shall fight for Congress, positively—sergeant, take 'em to the guard-house; slick right away, and I'll come to you directly, I guess.

Ser. Very well, your honour. O yes! [*Exit*, L.

Capt. B. Yonder I see the ladies, colonel—they seem to be looking at those rascals.

Col. H. Indeed! then I'd better look after them directly—suppose you take another glass to their health, and join us. [*Exit*, R.

Capt. B. [*Pours out wine.*] O yes! certainly! I'm always ready to drink "The ladies!" [*Drinks.*] Lovely creatures—without them the world would be an army without soldiers, or a musket without a flint—nothing to strike the sparks, I reckon. Come, that's neat, I reckon—a genuine joke. The ladies always inspire me, I guess,—and make me both witty and musical—O yes.

SONG—CAPTAIN BOROUGHCLIFF.

My daddy to my mammy said,
"Do marry me, my dear miss;"
My mammy, blushing, hung her head,
And softly sigh'd—"Oh yes!"
My daddy lov'd his *backer*-pipe,
My mother lov'd her poodle,
Till I appear'd, a cherry ripe.
Dear little Yankee Doodle
Ri tol lol, &c.

My beauty was so great and grand,
To kiss me each would squeeze;
My mouth was like a haystack,
And my lips like butter'd peas.
When breech'd, at length, ye gods! how fine,—
'Tis true, or I'm a noodle,
They call'd me then the genuine
Right charming Yankee doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c

The most correctest possibly
Of hofficers I am;
Lauks, how the gals all laughs at I,
And how I laughs at 'em!
But 'tis my beauty makes of all
The most completest noodle.
They loves me—long, short, large, and small,
The dashing Yankee Doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

A captain milintary deck'd,
Take heed, ye lovely friskers,
For wery soon I does expect
To vear a pair of viskers.
But vith a tear I now departs,
Don't think vot I'm a noodle:
If I stays here, you'll lose your hearts,—
Ay, all to Yankee Doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

[*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Court adjoining the Colonel's House*, L.—*a Guard-house, over the Door of which is a Portico, supported by Two Pillars*, R.—*in the background, a low Wall runs across the Stage, in which, near the House, an Iron Gate is inserted—beyond the Wall the Sea, on which are Moving Objects, &c.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* THE PILOT *and* GRIFFITH *from the House*, L., *who are conducted into the Guard-house*, R., *by Sergeant Drill and Six Soldiers.*

Kate. [*From the window*, L.] 'Tis as I feared, Griffith in disguise,—I must watch and assist him.

[*Griffith is about to remonstrate with the Sergeant, when Kate, holding up a key, indicates that she intends to release him; she retires from the window as he enters the Guard-house.*

Enter CAPTAIN BOROUGHCLIFF *from House*, L. *The Sergeant locks the guardhouse door, and gives him the key.*

Capt. B. (C.) Ha, ha! that's proper discipline, I calculate—military every inch, as we say on parade—there, my fine fellows, you'll learn civilization now, I've no doubt—if you get out of that guard-house without my permission, I'll give you leave to say Captain Boroughcliff is no soldier, positively. What do I see! Miss Plowden coming this way,—alone, too,—O yes. Sergeant Drill, you and your fellows get out of hearing, till I give the word of command—march! [*Exit Sergeant and six Soldiers*, R.] I'm now in love-making order, three bottles primed, capital Madeira.

Enter KATE, *from House*, L.

'Tis as I feared! [*Aside.*] Miss Plowden, you blush considerably like an angel.

Kate. (L. C.) Really, captain, you are always so gallant, so polite, that—

Capt. B. [*Aside.*] Love and opportunity! the gods are propitious! I thought she couldn't resist me long. [*To Kate.*] Ah! adorable Miss Plowden, I idolize you to distraction; mine's the genuine affection—you are dearer to my heart than sunshine on a field-day—you are, upon my soul.

Kate. [*Aside.*] I'm all confusion. The honour you continue to impose upon me, Captain Boroughcliff, is far beyond my humble merits.

Capt. B. Sweet creature, how delighted this affability renders me! Katharine, charming Katharine, there is no sacrifice positively, I calculate, that I would not make to insure the least particle of your happiness—I swear it on this heavenly shrine, I do!

[*Kneels, and kisses her hand. Kate laughs aside at Cecilia, who peeps anxiously from the window*, L.

Kate. Oh, captain, then I'm sure you'll not refuse me one *trifling* obligation.

Capt. B. Demand a thousand! positively, I am but your slave to obey.

Kate. You love me?

Capt. B. O yes!

Kate. Restore yonder poor fellows to liberty, then.

Capt. B. O no! Actually, Miss Plowden, you have demanded of me the only concession which, consistently,

I dare not make, I reckon. Recollect, madam, the duty of a superior officer.

Kate. Recollect, sir, the duty of a lover.

DUET.—CAPTAIN BOROUGHCLIFF *and* KATE.

Kate. Captain, though you look so spruce, you'll never do for me;

Capt. B. Pretty Kath'rine, cross and angry, why not say, O yes!

Kate. I cannot speak a civil word till you give up the key;

Capt. B. 'Tis my duty here replies, and exclaims, *O no!* you guess.

The key of your affection give—this heart is in a glow!

Kate. My duty here [*Touching her heart.*] commands that I should answer you—O no!

Both. { *Kate.* With an O ho ho, what is to be done,
I cannot marry you.
Capt. B. I'll go, go, go, and drown myself,
If still you cry, O no! }

Kate. Captain, if you'd drown yourself, why—yonder lies the sea.

Capt. B. Taunting Kath'rine, tell me truly, are my hopes all gone?

Kate. I'm promis'd to another, who is just the man for me.

Capt B. Then very shortly I shall prove a living skeleton.

With genuine compassion deign these piteons looks to view.

Kate. Though *monkey-men* are all the rage, I canno fancy you.

Both. { *Kate.* With a ha! ha! ha!
Capt B. I'll go, go, go, &c. }

Capt. B. Duty, madam, military duty, insists on my refusal—it does, I reckon.

Kate. And true love, sir, insists on my evincing a proper indignation towards one who knows only the *shadow* of affection. There is no reality in a heart like your's. To the man who can be generous, even in the most trivial circumstances, at the expense, perhaps, of his own welfare, Katharine Plowden has already given her soul —for him she would not shrink from the scorching beams of an Indian sun, or the freezing blasts of a Siberian desert: but, for the man who has neither the courage nor the feeling to comply with the best dictates of humanity, and yet would insult her understanding by men-

tioning what *he calls* passion, she has nothing left but her sex's scorn and contempt.

Capt. B. Positively, this is the most uncorrectest conduct imaginable: if they should hear of this at the mess, I shall be roasted through the whole army—I shall, upon my soul. O yes! [*Retires up,* L.

Enter CECILIA *from House,* L.

Cec. Dearest Kate, how have you succeeded?

Kate. Not in the least. Where's the colonel?

Cec. Gone into the plantation.

Kate. Then the only way left us—[*Long Tom Coffin is heard without,* L.]—still, new interruption!

Long Tom C. [*Without,* L.] Buy, buy, buy?

Capt. B. [*Looking out at the gate,* L. U. E.] Get along, my good woman, this is no place for—yet, now I think on't, I must appear more sympathetic, I reckon, or Kate will cut me altogether, she will! [*Aside.*

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN *through gate,* L. U. E., *in a cloak, cap, and bonnet, a pedlar's basket on his arm, with tapes, laces; garters, ribands, soap, knives, scissors, tambour-needles, tobacco-boxes, ballads, &c.*

Long Tom C. (L.) Buy, buy,—poor pedlar-woman, cast all adrift, an' please your honours.

Capt. B. (C.) The woman has the most unfeminine voice I ever heard, and smells abominably of tobacco. My sweet gentlewoman, what may you have to dispose of?—Faugh!

Long Tom C. Soap, pen-knives, your honour.

Cec. [*Aside to Kate.*] Sure, I should know that face.

Kate. [*Aside to Cecilia.*] 'Tis a man, I'll swear—I Have seen the man with Barnstable—'tis the coxswain, Tom Coffin—a light breaks in upon me.

Capt. B. And this—what's this?

Long Tom C. [*Hesitating, not knowing the names of his goods.*] That, your honour, that's tape—and that—that's ratline!

Capt. B. Ah! ah! ah! what is it? ratline—and what's this?

Long Tom C. Avast! avast! that, O that's—a that—

Kate. How absurd you are, captain! Do you suppose the woman does not know a *tambour-needle?*

Long Tom C. Yes, that's a trumbore-needle, sure enough, your honour. [*Turns round to speak to Kate.*

Capt. B. Ho. ho! [*Sees Tom's tail hanging over the top of his cloak.*] So here's another of 'em, or I'm no judge of military movements—[*Taking hold of Tom's tail.*] Well, that's the most enormous tail for a female I ever saw in my life! [*Aside.*] So that's a trumbore-needle, is it, my delicate young vestal? [*Laughs,* L.] Ha! ha! ha! And pray what's this?

Long Tom C. [*Turning to Capt. B.*] That, your honour, why that is—

Capt. B. It's a ship's compass, I guess.

Long Tom C. No, if 'tis, I'm damn'd.

Capt. B. Very ladylike, upon my word; I've no doubt but you know something about—

Enter an Old Irishwoman through gate, L. U. E.

Wom. (L.) Murder! robbery! violation!

Capt. B. (R. C.) Another, hem! I shall have the whole troop in time. Well, my second edition of feminine susceptibility, by whom have you been robbed and murdered, I ask?

Wom. That fellow there, sir; he came across me while I was taking a little bit of a swate illigant sleep, and off he pops with my cloak, and my marchandise, and then he murdered me, and so—

Long Tom C. [C., *throwing off his disguise.*] There, take your cargo, and your rigging; and, if ever Tom Coffin cruizes under false colours again, it shall be under more lucky ones than a woman's mainsail. Don't alarm yourself, none who know him will say that Tom Coffin ever used unseaman-like conduct to any of his mother's kind.

Capt. B. Positively, I must sound an alarm here, I reckon, or— [*Going.*

Long Tom C. No, you don't, though; [*Tom, seizing him and the woman with one hand, throws a noose over their heads, and fastens them.*] and if you, or old mother slip-gibbet here, let fly your jawing tackle, till I and my comrades are off, I'll blow out your calf's brains for you. And mayhap you'd wish to know who I be? Look at this here pickter on my hat—that's my ship: she and I were born on the same day. I'm Long Tom Coffin; and, if ever I catches you afloat, we'll teach you the use of ratline, and how to box the compass, too, in good arnest. Hillo. [*To the Captain, whose hat falls off.*] you've dropp'd your scraper! [*Tom, stooping to pick up the Captain's hat,*

knocks off the woman's cap; he puts the Captain's hat on the Woman, and the cap of the Woman on the Captain.

[*The Captain, in the scuffle, drops the key. Kate picks it up, and releases the Pilot and Griffith from the guard-house, while Long Tom holds the Captain and Woman,* L.

Kate. The boat! the boat! think not of us, Griffith—fly, save yourselves!

[*Long Tom forces the Captain and the Irishwoman into the Guard-house, locks the door, and gives the key to Kate.*—MUSIC.—*The Pilot and Griffith jump into the boat; Tom follows them, and presents an immense brace of pistols, as he retreats; Kate snatches one of the pistols from Long Tom, and presents at the Captain, who thrusts his head through the guard-house window,* R.

Long Tom C. That's your sort, my little man o' war's man, slew yourself to an anchor; and, if he dares but to hoist sail, pour a broadside into his upper daylights. Yo, ho!

[*Cecilia, overcome, falls at Kate's feet, and Tom fires a pistol as the boat rows off,* L.

Tom. Yo, ho! yo, ho! [*Picture.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another View of Katharine's Apartment—the sliding pannel,* R. S. E., *and an open window in the* C. F., *commanding a view of the Tower (mentioned in the chart), standing at a distance amid the foliage.—A Table and two Chairs.—A Telescope and Stand on the Table, which has a large cover.*

KATHARINE *discovered seated on the ground, busily employed with some small signals of various colours—Cecilia is looking with telescope through the window,* C. F.

Kate. Heigho! well, here we are, locked up again,—at least so they think; but we are not quite so secure, thanks to the smuggler's pannel. By this time your lover is safe aboard his vessel, with no small credit due

to Long Tom. Ah, Cecilia! I wish we were with them, —I'm heartily tired of this every-day life.

Cec. Ah, Kate, you have a soul formed for enterprise.

Kat. Yes, Cecilia. There is no peril, however dangerous, that a woman of spirit and virtue should fear to encounter, to secure the heart of that brave and honourable man to whom she has previously given her own best affections.

SONG—KATE.

Aboard of my true love's ship I'll go,
And brave each blowing gale,—
I'll splice, I'll tack, I'll reef, I'll tow,
And hawl with him the sail:
In jacket blue,
And trousers too,
With him I'll cruise afar—
There shall not be a smarter chap
Aboard of a man of war:
Yo, ho! &c.

Spoken. Then, Cecilia, when the word is given, up aloft I go, and when I pass the gasket top-sail, then I cry, let go top-gallant bowlines, you lubbers there, let go!

Whate'er his perils, each I'll share,
Ashore or on the wave;
O, yes! for one who is my dear,
The stormy seas I'll brave.
In jacket blue, &c.

But what is it you are gazing at through that telescope, so earnestly?

Cec. Do but observe yon tower in the ruin; only mark those spots of pink fluttering on the walls.

Kate. They are my own signals; Barnstable is there; he is planning our escape.

Cec. But what says he? Yon alone can interpret his meaning.

Kate. 'Tis only a question to gain an answer; I must let him know that he is observed.

[*She presents flags at the window.*

Cec. He is expert as yourself. Black over red.

Kate. Black over red. I must look at my book. Ah! "my messenger; has he been seen?"

Cec. What messenger?

Kate. [*Changing signals.*] We must ask that.

Cec. White over black.

Kate. White over black,—that's "Tom Coffin." I must answer no! he cannot approach the house except through the garden gate, and the secret pannel in our chamber.

Cec. He understands, and replies yellow over blue. What does he say, Katharine?

Kate. He asks whether he himself can enter that way.

Cec. Your reply is —

Kate. Yes! [*Changing signals.*

Cec. Imprudent girl! have you remembered the danger? Besides, who is to open the gate to him?

Kate. I will! [*She goes out through the pannel,* R.

Cec. What rashness! 'tis true, evening approaches; with it, we two might escape, and [*Looking from the window.*] how fearlessly, yet how cautiously, she darts through the shaded walk! 'Tis well the Captain and our guardian are engaged, or—[*A knock at the door,* L.] —Some one knocks at the door; what is to be done? how shall I excuse the absence of Katharine? [*Knock again.*] Who's there?

Capt. B. [*Without,* L.] Captain Boroughcliff, with a message from the Colonel—positively—

Cec. The Captain—You cannot enter—we are prisoners, and my guardian has the key: that's fortunate

Enter CAPTAIN BOROUGHCLIFF, L.

Capt. B. No, my lovely charmers, Captain Boroughcliff, the fortunate Captain Boroughcliff, like a true knight errant, is entrusted with the gifted talisman, I guess, which is to restore you enchanted damsels to a state of liberty. Positively I—but where's my divine Kate?

Cec. Kate—Kate—O! there—there.

Capt. B. There, where? He, he, he! playing love's bo-peep I calculate; vastly pleasant, upon my soul; recollect, Miss, I know where you are,—I do, upon my honour; out of the window, I suppose, in the verandah, ha, ha!

Cec. O! No, no, not here.

Capt. B. [*Going to window.*] I must examine, my dear,—I must indeed, actually—ha, ha!

Cec. [*Aside.*] If he should perceive Barnstablein the

garden—[*To the Captain, confused.*]—I—no, indeed, sir, you. [*He approaches the window; Cecilia detains him.*

Re-enter KATE, *cautiously, through the pannel,* R. S. E.—*they laugh at him very heartily.*

Capt. B. In the name of wonder, madam, where did you spring from? I didn't observe you; I did not, by my sagacity, I reckon.

Kate. Ha, ha, ha! you are not half a lover yet; before you think of any resource so desperate for a lady, in future, as an open window, don't forget that a screen is more convenient.

Capt. B. An excellent ambush, madam; I declare I overlooked it. Bless me, what a number of little flags!

Kate. Flags, sir? why they form part of one of my dresses.

Capt. B. Then it's a dress in which you intend to signalize yourself in, I guess, madam. Ha, ha! that's very good, considerably.

Kate. Does he suspect?—May I ask, sir, your motive for this visit?

Capt. B. O! I beg pardon! your guardian, with myself, will do ourselves the felicity to take tea with you, in the correctest manner possible. You are so lonely, quite hermits—it will be absolute charity, I calculate.

Kate. We are engaged, sir; Cecilia is indisposed, and I—I am drawing—I have a particular design to finish; we wish not to be interrupted, sir.

Capt. B. Well, madam, since you are resolved to impose such cruelty upon me, why I must be the messenger of ill tidings—I sha'nt forget. What's that vile knocking?—'Tis very odd, I calculate.

[*Barnstable knocks outside at the portrait pannel,* R.

Kate. What's what? I hear nothing.

Capt. B. Somebody tapping on the other side of the wall, positively.

Kate. O absurd! impossible. [*Knocking again.*

Capt. B. There again! I hear! O yes!

Kate. O, ah! now I do hear it! some of your men hammering the flints in their muskets; it's a practice they have in the guard-room, as you call it, on the other side of the garden wall.

Capt. B. And very annoying to ladies ears, actually—quite a bore—I'll inquire into it, Miss Plowden—upon my honour, I heard it distinctly, as if it had been

at the back of that grim-looking portrait; ladies, I take my leave! I reckon I'll find it out.

[*Exit, locking the door,* L.

Kate. He locks the door—he retires—now, dear Barnstable, you may enter.

Enter BARNSTABLE, *through the sliding pannel; Tom peeping in after him.*

Long Tom C. [*From the pannel.*] Only you pipe all hands aboard, your Honour, and Tom's ready with his harpoon to give the skulkers a lift out of the daylights yonder.

Bar. Silence, silence. [*Shuts pannel.*] Dearest Kate, let us embrace this joyful opportunity, and fly at once through the ruins; my boat lies at the water's edge, and—

[*The Captain opens the door,* L., *suddenly Cecilia faints in Barnstable's arms,* R.

Capt. B. Ho, ho! treason! taken by storm, Colonel! This is the most uncorrect thing—Sergeant Drill, what ho! an enemy in the camp, positively; I'll have that fellow hung up at the yard-arm of one of our frigates—I will. O yes. [*Exit,* L.

Bar. Stay, poltroon, and take a seaman's remonstrance. What's to be done?—Only this way, Kate; only this way.

[*Carries out Cecilia, and is followed by Kate through the pannel,* R.

Enter CAPTAIN, SERGEANT, *and* SOLDIERS, L. D.

Capt. B. How's this?—Not a soul—nor here—nor here. I reckon they could not have passed down stairs—some secret closet—mum—I'll find it out. Sergeant, you post sentinels at the bottom of the stairs; and, hark ye, don't be considerably out of the way when I give the word of command. [*Exeunt Sergeant and Soldiers,* L.] No noise, they could not fly through the window—I'll find it out, I will. [*Creeps under the table.*

Enter LONG TOM, *cautiously, from the pannel,* R.—*steals round to the door,* L.—*locks it, and, upsetting the table, presents his harpoon at the Captain.*

Long Tom C. One word to alarm them fresh-water marines, and I'll send my harpoon right through your whizzen. Come, give us hold of your cheese-knife.

[*Takes his sword, and drags him to the front.*

Capt. B. That horrible sea-monster again, by all that's considerably uncomfortable—I—

Long Tom C. Another word and death; [*Presenting a pistol.*] you are my prisoner—

Capt. B. Prisoner! well, that's done handsome!

Long Tom C. Ay, I believe it is; but belay your jawing-tackle, or you're a dead man; I'll just take you in tow, you see, and haul you aboard the Ariel. I always carry a bit of marline in my pocket. [*Taking out a rope.*] Come, heave a-head, my fine fellow—you'll get a powder-monkey's berth a-board, mayhap. [*Knocks down the Captain's hat nearly over his eyes, and seizes his hand.*] Here, just let me git a bowline-knot round your mawleys, and a half hitch abaft your fly-guard, then we'll brace all taught, and make sail.

[*Throws a cord round him, which he fastens to his harpoon, and then presenting a pistol, marches him through the pannel,* R.

Long Tom C. Stay a bit—[*Pulls him back with his cord.*]—I go first, if you please—a mess-mate before a ship-mate—a ship-mate before a stranger—a stranger before a dog—but a dog even before such a loblolly boy as you, every day in the week.

[*Pulls him out through the pannel,* R.

SCENE II.—*A Rocky Pass near the Sea.*

Enter the PILOT, L.

Pilot. (C.) Brave fellow! he has accomplished his object—he is conduoting hither the being who, of all others, is calculated to render him happy. And what is he who would prevent that happiness? an alien to his country, an enemy to its rights and privileges; and shall such a man dash from the lips of a true-born Briton the cup of ecstasy? Never, never, while I stand by, with this tough but honest heart, and this sturdy, though rude arm, to sustain the cause of loyalty, and the best prerogatives of a gallant son of the English navy.

Enter BARNSTABLE, *supporting* KATE *and* CECILIA, L.

Bar. (C.) You here, my honest pilot! 'tis well: support this trembling female to the boat.

[*Placing Cecilia in his arms, almost insensible.*

Pilot. [*With pathos.*] 'Tis a dream of reality.

Bar. My friend; this burst of feeling—at such a time, too!

Pilot. Pardon me, pardon me: the sight of a woman or a child in distress was always an object appalling to my breast; but this unconscious female recalls to my fading recollection the image of one of her sex whom I beheld, where the hand of pity was extended in vain, and the cry of innocent supplication passed unheard by the ear of heaven; come, come, it overpowers me: to the boat, come—come. [*Exit with Cecilia*, R.

Kate. Mysterious man!—who—what is he?

Bar. To me he is almost a stranger; there is, indeed, a wildness about him which I cannot fathom.

Kate. I tremble lest his strange discourse should still more terrify Cecilia, who is at best but a faint heart, and unlike me, Barnstable, as you know.

Bar. Heaven fashioned you, Kate, for the wife of a sailor; where the deuce can my coxswain be all this time? Yo ho! Tom Coffin! yo!

[*The scene becomes progressively dark.*

Tom. [*Without*, L.] What cheer aboard there? Yo ho!

Bar. He approaches; now then, my sweet Kate, let us avoid pursuit; and once aboard the schooner, name but the day which is to make me yours for ever, and a volley of British thunder shall whisper the joyful accent to the green sea and to the blue firmament.

[*Exeunt*, R.

Enter TOM, *pulling in the* CAPTAIN *by the cord*, L.

Capt. B. (L. C.) The fellow pulls me as the racoon does the opossum by the tail out of the gum-tree. Most exquisite Mr. Coffin, I beseech you a little breathing-time; quarter! quarter! I beseech you! Footh, almost dislocated, upon my soul. Your conduct is the most incorrect possible, I calculate. O yes!

Long Tom C. Well, then, quarter, as I never likes to be unmarciful to a mother's son.

Capt. B. Yes, but you are unmerciful to my mother's son.

Long Tom C. I'll tell you what it's for; I thought I overheard you talking about hanging up my commander at the yard-arm of a frigate; see where I'll slew you for that. Damme! I've a great mind to start you all round the deck.

Capt. B. O—h! you won't murder me, I guess, Mr. Coffin.

Long Tom C. Mister! don't mister me; I tell you, I'm always Tom, when there's any hurry, such as letting go the haulyards, or a sheet; Long Tom, when they want to get to windward of an old seaman, by fair weather; and Long Tom Coffin, when they wishes to distinguish me from another of the same name.

[*Striking him.*

Capt. B. I don't know if you are aware of it, Mr. Coffin, but you strike tarnation hard.

Long Tom C. Why, I'm only telling *on you*, you know.

Capt. B. I beg your pardon, you're hitting on me, *you know;* and I say again, I hope you don't intend to murder me.

Long Tom C. Murder you! Lord love you, no, I'll only take you to see my sweetheart.

Capt. B. That's done elegant—then I'm safe; if there's a woman in the way, she'll aid me to escape. Your sweetheart, pray what's her name?

Long Tom C. They call her Ariel.

Capt. B. He's a second genuine Caliban, I guess; but this Ariel—

Long Tom C. She's a lovely thing, to be sure; I've seen her in every shape, braced and unbraced, with her stays, and out of her stays.

Capt. B. Mercy on me! then you've literally seen her undress'd, I calculate.

Long Tom C. Ay, that I have, many a time, scudding under bare poles, not a rag flying; then, you see, we towed her into port, got her into dock, and, when she was there, I tarred her all over, myself.

Capt. B. The devil you did! here's a wretch for you! he'll be tarring me all over, I reckon. And pray, may I venture to inquire what followed this *tarnation* exhibition?

Long Tom C. Why then we painted her sides, trimmed her out in prime style, crammed her with grape-shot, and sent her off slap to America.

Capt. B. Law! what full of grape-shot.

Long Tom C. No, only the ground tier stowed away

Capt. B. The most considerable liar I ever met with in the whole course of my existence! Mist—that is Long Tom Coffin, if you have no objection, I'll remain ashore on my parol of honour.

Long Tom C. On your parol of honour, you said?

Capt. B. I did; O yes!

Long Tom C. If you do, I'll be——: no, no; you talked of hanging up my commander; so, weigh anchor! yo ho!

Capt. B. The inhuman cannibal! if he should tar me over as he did his mistress, I shall be the laugh of the whole army, positively; it will be the most incorrectest thing imaginable, I reckon.

Long Tom C. [*Pulling the Captain off,* R.] Yo, yo, yo!

[*The Captain gets loose, and runs off,* L., *and is again pursued across by Tom.—Exeunt,* R.

SCENE III.—*The Ruins opening to the Sea, with the Ariel lying in the distance.—Stage nearly dark.*

Enter BARNSTABLE, PILOT, KATE, *and* CECILIA, R.

Kate. All seems hushed to stillness; no one pursues us. Hark! what sound is that?

Bar. 'Tis the lash of oars; my men have caught the signal, and are here. [MUSIC.] Come, ladies, jump aboard. [*They go up, and are getting into the boat.*

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN, *leading in the Captain by a cord,* R.

Long Tom C. [*To the Captain.*] One word, and over the cliffs you go, into the sea. What, ho! Ariel!

Bar. Who hails?

Long Tom C. Long Tom.

Bar. And who have you there?

Long Tom C. A prisoner, your Honour; but he has got so much starn-way, I couldn't bouse him ahead: into the boat with him.

Bar. A prisoner! Boroughcliff, by heavens! what madness is this! Release him.

Long Tom C. 'Tis yours to command, mine to obey; but this fellow would have tucked you to the yard-arm of an American.

Bar. How, sir!

Capt. B. No, sir; I did'nt say how I'd do it.

Long Tom C. Release him! the boat won't carry us all off at once, and whoever remains this swobb will be tray into the inimy's hands.

Capt. B. Oh, no! I reckon I'll hold my tongue in the most correctest of all possible manners.

Long Tom C. Don't believe a word he utters:—I saw the land marines after us along the beach, and if I hadn't contrived to gag his jawing-tackle a little, your Honour, he sartainly was after heaving signals of distress.

Capt. B. I was after throwing out no such thing; but if you take me on board ship, as I am not accustomed to it, I shall certainly throw out signals of distress, I calculate.

Bar. Pursued, did you say?—this stranger shall aboard, then—you and I, Tom, must wait the return of the boat to take us off; and should we by any chance be taken prisoners, in the exchange of this gentleman's person we may be redeemed.

Capt B. Nay, but positively, on my honour—I shall be very sea-sick, I guess.

Bar. Sir, this is a case of necessity; nothing but gentlemanly conduct awaits you on board the Ariel.

Capt. B. Curse me if I shan't be tarred, after all. O dear.

Long Tom C. This way, Captain; [*Leads the Captain on board.*] and if you minds your eye, and rigs a little more ship-shape, and like a sailor, you shall have a quid out of my backy-box that Sal Slammock gave me:—you won't:—O very well! then I shan't ax you, that's all.

Pilot. Now, Lieutenant Barnstable, the ladies wait.

Bar. You must conduct them to the vessel, then; I know my duty too well to desert any of my crew in a moment of danger.

Pilot. Brave, noble boy!

Bar. [*Going to the boat.*] Away, away—the time is pressing. [MUSIC.

Long Tom C. [*Comes forward, chuckling*, C.] Ha, ha, ha! I think that lubber, with his thunder and lightning trousers, and his scraper hat, wont afford bad sport to the younkers on board the Ariel; but avast—I'll up aloft, and give a look-out for squalls.

[*Runs up a rock*, L., *as the boat goes off*, R. U. E.—*Gun heard*, R.—*Music repeated.*

Col. [*Without*, R.] Quick march!

Long Tom C. Somebody's coming on the lee side.

Have a care, your Honour, or you may chance to get a bullet through your hull.

[*Pistol fired*, R.—*Music repeated.*

Enter COLONEL, *and six Soldiers*, R.—TOM *runs behind* BARNSTABLE, *brandishing his harpoon.*

Bar. (L.) What means that discharge? Is it done to intimidate us, or are we to be butchered in cold blood?

Col. Sir, you are our prisoner; surrender up your sword.

Bar. Surrender up my sword!—never, sir; from his Majesty the King of England I received it, to wield in defiance of his enemies and my own; and never will I calmly resign it, except to place it at the feet of my sovereign.

Long Tom C. Huzza! there are but forty of 'em, your Honour, give the word of command, and I'll douse thirty-seven with my harpoon.

Col. Seize them.

[*The Soldiers approach; Barnstable draws his sword, and defends himself bravely, till he is overpowered by numbers, and taken off*, R.—*Tom drives off the six Soldiers*, R. S. E.—*Re-enters, and meets the Sergeant.—A set Combat—Tom first loses his harpoon, then his sword; and finding himself surrounded by soldiers, he runs up the rock*, L., *and they present their muskets at him.*

Ser. Surrender!

Long Tom C. [*From the rock*, L.] My commander taken, and you would secure Tom, too. No, no; these waves are to me what the land is to you. I was born on them, and sooner than be captured by an inimy, I always meant that they should be my grave.

Col. Fire!

[*They fire—Tom throws himself into the sea, and disappears—they force Barnstable off*, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Cabin in the Ariel, with windows to open in flat.*

Enter GRIFFITH *and* CECILIA, L.

Gri. (C.) This, indeed, is happiness, to be so near my Cecilia again, and hear from her own lips that her affection for me is still unchanged.

Cec. (L. C.) Unchanged!—yes!—and for ever must remain so, through space and time. How much do we

not owe to the heroism of Katharine!—but for her, Griffith, this moment of delight had never reached us; but she is here to share in our satisfaction.

Enter KATHARINE, L.

Kate. (L.) 'Tis singular the boat, with Barnstable, has not yet returned; it seemed to me, that I heard the report of fire-arms from the shore; heaven forbid that aught of harm should have happened to blast the peace which was so nearly restored to my heart! All seems quiet now, not an oar touches the water. Cecilia! [*Throwing open the window.*] do but look, 'tis the form of a man battling with the waves—he approaches—he sinks exhausted.

Gri. [*Opening the window more effectively.*] No, no, he nears the side of the vessel—what, ho! heave out a rope over the taffrail; a man is overboard—yo ho! yo ho!

Voices. [*Without.*] Yo, ho! yo ho!

[*A rope is lowered—Tom Coffin, nearly overcome, climbs up, and falls senseless into the cabin.*

Gri. [*Runs up to Tom, and supports him.*] 'Tis Tom Coffin, the coxswain.

Kate. Spare me the conviction. Barnstable, then, the unhappy Barnstable, is drowned.

Cec. Compose yourself, Kate—listen—he speaks.

Long Tom C. [*Wildly.*] Mortal man can't save us—if our sheet cable was bent to our heaviest anchor, this sea would bring it home—blow, blow, will the wind never have done whistling through our hull—how the poor thing moans!—what youngster is that singing astride the gun yonder—bid him be still. *He* who rules the tempest is displeased that man's voice should be heard when *he* chooses to send *his* own breath upon the waters.

Gri. Why, Tom! Tom Coffin, don't you know us?—Cheer, my boy—cheer; 'tis the *Ariel* you are aboard of.

Long Tom C. She can make no head against this sea—our fore-mast is half buried in foam already—look out! secure yourselves—into the boat there, all of ye; go, go,—as for poor Tom Coffin, he can remain where he is—he saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and will be the last to desert her—away with ye; there is more weight in ye now than can go safe to land—God bless ye, my boys—bless ye—bless ye—all gone! and I alone aboard the wreck. How the waves lash around me

the waters are breaking up the decks—she bilges—we sink together; my poor Ariel, we sink together. [*Swoons.*

Kate. Poor fellow! his mind is distracted! raise him in your arms—O, that he could but reveal to us the fate of Barnstable! my heart is bursting. [*Weeps.*

Enter a Sailor, with a Flask.

[*Tom recovering, after they give him something to drink.*

Kate. Tom—Tom Coffin—tell me of Barnstable.

Long Tom C. (c.) Who speaks of Banstable?—Ah! it flashes across my mind—that face, Master Griffith! and this vessel, the Ariel—not wrecked! and have I been making a ghost's parlour of my top-rigging all this while? ha! ha! ha!

Gri. Speak, Tom, where's Lieut. Barnstable?

Long Tom C. Where? where? I remember all—he's a prisoner to the American marines—and I—by this time aboard the frigate!

All. A prisoner!

Long Tom C. But I dreamt it, or you have a prisoner also.

Kate. Captain Boroughcliff—he is here.

Long Tom C. The boat, then—the boat—I'll ashore with the lubber, and exchange him for my brave commander; and if they don't think such a fresh-water riptile equal to the gallant captain, let them take poor Tom Coffin into the bargain.

Kate. Generous sailor! but your recent exhaustion—your strength.

Long Tom C. Ah, marm! you don't know how the thoughts of saving a benefactor would at any time animate the breast of a sailor, even though his own last gasp seemed struggling in his throat. [*Exeunt,* L

SCENE V.—*A Room of State at the Colonel's.*

Enter BARNSTABLE, COLONEL, CAPTAIN *of the Alacrity Officers,* SERGEANT DRILL, *Soldiers, &c.,* R.

Col. (c.) The misconduct of those weak girls, however I may deplore it, Lieutenant Barnstable, can have no weight with me in an affair of war or honour; we apprehend you as a disguised spy, employed against us by an opposing power. The fate assigned you is not of my choosing, however much I may have cause to feel indignant at your conduct; which, while it has insulted

my country, has robbed me of my wards, and, for aught I know, of my intended heir, Captain Borougcliff. Sincerely do I lament that my duty, as an officer, compels me to ratify this warrant for your death.

Bar. For Katharine Plowden, Sir, she is her own mistress—for Captain Borougcliff, no harm can reach him on board the Ariel; for England is ever too generous to adopt the base and cruel pretences which her enemies are mean enough to avail themselves of, for the purpose of openly destroying those they fear.

Col. H. Young man! young man! I neither deserve nor heed this sarcasm—the punishment you are about to undergo has been drawn upon you by your own rashness; what follows, remains with these gentlemen; I have not the power to save you, were you to urge it ever so strenuously. I pity you, from my soul; as a man, I pity your condition.

Bar. Sir, I neither demand your interference nor your compassion—many a time, in the service of my native land, I have faced death as firmly as now; and, if I feel an unusual pang at this moment, it is with shame that my fall does not owe itself more to the zeal which I ever displayed towards my country, than to my affection for an unfortunate woman, whose happiness I would have given the world to secure, but whose peace, perhaps, I have wrecked for ever.

Capt. of the A. Were this gentleman induced to alter his sentiments, interest might yet be made to save him.

Bar. [*Fiercely.*] Silence, I'll hear no more! my sentiments are for my country—they are deep—deep in my breast; and the man who would eradicate them, must rip out the heart on which they are indelibly written. Lead on—to death—I am prepared.

[*Drum beats.—Exeunt all but the Colonel, conducting Barnstable,* L.

Col. H. [*Alone, absorbed in thought.*] I don't know how it is, but the cool bravery of that fellow has left a weight on my heart, like a rock of ice: his unshrinking calmness—his noble deportment—all conspire to overwhelm me with awe and commisseration. His apprehension amongst the ruins was the adventure of an instant, accomplished in the heat of passion at the success of his stratagem in robbing me of my ward.—I forgot, assisted by the military, it must come to this;—well, and is it not justice? is he not come hither with an armed force, to

defy us on the edge of our very shores?—is he not—still, would my hand were free from his untimely end! So young—so fearless——How now?—what new intrusion? where are my servants?

Enter THE PILOT, *with a pistol in his hand; he locks the door*, L.

Pilot. All gone to stare at the victim, yonder—or the traitor, call him which you will.

Col. H. And you—whence those arms? Are you come hither to murder me? I'll alarm the——

Pilot. [*Taking him by the arm and forcing him into a chair*, C.] Seat yourself, and listen, for I have much to say, and the time is but too brief.

Col. H. Speak.

Pilot. You are a patriot in the cause of America?

Col. H. True.

Pilot. Would you desert that cause?

Col. H. Never.

Pilot. Yet you could ask such a desertion of Barnstable, whose life is now a forfeit to your intemperance!

Col. H. My intemperance!—you mistake.

Pilot. Impossible! I am neither mistaken in that respect, nor in the conviction that your own principles are about to undergo a revolution.

Col. H. Such a circumstance is not to be accomplished by threats.

Pilot. Your bravery I am not disposed to impeach; but, hear me—you had a brother—he was born in England, you in America—he and you quarrelled many years since, and parted in anger.

Col. H. Ah, poor John! he is now no more.

Pilot. You are in error, he still lives.

Col. H. Not dead? why, they told me he fell in an engagement. I've actually been to England to settle his affairs.

Pilot. That was kind, to effect what he never could himself. But, to heave-to a long story,—you had a wife and child——

Col. H. True, true; but what of that?—they both perished, by shipwreck, on their way to join me with my regiment in America.

Pilot. After you had deserted England; her loss was a judgment for revolting against the land of your fore-

fathers. True, indeed your wife did perish,—but your son still survives.

Col. H. [*Starting up.*] My son! speak! where is he?

Pilot. Listen, and let my tale strike deeper horrors to your guilty soul, than it did even to his who witnessed the appalling scene. In that same vessel which conveyed your wife and infant son from the land of her and your father's birth, the land of freedom,—your despised brother, John, happened to be a voyager:—it was he, when the thunder raged, and the lightning flashed, and the yelling waters rolled like clouds of froth over the sinking vessel, that beheld your expiring Elizabeth, with her screaming babe hugged closely to her bosom, in the deep trough of the sea, and, springing fearlessly from the last vestige of the wreck,—it was he that saved your son,—yours,—from the fury of the devouring element.

Col. H. And my wife——

Pilot. Hardly could the scared wretch, who thus secured your boy, and clung with his other arm to the flurrying raft for support, turn his almost bewildered gaze towards the struggling object he was compelled to abandon, ere that frail form had sunk to rise no more! —a moment, and a moment only, in the awful pause of the tempest, one fair hand, whiter than the lashing waters round it, was lifted thus in silent agony above the flood, as if to speak a dying mother's gratitude—and then—then it was all oblivion and dark despair.

Col. H. But my brother.

Pilot. With the boy at his shoulder he succeeded in reaching the shore; it was there, as he gazed on the features of that innocent, motherless child, that he resolved to revenge himself on your treachery.

Col. H. Do not, dare not, say that he murdered the infant.

Pilot. Now, heaven pardon thee a thought like that: no, no! destiny, said he, has thrust this boy thus into my hands, to be bred up a good British subject. I'll do it. I'll place him in the charge of some true and gallant veteran, who shall rear him, for what should I do with an infant, thought he: he shall never know the name of his father till he is a man, and a loyal one. Many years your brother John has travelled far away: at length he has returned to the acquaintance of his friend, Captain Manson. His dream is realized; the child he saved is a

man, nor can England boast a better or a truer patriot than your son.

Col. H. But where, where must I seek him?

Pilot. Hanging, like a dog, at the yard-arm of the American frigate, to which his father has just consigned him.

Col. H. Barnstable, my son! overwhelm me, death! [*Covers his face with his hands, and sinks overpowered into a chair,* C.—*The Pilot gazes on him with folded arms.*

Col. H. [*Starting up.*] What—what is to be done?

Pilot. There is but one way—follow me to the British frigate.

Col. H. Where? You would betray me?

Pilot. Never: battle and the service of my country in burning and distant climes may have changed my person, but I am still the preserver of your child.

Col. H. My brother! my long-lost brother!

Pilot. Approach me not: on this shore and in that habit, never shall these arms acknowledge thine.

Col. H. Lead on, lead on, I'll follow; though it be to death.

Pilot. To the British frigate. Come! [*Exeunt,* L. D.

SCENE VI.—*The Quarter Deck of the Alacrity—the Roll of the muffled Drum.*

The AMERICAN CAPTAIN, OFFICERS, *and Crew discovered, conducting Barnstable to execution.*

Ser. The boat of the schooner is approaching.

Capt. (R.) We must be brief, then. [*To Barnstable.*] Lieutenant Barnstable, if aught of request you have to make previously to the last fatal struggle, I pledge myself as a gentleman, consistently as possible with my public duty, to comply with your dying wishes.

Bar. Something there is to which I would give utterance to Captain Manson, for his unceasing generosity, in instilling into my breast, at an early, a very early age, the loyalty and enthusiasm for which it is my glory that I suffer. An outcast from my birth, but for him, and some secret friend, whose name and person I never knew, I might have needed that renown, which I trust will rise even now from my ashes, and spread itself like a green laurel over the heart of every Briton who cherishes the name of national defiance.

Capt. [*Coldly.*] And is this all?

Bar. There was one whose name I intended to pronounce; but, no! while it rises to my lips, it comes like a wrecked vessel, floating in tears. I cannot think of her without emotion, and these fellows might imagine I trembled beneath the influence of their detested scorn. Lead on,—I have no secrets but for heaven and my country. I am prepared; let me die!

Enter TOM, *alongside the vessel, in a lug*, L.

Long Tom C. [*From the lug.*] No, I'll be damned if you shall.

Bar. [*Advancing to the front*, C.] Tom Coffin here!

Long Tom C. Yes, I am here! I'm sent for you, and you must come aboard the Ariel; 'tis the captain's orders, and you must obey.

Capt. Fire at that rascal!

[*Soldiers present their muskets at Tom.*

Long Tom C. Ah, do fire! do fire at a single man! it's like ye, isn't it? But perhaps you don't know that you'll have a shower of Old English iron rattled into your ribs presently: and, if you don't give me up my commander, and sheer off, its overlikely he and you may keep the long watch in Davie Jones's locker at the same time. Howsomever, I've this here proposal to make: you surrender my commander, and we'll give you up your swab, Captain Boroughcliff; and if you don't think such a fresh-water reptile equal to the gallant lieutenant (as to be sure he's not), why, then e'en take Long Tom into the bargain!

Capt. Insolent dog! see how we despise the threats of a piratical miscreant like you.

Long Tom C. Piratical miscreant!—Do you call me a piratical miscreant?

Capt. Marines, do your duty: fire at the lieutenant.

[*The Marines present their muskets—Tom rushes in, and throws himself before Barnstable.*

Long Tom C. [*To the Captain*] No, no, you bee'nt in arnest, you can't be in arnest; or, if you be, then let every ball pass through this heart to his; as a youngster I loved him! I taught him to reef the first point, and to hitch the first gasket—he was always so brave—so [*Dashing away his tears.*] don't you go to think I'm blubbering—only—what, shoot my commander? I never did submit

to an inimy, I thought I never could; yet, if you'll but spare his life, I'll——

[*Throws himself at the Captain's feet, aropping his harpoon—Barnstable releases his hands by a violent effort, rushes towards him, and drags him up.*

Bar. Tom Coffin, up, up; is this a position for a British seaman?

Long Tom C. [*With a burst of pride, throwing himself into his arms.*] No, sir, no—there, it's all over,—now then—fire away; you may send your bullets into our hulls, but we'll set you an example how to die without kicking our heels at the yard-arm.

Capt. Drag the fellow away—do your duty.

Ser. The boarding-boats of the Ariel are close alongside.

[*A shot is fired into the ship, which carries away part of the rigging.*

Voices without. The Ariel! the Ariel!

Long Tom C. [*Rushing forward.*] The Ariel! the Ariel! then I wish you may get it; huzza! for the wooden walls and the Union Jack.

[*Attack—Tom fights with his harpoon—Barnstable snatches up a sword—a broadside is poured in, and the Ariel comes in sight.*

Enter THE PILOT *on board*, L., *hastily.*

Pilot. He lives! he lives! father, receive your son—Katharine, 'tis your husband!

Enter the COLONEL, L., *leading in* KATE *and* CECILIA, *followed by* GRIFFITH, MERRY, *&c.*

[*The American strikes—Tom hoists British colours, and a grand picture of different emotions is formed—as the curtain slowly descends, all huzza.*

AIR—RULE BRITANNIA.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Sailors.		*Americans.*				*Sailors.*
COL. H. R]	PILOT.	BAR.	KATE.	TOM.	CEC.	GRI. [L.

THE END.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

King Richard the Third.

Ghost of King Henry. Awake, Richard, awake,—to guilty minds
A terrible example!

Act V. Scene 5.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD:

A TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank,

---

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

WALPOLE has attempted to shake the grave authority of history, by raising a question whether *Richard the Third* was in reality that monster of mental and bodily deformity that chroniclers and poets have represented him. This question is an interesting one; and Walpole, who, with all his pedantry and affectation, was a man of genius, has handled it with considerable dexterity, with amusing research, shrewd wit, and plausible argument. He has, however, left Richard's *character* nearly where he found it, and, in truth, added but few graces to his *person*. He is still the stern, inexorable tyrant —hypocritical, cruel, and unrelenting—crook-backed and withered, though in countenance not unpleasing—insinuating, and even elegant, in his manners:—

> "For I've a tongue that can deceive the devil;
> I can frown, and I can smile,—
> But I can *murder* while I *smile*."

He carries a prayer-book in one hand, and a dagger in the other.

Shakspeare has certainly availed himself of every authority to draw Richard in the most unfavourable light;—he has introduced no *mitigating* circumstances. Horror for his great and *acknowledged* crimes may have given a darker colouring to the picture, and the same feeling might in some measure have heightened his personal deformity; yet Shakspeare has invested him with such high and commanding qualities—he has mingled with his detestable hypocrisy and bloody ambition so much energy and heroism, that we almost regard him as a super-human agent, to whom the power of doing evil is delegated for some mysterious and unknown end. Doctor Drake remarks, that Milton's Satan bears considerable resemblance to the character of Richard; and adds, that Milton has, in all probability, borrowed from Shakspeare's conception. We are decidedly of the same opinion; both are alike insulated, terrible, and sublime.

In the conduct of this wonderful character, Shakspeare has displayed his accustomed art. Milton's *Satan* had all the advantage of *personal* grandeur: there was something in the appearance of that dark spirit that told of the height from which he had fallen. The awful majesty, the front sublime, were still visible, amidst the wreck and desolation of his former greatness. But *Richard* comes forth misshapen and unnatural,—

> "Deform'd, unfinish'd,—sent before his time
> Into this breathing world."

Yet he maintains throughout a sort of dramatic supremacy: the vices that appear despicable in other men are wondered at and dreaded in *him*. We are hurried on by the mental energy that pervades his character; and positive and glaring personal defects, that make others loathed and despised, are, in him, neutralized, or softened down, by qualities that awe by their magnitude, and dazzle by their splendour.

Adopting, for the sake of dramatic effect, *Cibber's* judicious plan of opening this tragedy with the latter part of *Henry the Sixth*, we are presented with the Life and Death of *Richard the Third*, in a series of events set forth with great accuracy and precision. Shakspeare, in his historical dramas, never deviates from the *main* facts and so apposite and characteristic is the language assigned to the dif-

ferent personages, that any one at all acquainted with history would require no *other clue* to recognise the parties who are speaking. In this play, *one* character entirely engrosses the business and attention of the scene: *Richard* is the single hero from beginning to end;—every other character sinks into nothing before this one masterly delineation. We feel ourselves under the *spell* of his mighty intellect,—we become alternately the slaves of his wily policy, his artful insinuation, and his hardened and intrepid spirit. And when Justice, with a thousand voices, demands his death on Bosworth Field, his better qualities inspire a momentary regret, which is not diminished by the reflection that he falls by the hand of a meaner adversary.

Shakspeare has invested Richard with a supernatural grandeur, that greatly heightens the terror of his character. We are told that wonders and prodigies attended his birth:—

> "The night-crow cried, foreboding luckless times;
> Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees."

He was brought forth into the world with "more than a mother's pain;" and it has been remarked that his person was armed to do the earliest mischief of which infancy is capable:—

> "*Teeth* hadst thou in thy head when thou wert born,
> Which plainly said, thou cam'st to bite mankind."

Mr. Whately has assigned to *Richard* a greater portion of constitutional intrepidity than to *Macbeth*. *Richard*, unquestionably, is more daring and reckless; but *Macbeth* has more of true bravery, with less resolution to do evil, than *Richard*, who acts from the impulses of his *own* mind; whereas it is doubtful if Macbeth, even after the mysterious "*all hail*" of the weird sisters had kindled his ambition, would have entered upon his career of crime, had not the daring spirit of *his wife* impelled him with such irresistible force.—The energy of *Richard* is superhuman—he has neither

> "Pity, love, nor fear."

The courage of Macbeth is within the pale of humanity:—

> "I dare do all that does become a man,—
> Who dares *do more*, is none!"

The late *Mr. Kemble* has very ingeniously combated the arguments of *Whately* and *Steevens*, in his elegant essay on the characters of *Macbeth* and *Richard*.

This tragedy, as an *acting* piece, is the most popular of all Shakspeare's performances. The incidents succeed each other with such astonishing rapidity, that the *bustle* and *business* which so much delight an *English* audience, are enjoyed in full perfection. The plot proceeds without interruption; nor could a character or speech be spared without diminishing its effect.

There are fewer of those sublime strains of poetry to be found in this drama than in many other of Shakspeare's less celebrated productions. The *action* is so incessant, as to leave little time for any thing but the illustration of passing events. The opening soliloquy of Richard is a fine development of his real character: his analytic description of *conscience*, that "convenient scarecrow," is happy and ingenious;—but it is not until he departs from himself, and the bloody and hitherto remorseless tyrant feels some compunction, that he rises into sublimity. His description of the awful gloom of night

—of the secret whispers of the sentinels—the neighing of the steeds—the clink of the hammers rivetting the knights' armour—and the glaring of the watch-fires, present a picture of unparalleled force and grandeur. The terrors that haunt his couch wring from him this transient acknowledgment of a *superior* Power :—

> " Bring me another horse! Bind up my wounds!
> Have mercy, *Heaven!*"

His alacrity of spirit, however, instantly returns; he shakes off this momentary dismay, and, like *Macbeth*, when "tied to the stake," he resolves that neither the prophetic visions of the night, nor even *fate* itself, should awe his soul, or divert it from its determined purpose. His last denunciation, when he falls, is in the horrible and demoniacal spirit of his character.

Queen Margaret is an exception to the mediocrity that prevails among the other characters of this drama. Her dreadful imprecations upon the head of Richard—her phrensy and despair, are in the most powerful style of Shakspeare. There is nothing in poetry more beautiful than her pathetic invocation when she parts with her children :—

> " Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence!
> Awake or sleeping, oh protect 'em still!
> Still may their helpless youth attract men's pity,
> That when the arm of cruelty is rais'd,
> Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down
> From the stern murderer's relenting hand,
> And throw him on his knees in penitence!"

Mr. Malone assigns the *writing, acting, registering,* and *printing* of *this play,* and of *Henry the Sixth,* to the year 1597; upon which *Dr. Drake* remarks, that there is indisputable authority that they were *registered* and *published* during this year; but that they were *written* and *acted* within the *same* period, is not only a supposition without proof, but highly improbable. *Mr. Chalmers* has assigned its composition to the year 1595, giving it the *precedence* of *Henry the Sixth:*

> " Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

We must, in candour, acknowledge, that the chronology of *Chalmers* is the most likely to be the true one; indeed, it has since received something like a *confirmation* from a small volume of Epigrams, of excessive rarity, written by *John Weever,* and published in 1599, in which *Richard* immediately succeeds *Romeo,* in the author's flattering enumeration of " *Honie Tong'd Shakspeare's*" productions; and *Romeo and Juliet,* in *Drake's* chronology, has been assigned to the year 1593.

It is not improbable that Shakspeare might have borrowed his idea of dramatizing the *Historie* of Richard, from an *Enterlude* entitled " *The Tragedie of Richard the Third,*" exhibited in the year 1593 or 1594.

Richard Burbage was the principal actor of *The Blackfriars* and *Globe Theatres* during the time of Shakspeare. We learn from the authority of *Bishop Corbet* (see his *Iter Boreale*), and from an old comedy, " *The Returne from Parnassus,*" 4to. 1606, that he was the *original* representative of *Richard the Third. Sir Richard Baker,* who was born in 1568, and lived until 1644-5, pronounces him to be "*such an actor* as no age must look to see the

like." His reputation and property placed him in so high a rank, that a very intelligent and accurate writer of that time, *Mr. Thomas Lorkin*, in his letter to *Sir Thomas Puckering*, knight and baronet, dated 30th June, 1613, MS. Harl. 7002, styles the king's servants, "*Burbage his Companie;*" and six years afterwards, when he died, he is called by *Camden*, "*Alter Roscius.*" It will therefore be perceived that *Richard* was *originally* personated by an actor every way worthy of Shakspeare's genius.

Succeeding times saw it represented by actors of various talents: *Tom Bond*, a celebrated performer of his day (about 1632 to 1641), was a great favourite in *Richard*, if we may rely on the authority of *a Prologue* prefixed to an edition of *Chapman's* "*Bussy D'Ambois*," printed in 1641, in which, after enumerating *Field* and *another actor*, who is described,

> "As denied
> By his *grey beard*, to show the height and pride
> Of D'Ambois' youth and braverie,"—

he comes to the *third* man, conjectured to be *Bond*, of whom it says,

> "As *Richard* he was lik'd."

But we pass by intermediate actors, and come to *one* of a more modern date.

On the 19th October, 1741, *David Garrick* made his first appearance in London, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, in the arduous character of *Richard the Third*. There is not on dramatic record, a success so instantaneous, brilliant, and complete—ratified, too, by an audience, in the remembrance and possession of the highest histrionic talent,—a success which the actor maintained with increasing effect for more than thirty years. How Garrick *played* the character, the applauding testimony of his contemporaries amply testifies. How he *looked it*, the inimitable pencil of *Hogarth* has fortunately transmitted to posterity.

Mr. Kemble's Richard, in *certain points*, did not reach the excellence of his other performances. In the early scenes, he appeared to struggle with the profound dissimulation of the character. He did not, however, forget what many actors *have* forgotten, that Richard was a *Plantagenet;* and, if he failed to depict *all* the trickery and cunning of the artful tyrant, he imparted to him a majesty that might fairly be presumed to belong to the proud descendant of a long line of kings. But, when Richard assumes the warrior, and takes to the field, no actor that we remember will bear to be named with Kemble. From *that moment*, the grovelling and baser parts of the character were forgotten, and we beheld *Richard* as the daring and aspiring monarch, illustrating, with terrific energy, his own axiom—

> "Crowns got with *blood*, must be with *blood* maintain'd!"

Mr. Young's performance is cold, and not very correct. *Mr. Macready's* is a *travestie* from beginning to end: displaying alternately the growl and monotony of the very worst parts of melodrame, with the ludicrous shuffle and cut of a harlequinade. We remember nothing so bad, except his *Leontes;* and even *that* is endurable, compared to his *Hamlet*.

We should say that *Kean's* Richard could hardly be surpassed, but for the remembrance of *Cooke*. The merits of these celebrated actors are so great and peculiar—so various and original—that it is impossible to assign any vast superiority to either. In figure and

physical power, Cooke had decidedly the advantage: what he *conceived*, he could *execute*. *His* was the *bolder* portrait; he exhibited the *iron* parts of the character with a strength and power of which *Kean* is incapable. He made Richard attain his ends more by force than by cunning—more by the terror inspired by his character than by the slow arts of dissimulation. His rude rebuff of Buckingham—

"I'm busy!—thou troublest me!—I'm not i' th' vein."

His horrible anxiety and joy, during and after the murder of the young princes—the whole of the tent scene—and his wonderful energies in Bosworth Field—were perfection itself. But his finest point was the exclamation when Richard hears the Duke of Buckingham is taken prisoner:—

"Off with his head!—So much for Buckingham!"

Nothing could exceed his ferocious exultation and calm contempt.

Mr. Kean has infinitely more variety than Mr. Cooke. In the art and cunning that belong to the character, and in which *Cooke* was the least effective, he is eminently successful. His scene with Lady Anne has been greatly and justly admired;—it is truly elegant and insinuating; but we still think that the veil which he throws over his hypocrisy is *too thin*. Lady Anne must be desperately short-sighted not to perceive (for it is grossly palpable to every body else) that Richard is making a fool of her. In the more energetic parts, where his *voice* will second his conception, he is truly excellent. In the flexible lineaments of his expressive countenance, and in the magic circle of his eye, he may stand forth in proud rivalry with Cooke. After a very attentive examination of his various performances, we should say, that *Richard* is his masterpiece.

☞ D——G.

Cast of Characters as performed at the Theatres Royal, London, 1827.

	Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.
King Henry the Sixth .	Mr. Archer.	Mr. Egerton.
Prince of Wales . . .	Miss L. Willmott.	Master Holl.
Duke of York	Miss Vincent.	Miss Fortescue.
Richard, Duke of Gloster	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Young.
Duke of Buckingham . .	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Serle.
Duke of Norfolk . . .	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Evans.
Richmond	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Warde.
Lord Stanley	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
Ratcliffe	Mr. Webster.	Mr. Baker.
Oxford	Mr. Comer.	Mr. Irwin.
Lord Mayor	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Atkins.
Sir Walter Blunt . . .	———	Mr. Ryals.
Sir W. Catesby	Mr. Southwell.	Mr. Claremont.
Sir R. Brackenbury . .	Mr. Yarnold.	Mr. Mason.
Tressell	Mr. Younge.	———
Tyrrell	Mr. Howell.	Mr. Grey.
Queen	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Faucit.
Lady Anne	Miss Smithson.	Mrs. Sloman.
Duchess of York . . .	Mrs. Knight.	Mrs. Weston.

Costume.

GLOSTER.—First dress—Scarlet doublet, trunks, hose, hat, cloak, and russet boots. Second dress—Black ditto, ditto, trimmed with gold, crimson velvet robe, white hose, shoes, and plush hat. Third dress—Armour body, and hat.

KING HENRY.—Purple robe and tunic richly embroidered, the robe trimmed with ermine, and a tippet of ermine, crimson hose, black shoes, and black roses.

PRINCE OF WALES.—First dress—White satin tunic, trimmed with blue and silver, crimson velvet robe, ibid, white silk hose, white shoes, and crimson roses. Second dress—Black tunic, black silk stockings, and black shoes.

DUKE OF YORK.—First dress—White satin tunic, hose and shoes, and crimson roses. Second dress—Black tunic, ibid.

BUCKINGHAM.—Crimson tunic, richly trimmed with gold leather and spangles, crimson robe, trimmed with fur and gold, white stocking pantaloons, white shoes, and white roses, garter on left knee.

NORFOLK.—Scarlet tunic, richly embroidered, breast-plate and helmet.

OXFORD.—First dress—Green robe and tunic embroidered. Second dress—Tunic, breast-plate, and helmet.

RICHMOND.—Black velvet tunic, with gold spangled clasps, handsome silver breast-plate, scarlet pantaloons, trimmed with gold, garter on left knee, russet boots, with spurs.

STANLEY.—First dress—Purple robe, orange-coloured tunic, richly embroidered, hat and feathers. Second dress—Tunic, breast-plate, and helmet.

RATCLIFFE.—White kerseymere tunic, trimmed with silver white stocking pantaloons, white shoes, white roses, crimson cloak.

QUEEN.—First dress—White cloth, embroidered with gold, large sleeves hanging from the wrists, shoulder robe of the same; white crape handkerchief, embroidered with gold, and tiara of jewels. Second dress—Black velvet, and crape robe.

LADY ANNE.—Black velvet dress, black crape handkerchief, and bugle tiara.

DUCHESS OF YORK.—Black velvet dress and robe, trimmed with bugles, crape handkerchief, and bugle tiara.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience*

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Gardens of the Tower.*

Enter LIEUTENANT *and* OFFICER, R. S. E.

Lieut. (R. C.) Has King Henry walk'd forth this morning?
Off. (L. C.) No, sir; but it is near his hour.
Lieut. At any time when you see him here,
Let no stranger into the garden;
I would not have him star'd at.
See, who's that, now ent'ring at the gate?
Off. (L.) Sir, the Lord Stanley. [*Knocking*, L.
Lieut. Leave me.— [*Exit Officer*, L.

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.

My noble lord, you're welcome to the Tower:
I heard last night you late arrived with news
Of Edward's victory, to his joyful queen.
Stan. (L. C.) Yes, sir, and I am proud to be the man
That first brought home the last of civil broils;
The houses now of York and Lancaster,
Like bloody brothers fighting for a birthright,
No more shall wound the parent that would part 'em;
Edward now sits secure on England's throne.
Lieut. (R. C.) Near Tewkesbury, my lord, I think they fought:
Has the enemy lost any men of note?
Stan. Sir, I was posted home,
Ere an account was taken of the slain;
But, as I left the field, a proclamation
From the king was made in search of Edward,
Son to your prisoner, King Henry the Sixth,
Which gave reward to those discov'ring him,
And him his life if he'd surrender.
Lieut. That brave young prince, I fear 's, unlike his father,
Too high of heart to brook submissive life:

This will be heavy news to Henry's ear,
For on this battle's cast his all was set.
Stan. King Henry and ill-fortune are familiar;
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,
But never yet was known to lose his patience:
How does he pass the time in his confinement?
Lieut. As one whose wishes never reach'd a crown:
The king seems dead in him—but, as a man,
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty.
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes
That fate had bless'd him with an humbler birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.
Stan. Were it not possible to see this king?
They say he'll freely talk with Edward's friends,
And even treats them with respect and honour.
Lieut. This is his usual time of walking forth
(For he's allowed the freedom of the garden),
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails:
Behind this arbour we unseen may stand
Awhile to observe him. [*They retire,* L. U. E.

Enter KING HENRY, R.

King H. (R. C.) By this time the decisive blow is struck:
Either my queen and son are bless'd with victory,
Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.
Would I were dead, if Heaven's good will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and care?
What noise and bustle do kings make to find it;
When life's but a short chase, our game content,
Which most pursu'd is most compell'd to fly;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall often run his courser to a stand;
While the poor peasant from some distant hill,
Undanger'd, and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.
Stan. (L.) He seems extremely moved.
Lieut. (R.) Does he know you?
Stan. No, nor would I have him.
Lieut. We'll show ourselves. [*Advances a little.*
King H. Why there's another check to proud ambition:
That man received his charge from me, and now
I am his prisoner—he locks me to my rest.
Such an unlook'd-for change who could suppose,
That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that rais'd him!
But that I should not now complain of,

Since I to that, 'tis possible may owe,
His civil treatment of me. 'Morrow, lieutenant:
Is any news arriv'd? Who's that with you?
Lieut. A gentleman that came last night express
From Tewkesbury. We've had a battle.
King H. Comes he to me with letters, or advice?
Lieut. Sir, he's King Edward's officer, your foe.
King H. Then he won't flatter me.—You're welcome, sir;
[*Lieut. retires up and goes towards* L.—*Stanley advances* L. C.
Not less because you are King Edward's friend,
For I have almost learned myself to be so;
Could I but once forget I was a king,
I might be truly happy, and his subject.
You've gained a battle; is't not so?
Stan. We have, sir—how, will reach your ear too soon.
King H. (R. C.) If to my loss, it can't too soon—pray speak,
For fear makes mischief greater than it is.
My queen! my son! say, sir, are they living!
Stan. Since my arrival, sir, another post
Came in, which brought us word your queen and son
Were prisoners now at Tewkesbury.
King H. Heaven's will be done! the hunters have 'em now,
And I have only sighs and prayers to help 'em.
Stan. King Edward, sir, depends upon his sword;
Yet prays heartily when the battle's won;
And soldiers love a bold and active leader.
Fortune, like women, will be close pursued:
The English are high-mettled, sir, and 'tis
No easy part to fit 'em well; King Edward
Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.
King H. Alas! I thought them men, and rather hop'd
To win their hearts by mildness than severity.
My soul was never form'd for cruelty:
In my eyes justice has seem'd bloody;
When on the city gates I have beheld
A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,
My blood has turn'd with horror at the sight;
I took 'em down, and buried with his limbs
The memory of the dead man's deeds; perhaps
That pity made me look less terrible,
Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit;
For kings are put in trust for all mankind,

And when themselves take injuries, who is safe?
If so, I have deserv'd these frowns of fortune.

Enter OFFICER, L.

Off. [*To Lieut.*] Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant
For his access to King Henry's presence.
Lieut. I come to him. [*Exit, followed by Officer,* L.
Stan. His business may require your privacy;
I'll leave you, sir, wishing you all the good
That can be wish'd—not wronging him I serve.
King H. Farewell! [*Exit Stanley,* L
Who can this be? A sudden coldness,
Like the damp hand of death, has seized my limbs.
I fear some heavy news!—

Re-enter LIEUTENANT, L.

Who is it, good lieutenant?
Lieut. A gentleman, sir, from Tewkesbury; he seems
A melancholy messenger; for when I ask'd
What news, his answer was a deep-fetch'd sigh;
I would not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit,* L.
King H. (C.) Fatal, indeed! his brow's the title-page,
That speaks the nature of a tragic volume.

Enter TRESSEL, L.

Say, friend, how does my queen? My son?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so wo-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my poor son's death ere thou relat'st it.
Now wouldst thou say—your son did thus and thus,
And thus your queen! so fought the valiant Oxford;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
But, in the end (to stop my ears indeed),
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—queen and son, and all, are dead.
Tres. (L. C.) Your queen yet lives, and many of your friends:
But for my lord, your son—
King H. Why, he's dead! yet speak, I charge thee:
Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,

And I will take it as a kind disgrace,
And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.
Tres Would it were wrong to say; but, sir, your fears are true.
King H. Yet, for all this, say not my son is dead.
Tres. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to
Believe, what would to heav'n I had not seen:
But in this last battle near Tewkesbury,
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire
E'en to the dullest peasant in our camp,
Still made his way where danger stood to oppose him.
A braver youth, of more courage as heat,
Ne'er spurr'd his courser at the trumpet's sound.
But who can rule the uncertain chance of war?
In fine, King Edward won the bloody field,
Where both your queen and son were made his prisoners.
King H. Yet hold: for oh! this prologue lets me in
To a most fatal tragedy to come.
Died he a prisoner, say'st thou? How? by grief?
Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him?
Tres. After the fight, Edward in triumph ask'd
To see the captive prince: the prince was brought,
Whom Edward roughly chid for bearing arms;
Asking what reparation he could make
For having stirr'd his subjects to rebellion?
Your son, impatient of such taunts, replied,
Bow like a subject, proud ambitious York,
While I, now speaking with my father's mouth,
Propose the self-same rebel words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to,
From these, more words arose, till in the end,
King Edward, swell'd with what the unhappy prince
At such a time too freely spoke, his gauntlet
In his young face with indignation struck;
At which crook'd Richard, Clarence, and the rest,
Buried their fatal daggers in his heart.
In bloody state I saw him on the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprang up.
King H. Oh! hadst thou stabb'd at every word's deliverance
Sharp poniards in my flesh, while this was told,
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy words.
Oh heav'n! methinks I see my tender lamb
Gasping beneath the rav'nous wolves' fell gripe!
But say, did all—did they all strike him, say'st thou?
Tres. All, sir; but the first wound Duke Richard gave.

King H. (R. C.) There let him stop; be that his last of ills!
Oh! barbarous act; inhospitable men!
Against the rigid laws of arms, to kill him.
Was't not enough his hope of birth-right gone,
But must your hate be levell'd at his life?
Nor could a father's wrongs content you;
Nor could his father's grief dissuade the deed?
You have no children! butchers, if you had,
The thought of them would sure have stirr'd remorse.

Tres. (L. C.) Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day.

King H. Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Causacus?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?
Away: by heaven I shall abhor his sight,
Whoever bids me be of comfort more!
If thou wilt soothe my sorrows, then I'll thank thee:
Ay, now thou'rt kind indeed! these tears oblige me. (C.)

Tres. Alas! my lord, I fear more evils towards you.

King H. Why, let it come,—I scarce shall feel it now:
My present woes have beat me to the ground:
And my hard fate can make me fall no lower.
What can it be?—Give it its ugliest shape;
Oh! my poor boy!

Tres. A word does that,—it comes in Gloster's form.

King H. Frightful indeed! give me the worst that threatens.

Tres. After the murder of your son, stern Richard,
As if unsated with the wounds he'd given,
With unwash'd hands went from his friends in haste;
And, being ask'd by Clarence of the cause,
He, low'ring, cried, brother, I must to the Tower;
I've business there; excuse me to the king:
Before you reach the town, expect some news:
This said, he vanish'd, and I hear's arrived.

King H. Why then the period of my woes is set!
For ills but thought by him are half perform'd.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *with a Warrant*, L.

Lieut. Forgive me, sir, what I'm compell'd t'obey:
An order for your close confinement.

King H. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?

Lieut. Sir, from the Duke of Gloster.

King H. Good night to all then: I obey't.

[*Lieut. retires up towards* R.

And now, good friend, suppose me on my death-bed,
And take of me thy last, short-living leave.
Nay, keep thy tears till thou hast seen me dead;
And when in tedious winter nights, with good
Old folks thou sitt'st up late
To hear 'em tell the dismal tales
Of times long past, e'en with woe remember'd,
Before thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send thy hearers weeping to their beds.

[*Exeunt King Henry and Lieut.* R., *Tressel*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Entrance to the Inner Ward.*

Enter GLOSTER, L.

Glos. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely, and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em;—
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away my hours,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, and o'erbear such
As are of happier person than myself;

Why then, to me this restless world's but hell,
Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head
Be circled in a glorious diadem ;—
But then 'tis fix'd on such a height ; oh ! I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.
I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's head. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*King Henry's Chamber.*—KING HENRY *discovered sleeping on a Couch*, L. C.—*Table, with Cross upon it, and Books.*

Enter LIEUTENANT, R.

Lieut. Asleep so soon ! but sorrow minds no seasons,—
The morning, noon, and night, with her's the same :
She's fond of any hour that yields repose.

King H. [*Waking.*] Who's there ? Lieutenant, is it you ?
Come hither ?

Lieut. You shake, my lord, and look affrighted.

King H. Oh ! I have had the fearfull'st dream ! such sights,
That, as I live,
I would not pass another hour so dreadful,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
Reach me a book ; I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy thoughts.
[*Lieut. gives him a book, and goes toward* R. S. E.

Enter GLOSTER, R.

Glos. Good day, my lord ; what, at your book so hard ?
I disturb you.

King H. You do, indeed.

Glos. [*To Lieut. who advances two steps.*] Friend, leave us to ourselves,—we must confer.

King H. What bloody scene has Roscius now to act ?
[*Henry comes forward*, L. C.—*Exit, Lieut.* R.

Glos. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

King H. Where thieves without controlment rob and kill,
The traveller does fear each bush a thief :
The poor bird that has been already lim'd,
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush :
And I, the hapless mate of one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught and kill'd.

Glos. (R. C.) Why what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet for all his wings, the fool was drown'd:
Thou shouldst have taught thy boy his prayers alone,
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.

King H. Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not thy words;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my years that piercing story;
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

Glos. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

King H. If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.

Glos. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

King H. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine:
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.
How many old men's sighs, and widows' moans;
How many orphans' water-standing eyes;
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And children for their parents' timeless death,
Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born?
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign!
The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless times;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney-top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wert born,
Which plainly said, thou cam'st to bite mankind;
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glos. I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech;
For this, among the rest, was I ordain'd.

[*Stabs him—Henry staggers up Stage and falls,* R. C.

King H. Oh! and for much more slaughter after this;
Just heav'n forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glos. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground?—I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
Oh, may such purple tears be always shed,
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither ; [*Stabs him.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true what Henry told me of ;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward ;
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
Good heaven bless us ! he is born with teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it!
I have no brother, am like no brother,
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me ;—I am—myself alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light;
But, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Thou'st not another day to live ; which done,
Heaven take the weak King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in.
But soft ;—I'm sharing spoil, before the field is won.
Clarence stil breathes, Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then I must count my gains. [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Ludgate, and in the Background a View of old St. Paul's.*

Enter TRESSEL, L., *meeting* LORD STANLEY, *who enters* R. U. E.

Tres. My lord, your servant; pray what brought you to St. Paul's?

Stan. (R.) I came among the crowd, to see the corpse
Of poor King Henry: 'tis a dismal sight.
But yesterday I saw him in the Tower:
His talk is still so fresh within my memory,
That I could weep to think how fate has used him.
I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy,
In suffering him to lie expos'd to view ;
Can he believe that men will love him for't?

Tres. (L.) O yes, sir, love him as he loves his brothers.

When was you with King Edward, pray, my lord?
I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy;
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Stan. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to court, and hear more news of him? [*Crosses to* L.
Tres. (R.) I am obliged to pay attendance here:
The Lady Anne has license to remove
King Henry's corpse to be interred at Chertsey;
And I'm engaged to follow her.
Stan. (L.) Mean you King Henry's daughter-in-law?
Tres. The same, sir; widow to the late Prince Edward,
Whom Gloster killed at Tewkesbury.
Stan. Alas! poor lady, she's severely used:
And yet, I hear Richard attempts her love:
Methinks the wrongs he's done her might discourage him.
Tres. Neither those wrongs nor his own shape can fright him.
He sent for leave to visit her this morning,
And she was forc'd to keep her bed to avoid him:
But see, she is arriv'd;—will you along
To see this doleful ceremony?
Stan. I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt*, R. U. E.

Enter GLOSTER, L.

Glos. 'Twas her excuse to avoid me. Alas!
She keeps no bed:—
She has health enough to progress far as Chertsey,
Though not to bear the sight of me.
I cannot blame her;—
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,
He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,
To shrink my arm up like a withered shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous thought! more vain than my ambition.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *hastily*, L.

Lieut. My lord, I beg your grace—
Glos. Begone, fellow! I'm not at leisure.
Lieut. My lord, the king your brother's taken ill.

Glos. I'll wait on him: leave me, friend. [*Exit Lieut.* L.
Ha! Edward taken ill!
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no more young brats may rise,
To cross me in the golden time I look for. [*Bell tolls.*
But see my love appears!—Look where she shines,
Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,
Through her dark veil of rainy sorrow!
So mourn'd the Dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, arm'd with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
'Tis true, my form perhaps may little move her,
But I've a tongue shall wheedle with the devil:
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
Yet hold, she mourns the man that I have kill'd.
First let her sorrows take some vent:—stand here;
I'll take her passion in its wane, and turn
This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity,
For his repentant murderer. [*Retires*, R.

Enter LADY ANNE, *in mourning.* LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, *Guards, and Bearers, with* KING HENRY'S *Body*, R. U. E.

Mode of Entry: Officer (Halbert reversed), Banner (Boy supporting the pennant), four Soldiers (torches), Banner (Boy supporting it), four Soldiers, (Spears). The above, having come from Centre Arch, go off, L. *leaving the next in procession close to the* L. E. *Banner (red cross), Bier with Coffin borne by eight Soldiers, Officer,* LADY ANNE, STANLEY, *and* TRESSEL, *four Ladies as mourners, four Supers as mourners, Banner (Boy supporting it), four Soldiers (Spears), Banner, (Boy supporting it).*

Lady A. (Advancing to the centre.)
Hung be the heavens with black; yield day to night:
Comets importing change of times and states,
Brandish your fiery tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented to King Henry's death.
Oh! be accurst the hand that shed his blood,
Accurst the head, that had the heart to do it;
If ever he have a wife, let her be made
More miserable by the life of him,
Than I am now by Edward's death and thine.

Glos. [*Leaning against a gothic pillar*, R.] Poor girl, what pains she takes to curse herself! [*Aside.*

Lady A. (L. C.) If ever he have a child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose hideous form, whose most unnatural aspect,
May fright the hopeful mother at her view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
Now on to Chertsey, with your sacred load

Glos. [*Advancing.*] Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Lady A. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds.

Glos. Villains, set down the corse; or, by my soul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Guard. (R. C.) My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glos. Unmanner'd slave! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Lady A. Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated fiend?
Thou hast but power over his mortal body;
His soul thou canst not reach,—therefore be gone.

Glos. Sweet saint, be not so hard for charity.

Lady A. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Why didst thou do this deed? Could not the laws
Of man, of nature, nor of heav'n, dissuade thee?
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glos. If want of pity be a crime so hateful,
How comes it thou, fair excellence, art guilty?

Lady A. What means the slanderer?

Glos. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these my crimes suppos'd, to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Lady A. Then take that sword, whose bloody point still reeks
With Henry's life, with my lov'd lord's, young Edward's,
And here let out thy own, to appease their ghosts.

Glos. (C.) By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Lady A. (L. C.) Why, by despairing only can'st thou stand excus'd!
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glos. I grant ye.

Lady A. Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and virtuous;—
But he's in heaven, where thou can'st never come.

Glos. Was I not kind to send him thither, then?
He was much fitter for that place than earth.
Lady A. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glos. Yes, one place else—if you will hear me name it.
Lady A. Some dungeon.
Glos. Your bed-chamber.
Lady A Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glos. So it will, madam, till I lie in your's.
Lady A. I hope so.
Glos. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne—
To leave this keen encounter of our tongues,
And fall to something of more serious method:
Is not th' causer of the untimely deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Lady A. Thou wert the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glos. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in that soft bosom!
Lady A. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These hands should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glos. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck:
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is nourish'd by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life!
Lady A. I would it were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glos. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To wish revenge on him that loves thee.
Lady A. Say, rather, 'tis my duty,
To seek revenge on him that kill'd my husband.
Glos. Fair creature, he that kill'd thy husband
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Lady A. His better does not breathe upon the earth.
Glos. He lives that loves thee better than he could.
Lady A. Name him.
Glos. Plantagenet.
Lady A. Why that was he.
Glos. The self-same name, but one of softer nature.
Lady A. Where is he?
Glos. Ah, take more pity in thy eyes, and see him—here!
Lady A. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead.
[*Crosses to* R.
Glos. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death;
Darting, with cruel aim, despair and love!

I never sued to friend or enemy;
My tongue could never learn soft, soothing words:
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
Lady A. Is there a tongue on earth can speak for thee?
Why dost thou court my hate?
Glos. (R. C.) Oh teach not thy soft lips such cold contempt.
If thy relentless heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the honest soul out that adores thee;
And lay it naked to the deadly stroke. [*She takes the sword.*
And humbly beg that death upon my knee. [*Kneels.*
Lady A. What shall I say or do? Direct me, heaven? [*Aside.*
Glos. Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry? [*She offers to strike.*
But 'twas thy wondrous beauty did provoke me:
Or now despatch—'twas I that stabb'd young Edward: [*She offers to strike.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on!
And I might still persist (so stubborn is
My temper) to rejoice at what I've done: [*She offers to strike.*
But that thy powerful eyes (as roaring seas
Obey the changes of the moon) have turn'd
My heart, and made it flow with penitence, [*She drops the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Lady A. No, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner. [*He takes up the sword.*
Glos. [*Rises.*] Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Lady A. I have already.
Glos. That was in thy rage:
Say it again, and even with thy word,
This guilty hand, that robb'd thee of thy love,
Shall, for thy love, revenge thee on thy lover;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Tres. By heaven, she wants the heart to bid him do't! [*Aside to Stan.*
Stan. What think you now, sir? [*Aside to Tres.*
Tres. I'm struck! I scarce can credit what I see? [*Aside to Stan.*
Stan. Why, you see—a woman! [*Aside to Tres.*
Glos. What, not a word, to pardon or condemn me?

But thou art wise—and canst with silence kill me;
Yet even in death my fleeting soul pursues thee:—
Dash not the tears of penitence away!

Lady A. Wouldst thou not blame me to forgive thy crimes?

Glos. They are not to be forgiven; no, not even
Penitence can atone 'em!—Oh misery
Of thought—that strikes me with at once repentance
And despair!—Though unpardon'd, yield me pity!

Lady A. Would I knew thy heart!

Glos. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Lady A. I fear me, both are false.

Glos. Then never man was true!

Lady A. Put up thy sword.

Glos. Say, then, my peace is made.

Lady A. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glos. But shall I live in hope?

Lady A. All men, I hope, live so.

[*He sheathes his sword.*

Glos. I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was.
Those eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to woman;
Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,
And my harsh thoughts are turned to peace and love.
Oh! if thy poor devoted servant might
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou wouldst confirm his happiness for ever.

Lady A. What is't?

Glos. That it may please thee leave these sad designs
To him that has most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House;
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey Monast'ry this injur'd king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this favour.

Lady A. I do, my lord—and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent!—
Tressel and Stanley, go along with me.

[*Stanley, Tressel, and four Ladies cross to* R.

Glos. Bid me farewell.

Lady A. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady A. Stan. Tres. and four Ladies,* R.

Guard. Towards Chertsey, my lord?
Glos. No, to Whitefriars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt Guards with the Body,* L. U. E.
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate:
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
Having Heav'n, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks!
And yet to win her—all the world to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,
Whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus!
My dukedom to a widow's chastity,
I do mistake my person, all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll have my chambers lin'd with looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn Saint Harry to his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit,* L.

SCENE III.—*Baynard's Castle.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM, L. *hastily; meeting* LORD STANLEY, R.

Buck. Did you see the duke?
Stan. What duke, my lord?
Buck. His grace of Gloster, did you see him?
Stan. (R.) Not lately, my lord; I hope no ill news.
Buck. (L.) The worst that heart e'er bore, or tongue can utter.
Edward the king, his royal brother, 's dead! [*Crosses to* R.
Stan. 'Tis sad indeed!—I wish by your impatience
To acquaint him though, you think it so to him. [*Aside.*
Did the king, my lord, make any mention
Of a protector for his crown and children?

Buck. He did.—Duke Richard has the care of both.
Stan. That sad news you are afraid to tell him too. [*Aside.*
Buck. He'll spare no toils, I'm sure, to fill his place.
Stan. Pray Heav'n he's not too diligent. [*Aside.*
My lord, is not that the Duchess of York,
The king's mother? coming, I fear, to visit him.
Buck. 'Tis she—little thinking what has befall'n us.

Enter DUCHESS OF YORK.

Duc. Y. Good day, my lords; how takes the king his rest?
Buck. Alas! madam, too well!—He sleeps for ever.
Duc. Y. Dead! good heaven, support me!
Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot to hear
His last departing groans, and close his eyes.
Duc. Y. Another taken from me, too! why, just Heav'n,
Am I still left, the last in life and woe?
First I bemoan'd a noble husband's death,
Yet liv'd with looking on his images:
But now my last support is gone:—first Clarence,
Now Edward is for ever taken from me;
And I must now of force sink down with sorrow.
Buck. Your youngest son, the noble Richard, lives:
His love, I know, will feel his mother's cares,
And bring new comforts to your latter days.
Duc. Y. 'Twere new indeed! for yet of him I've none,
Unless a churlish disposition may
Be counted, from a child, a mother's comfort.
Where is the queen, my lord?
Buck. I left her with her kinsmen, deep in sorrow,
Who have with much ado persuaded her
To leave the body.—Madam, she is here.
Queen. [*Speaking without.*] Why do you thus oppose my grief? unless,
To make me rave and weep the faster? [*Enter* QUEEN, OXFORD, *and* BLUNT, L.] Ha!
My mother too in tears! fresh sorrow strikes
My heart, at sight of every friend, that lov'd
My Edward living:—Oh mother, he's dead!
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
Oh! that my eyes could weep away my soul;
Then I might follow, worthy of his hearse.
Stan. Your duty, madam, of a wife, is dead,
And now the mother's only claims your care;
Think on the prince your son—send for him strait,

And let his coronation clear your eyes;
Bury your griefs in the dead Edward's grave,
Revive your joys on living Edward's throne.
Queen. Alas! that thought but adds to my afflictions.
An helpless child in his minority,
Is in the trust of his stern uncle Gloster,
A man that frowns on me, and all of mine.
Buck. Judge not so hardly, madam, of his love.
Your son will find in him a father's care.

Enter GLOSTER, M. D.

Glos. Why, ah! these tears look well:—sorrow's the mode,
And every one at court must wear it now:
With all my heart; I'll not be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
Queen. My lord, just Heaven knows I never hated Gloster!
But would on any terms embrace his friendship.
Buck. These words would make him weep:—I know him your's;
See where he comes in sorrow for our loss.
Glos. My lords, good morrow—Cousin of Buckingham,
I am your's. [*Weeps.*
Buck. Good morning to your grace.
Glos. Methinks
We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
Buck. We may remember—but our argument
Is now too mournful to admit much talk.
Glos. (L.) It is indeed. Peace be with him that made it so!
Sister, take comfort—'tis true, we've all cause
To mourn the dimning of our shining star;
But sorrow never could revive the dead;
And if it could, hope would prevent our tears;
So we must weep, because we weep in vain.
Madam, my mother!—I do cry you mercy.
My grief was blind—I did not see your grace.
[*Crosses to Duchess.*
Most humbly on my knees, I crave your blessing.
Duc. Y. Thou hast it, and may thy charitable
Heart and tongue love one another! may heav'n
Endow thy breast with meekness and obedience.
[*Retires up, and goes to Queen.*
Glos. Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That's the old but-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel, that her grce did leave it out. [*Aside.*
Buck. My lords, I think 'twere fit that now Prince Edward

Forthwith from Ludlow should be sent for home,
In order to his coronation.

Glos. By all means, my lords:—Come, let's to council,
[*Crosses to* C.

And appoint who shall be the messengers:
[*Exeunt Oxford and Blunt*, L.

Madam, and you, my sister, please you go
To give your sentiments on this occasion.

Queen. My lord, your wisdom needs no help from me;
My glad consent you have in all that's just,
Or for the people's good, though I suffer by't.

Glos. Please you to retire, madam, [*Exeunt Duchess and Stanley*, L.] we shall propose
What you'll not think the people's wrong, nor your's.

Queen. May Heaven prosper all your good intents!
[*Exeunt all but Glos. and Buck.* L.

Glos. Amen, with all my heart, for mine's the crown,
And is not that a good one?—Ha! pray'd she not well, cousin?

Buck. I hope she prophecy'd—you now stand fair.

Glos. (L. C.) Now, by St. Paul, I feel it here:—methinks
The massy wait on't galls my laden brow;
What think'st thou, cousin,—were't not an easy matter
To get Lord Stanley's hand to help it on?

Buck. (R. C.) My lord, I doubt that; for his father's sake,
He loves the prince too well; he'll scarce be won
To anything against him.

Glos. Poverty, the reward of honest fools,
O'ertake him for't;—what think'st thou of Hastings?

Buck. He shall be try'd, my lord:—I'll find out Catesby,
Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts:
But we must still suppose the worst may happen:—
What if we find him cold in our design?

Glos. Chop off his head:—something we'll soon determine;
But haste and find out Catesby; [*Buck. crosses to* L.
That done, follow me to the council-chamber;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private; therefore
Away, good cousin.

Buck. I am gone, my lord. [*Exit*, L

Glos. Thus far we run before the wind,
My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask:
The conquer'd Lady Anne is bound in vows!
Fast as the priest can make us we are one.

The king, my brother, sleeps without his pillow,
And I'm left guardian of his infant heir.
Let me see :—
The prince will soon be here :—let him ! the crown !
O yes ! he shall have twenty; globes and sceptres, too :
New ones made to play withal—but no coronation ;
No, nor any court-flies about him—no kinsmen.
Hold ye ;—where shall he keep his court ?—The Tower ?
Ay :—the Tower. [*Exit*, R

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Crosby Palace.—State Chair and Stool in* C.

PRINCE EDWARD, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, *and Attendants, discovered.*

Glos. (R. C.) Now, my royal cousin, welcome to London :
Welcome to all those honour'd dignities,
Which by your father's will, and by your birth,
You stand the undoubted heir possess'd of :
And, if my plain simplicity of heart
May take the liberty to show itself,
You're farther welcome to your uncle's care
And love.—Why do you sigh, my lord ?
The weary way has made you melancholy.

Prince E. [*Seated in* C.] No, uncle ; but out crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me !

Tres. (L. C.) More uncles ! what means his highness ?
[*Aside to Stanley.*

Stan. (L.) Why, sir, the careful Duke of Gloster has
Secur'd his kinsmen on the way ;—Lord Rivers, Grey,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,
Are prisoners now in Pomfret Castle :
On what pretence it boots not ;—there they are
Let the devil and the duke alone to accuse 'em.
[*Aside to Tressel.*

Glos. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter LORD MAYOR, *preceded by City Mace and Sword, and followed by four Aldermen,* L.

Lord M. [*Kneeling,* L.] Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign, to accept

The general homage of your loyal city:
We farther beg your royal leave to speak
In deep condolement of your father's loss;
And, as far as our true sorrow will permit,
To 'gratulate your accession to the throne.

Prince E. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.
Alas! my youth is yet unfit to govern,
Therefore the sword of justice is in abler hands:
[*Pointing to Gloster.*
But be assured of this, [*rising*] so much already
I perceive I love you, that though I know not yet
To do you offices of good, yet this I know,
I'll sooner die than basely do you wrong. [*Sits.*

Glos. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
[*Aside.*

Prince E. My lords,
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glos. Where it shall seem best to your royal self.
May I advise you, sir, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince E. Why at the Tower? But be it as you please.

Buck. My lord—your brother's grace of York.

Enter DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF YORK, L.

Prince E. Richard of York! how fares our dearest brother? [*Rising and embracing him.*

Duke Y. (L.) Oh, my dear lord! So I must call you now.

Prince E. (L C.) Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is your's.
Too soon he died who might have better worn
That title, which in me will lose its majesty.

Glos. How fares our cousin, noble Duke of York?

Duke Y. [*Crosses to Glos.*] Thank you kindly, dear uncle —oh, my lord! [*Prince E. salutes the Duchess,* L.
You said that idle weeds were fast in growth;
The king, my brother, has outgrown me far.

Glos. (R. C.) He has, my lord.

Duke Y. (C.) And therefore is he idle.

Glos. Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.

Duke Y. Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's true,
For, if it were, you'd be an idle weed.
Glos. How so, cousin?
Duke Y. Because I have heard folks say, you grew so fast,
Your teeth would gnaw a crust at two hours old:
Now, 'twas two years ere I could get a tooth.
Glos. Indeed! I find the brat is taught this lesson.—
[*Aside.*
Who told thee this, my pretty merry cousin?
Duke Y. Why, your nurse, uncle.
Glos. My nurse, child! she was dead 'fore thou wer' born.
Duke Y. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me.
[*Returns to former situation between Prince Edward and Duchess.*
Glos. So subtle too!—'tis pity thou art short-lived.
[*Aside*
Prince E. My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.
Glos. Oh, fear not, my lord; we shall never quarrel.
Prince E. I hope your grace knows how to bear with him.
Duke Y. You mean to bear me—not to bear with me.
[*Crosses to Gloster.*
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
[*Re-crosses as before.*
Prince E. Fye, brother; I have no such meaning.
Glos. My lord, wilt please you pass along?
[*Two Gentlemen remove State Chair and Footstool off* L. S. E.
Myself, and my good cousin of Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet, and bid you welcome to the Tower.
Duke Y. What! will you to the Tower, my dear lord?
Prince E. My lord protector will have it so.
Duke Y. I sha'n't sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glos. I'll warrant you;—King Henry lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet. [*Aside.*
Prince E. What shall you fear, brother?
Duke Y. My uncle Clarence's ghost, my lord:
My grandmother told me he was kill'd there.
Prince E. I fear no uncles dead.
Glos. Nor any, sir, that live, I hope.

Prince E. I hope so too; but come, my lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt Oxford, as Lord Chamberlain, with white wand, Prince Edward, Duke and Duchess of York, Blunt, Lieutenant of Tower, Ratcliff, Stanley, Sword of State, Mace, Lord Mayor, Aldermen, two and two,* L.—*Attendants exeunt,* L. S. E.

Buck. (R.) Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not instructed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glos. (C.) No doubt, no doubt; oh, 'tis a shrewd young master;
Stubborn, bold, quick, forward, and capable;
He's all the mother's from the top to toe;
But let them rest;—now what says Catesby?

Buck. My lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter CATESBY, L.

Glos. So, Catesby;—hast thou been tampering?
What news?

Cates. (L.) My lord, according to th' instruction given me,
With words at distance dropp'd, I sounded Hastings,
Piercing how far he did effect your purpose;
To which indeed I found him cold, unwilling:
The sum is this;—he seem'd awhile to understand me not;
At length, from plainer speaking, urg'd to answer,
He said in heat, rather than wrong the head
To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own.

Glos. Indeed! his own then answer for that saying:
He shall be taken care of:—meanwhile, Catesby,
Be thou near me.—[*Catesby retires,* R.]—Cousin of Buckingham,
Let's lose no time;—the mayor and citizens
Are now at busy meeting in Guildhall;
Thither I'd have you haste immediately,
And, at your meetest 'vantage of the time,
Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of;
But above all, infer the bastardy
Of Edward's children.
Nay, for a need, taint thus far Edward's self.—
Say thus:—
When he was born, my sire had wars in France;
Nor bears he semblance to the Duke of York.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if myself might wear the golden fee
For which I plead.
Glos. If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here,
Where you shall find me seriously employ'd
With the most learned fathers of the church.
Buck. I fly, my lord, to serve you. [*Crosses to* L.
Glos. To serve thyself, my cousin;
For look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all those moveables
Whereof the king, my brother, stood possess'd.
Buck. (L.) I shall remember that your grace was bountiful.
Glos. (C.) Cousin, I have said it.
Buck. I am gone, my lord. [*Exit*, L.
Glos. So, I've secur'd my cousin here. These moveables
Will never let his brains rest, till I'm king. [*Aside.*
Catesby, [*Catesby advances*, R.] go you with speed to Doctor Shaw,
And thence to Friar Beuker;—bid 'em both
Attend me here, within an hour at farthest: [*Exit Cat.* R.
Meanwhile my private orders shall be given
To lock out all admittance to the princes.
Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on!
How many frightful stops would conscience make
In some soft heads, to undertake like me?
Come, this conscience is a convenient scare-crow;
It guards the fruit which priests and wise men taste,
Who never set it up to fright themselves!
They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't;
While half-starv'd shallow daws thro' fear are honest.
Why were laws made, but that we're rogues by nature?
Conscience! 'tis our coin, we live by parting with it;
And he thrives best who has the most to spare.
The protesting lover buys hope with it;
And the deluded virgin short-liv'd pleasure;
Old gray-beards cram their avarice with it:
Your lank-jaw'd hungry judge will dine upon't,
And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton cold:
The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway,
The stubborn people for unaw'd rebellion.
There's not a slave but has his share of villain:
Why then shall after-ages think my deeds
Inhuman? since my worst are but ambition.

E'en all mankind to some lov'd ills incline:
Great men choose greater sins, ambition's mine. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Crosby Palace.*

LADY ANNE *discovered sitting on a Couch.*

Lady A. When, when shall I have rest! Was marriage made
To be the scourge of our offences here?
Oh! no;—'twas meant a blessing to the virtuous!
It once was so to me, though now my curse.
But see,
He comes, the rude disturber of my pillow.

Enter GLOSTER, L.

Glos. Ha! still in tears! let them flow on: they're signs
Of a substantial grief:—why don't she die?
She must, my interest will not let her live;
The fair Elizabeth hath caught my eye;
My heart's vacant, and she shall fill her place.
They say that women have but tender hearts:
'Tis a mistake, I doubt!—I've found 'em tough;
They'll bend, indeed—but he must strain that cracks 'em.
All I can hope's to throw her into sickness,
That I may send her a physician's help. [*Aside.*
So, madam, what! you still take care, I see,
To let the world believe I love you not.
This outward mourning now has malice in't,
So have these sullen disobedient tears;
I'd have you tell the world I doat upon you.

Lady A. I wish I could—but 'twill not be believ'd.
Have I deserv'd this usage?

Glos. (L. C.) You have; you do not please me as at first.

Lady A. (R.) What have I done? What horrid crime committed?

Glos. To me the worst of crimes; out-liv'd my liking.

Lady A. If that be criminal—just heaven be kind,
And take me while my penitence is warm;
Oh, sir, forgive and kill me.

Glos. Umph! the meddling world will call that murder
And I would have them think me pitiful:
Now, wert thou not afraid of self-destruction,
Thou hast a fair excuse for't.

Lady A. How fain would I be friends with death!
—Oh name it.

Glos. Thy husband's hate: nor do I hate thee only
From the dull edge of sated appetite,
But from the eager love I bear another.
Some call me hypocrite—what think'st thou, now?
Do I dissemble?
Lady A. Thy vows of love to me were all dissembled.
Glos. Not one;—when I told thee so, I loved:
Thou art the only soul I never yet deceived;
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,
With all my heart I hate thee.
If this have no effect, she is immortal. [*Aside.*
Lady A. Forgive me, heav'n, that I forgave this man.
Oh! may my story, told in after-ages,
Give warning to our easy sex's ears;
May it unveil the hearts of men, and strike
Them deaf to their dissimulated love!

Enter CATESBY, L.

Cates. My lord, his grace of Buckingham attends your highness' pleasure.
Glos. Wait on him;—I'll expect him here.
[*Exit Catesby,* L.
Your absence, madam, will be necessary.
Lady A. Would my death were so! [*Exit,* R.
Glos. It may be shortly.

Enter CATESBY *and* BUCKINGHAM, L.

Now, cousin, what say the citizens?
[*Catesby crosses behind, and exit,* L.
Buck. Now, by our hopes, my lord, they are senseless stones:
Their hesitating fear has struck 'em dumb.
Glos. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. (C.) I did; with his contract to Lady Lucy;
Nay, his own bastardy, and tyranny for trifles:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, justice, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing that might gild our cause
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in my talk:
And, when my oration drew towards an end,
I urged of them, that lov'd their country's good,
To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard.
Glos. (R. C.) And did they so?
Buck. Not one, by heav'n; but each, like statues fix'd,

Speechless and pale, star'd in his fellow's face:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was—the people were not us'd
To be spoken to, but by the recorder:
Who then took on him to repeat my words:
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
But nothing urg'd in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of my own,
At th' lower end o' th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, "God save King Richard!"
At which I took the 'vantage of those few,
And cry'd, "Thanks, gentle citizens and friends;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;"
And even here broke off, and came away.

Glos. Oh, tongueless blocks! would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand;—feign you some fear:
And be not spoken with, but by mighty suit.
A prayer-book in your hand, my lord, were well,
Standing between two churchmen of repute:
For on that ground I'll make an holy descant;
Yet be not easily won to our requests:
Seem like the virgin, fearful of your wishes.

Glos. My other self!—my counsel's consistory!
My oracle! my prophet! my dear cousin!
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Buck. Hark! the lord mayor's at hand:—away, my lord;
No doubt but yet we reach our point propos'd.

Glos. We cannot fail, my lord, while you are pilot.
[*Buck. bows and retires up*, C.
A little flattery sometimes does well. [*Aside—Exit*, R.

Enter LORD MAYOR, *and four Aldermen*, L.

Buck. [*Advancing*, C.] Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I am afraid, the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY, R.

Now, Catesby? what says your lord to my request?

Cates. (R.) My lord, he humbly does entreat your grace,
To visit him to-morrow, or the next day:

He's now retir'd with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To interrupt his holy exercise.

Buck. (R. C.) Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him myself, the mayor, and citizens,
In deep designs, in matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. My lord, I'll instantly inform his highness. [*Exit*, R.

Buck. Ah, my lord! this prince is not an Edward;
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
But with two deep divines in sacred praying:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the toil of sov'reignty!

Lord M. (C.) Happy indeed, my lord!
He will not, sure, refuse our proffer'd love.

Buck. Alas, my lord! you know him not: his mind's
Above this world!—he's for a crown immortal.
[*Goes up a little.*
Look there, his door opens; now, where's our hope?

Lord M. See where his grace stands, 'tween two clergymen? [*Pointing.*

Buck. Ay, 'tis there he's caught;—there's his ambition.

Lord M. How low he bows to thank 'em for their care;
And see! a prayer-book in his hand!

Buck. Would he were king, we'd give him leave to pray;
Methinks I wish it for the love he bears the city.
How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard
The mayor should lose his title with his office!
Well! who knows? He may be won.

Lord M. Ah my lord!

Buck. See, he comes forth;—my friends, be resolute;
I know he's cautious to a fault; but do not
Leave him, till our honest suit be granted.

Enter GLOSTER, *with a book, and* CATESBY, R. D.

Glos. (R.) Cousin of Buckingham,
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,
So long deferr'd the service of my friends,

Now do I fear I've done some strange offence,
That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,
'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.
Buck. (R. C.) You have, my lord; we wish your grace
On our entreaties, would amend your fault.
Glos. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The sceptre'd office of your ancestors,
Fair England's throne, your own due right of birth,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
In this just cause, I come, to move your highness,
That on your gracious self you'd take the charge,
And kingly government, of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your own, by right of birth, and lineal glory.
Lord M. [*Kneels with Aldermen, &c.*] Upon our knees, my lord, we beg your grace
To wear this precious robe of dignity,
Which on a child must sit too loose and heavy;
'Tis your's, befitting both your wisdom and your birth.
Cates. (R.) My lord, this coldness is unkind,
Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.
Buck. (C.) Oh make 'em happy;—grant their lawful suit.
Glos. (R. C.) Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty. [*Mayor and Aldermen rise.*
I thank you for your loves, but must declare
(I do beseech you take it not amiss),
I will not, dare not, must not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse us, through a soft remorse,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son
(As well we know your tenderness of heart),
Yet know, though you deny us to the last,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,
But we will plant some other on the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house;
And thus resolved, I bid you, sir, farewell. [*Crosses to* L.
My lord and gentlemen, I beg your pardon
For this vain trouble;—my intent was good;
I would have serv'd my country and my king;
But 'twill not be. Farewell, till next we meet.
Lord M. (C.) Be not too rash, my lord: his grace relents.
Buck. Away, you but deceive yourselves. [*Exit,* L.

Cates. Sweet prince, accept their suit.
Lord M. If you deny us, all the land will rue it.
Glos. Call him again. [*Catesby crosses to* R. *and exits,* L.
You will enforce me to
A world of cares: I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties—
Though, heaven knows, against my own inclining.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY, L.

Cousin of Buckingham—and sage grave men—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load;
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me;
For heaven knows, as you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
Lord M. Heaven guard your grace, we see it, and will say it!
Glos. You will but say the truth, my lord.
Buck. [*Crosses to Gloster.*] My heart's so full, it scarce has vent for words:
My knee will better speak my duty now. [*All kneel.*
Long live our sovereign, Richard, King of England!
Glos. Indeed, your words have touch'd me nearly, cousin:
Pray rise. [*All rise.*] I wish you could recall 'em.
Buck. It would be treason now, my lord; to-morrow,
If it so please your majesty, from council,
Orders shall be given for your coronation.
Glos. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your majesty;
And now we take our leaves with joy. [*Crosses to* L.
Glos. Cousin, adieu;—my loving friends, farewell:
I must unto my holy work again.
[*Exeunt Catesby, Buck., Four Aldermen, and lastly the Lord Mayor,* L.
Why, now my golden dream is out!
Ambition, like an early friend, throws back
My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
To tell me what I dreamt is true. A crown!
Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds,
Oh, how thy awful glory wraps my soul!
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre.
For not men's love, fear, pays thee adoration,

And fame not more survives from good than evil deeds;
Th' aspiring youth that fir'd the Ephesian dome,
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.
Conscience, lie still; more lives must yet be drain'd;
Crowns got with blood, must be with blood maintain'd.
[*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Tower.*

Enter LADY ANNE, *in tears*, DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN, PRINCE EDWARD, *and* DUCHESS OF YORK, R.

Prince E. (R. C.) Pray, madam, do not leave me yet,
For I have many more complaints to tell you.
Queen. (C.) And I unable to redress the least;
What wouldst thou say, my child?
Prince E. Oh, mother, since I have lain i'the Tower,
My rest has still been broke with frightful dreams,
Or shocking news has wak'd me into tears:
I'm scarce allow'd a friend to visit me;
All my old honest servants are turn'd off,
And in their room are strange ill-natur'd fellows,
Who look so bold, as they were all my masters;
And I'm afraid they'll shortly take you from me.
Duc Y. (R.) Oh, mournful hearing!
Lady A. (L.) Oh, unhappy prince!
Duke Y. (L. C.) Dear brother, why do you weep so?
You make me cry too.
Queen. Alas, poor innocence!
Prince E. Would I but knew at what my uncle aims;
If 'twere my crown, I'd freely give it him,
So he'd but let me joy my life in quiet.
Duke Y. Why, will my uncle kill us, brother?
Prince E. I hope he won't; we never injur'd him.
Queen. I cannot bear to see 'em thus. [*Weeping.*

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.

Stan. Madam, I hope your majesty will pardon
What I am griev'd to tell:—unwelcome news.
Queen. Ah me, more sorrow, yet, my lord! We've long
Despair'd of happy tidings; pray what is't?

Stan. On Tuesday last, your noble kinsmen, Rivers,
Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, at Pomfret,
Were executed on a public scaffold.
Duc. Y. Oh dismal tidings!
Prince E. Oh poor uncles! I doubt my turn is next.
Lady A. Nor mine, I fear, far off.
Queen. Why, then, let's welcome blood and massacre;
Yield all our throats to the fell tiger's rage,
And die lamenting one another's wrong.
Oh! I foresaw this ruin of our house. [*Weeps.*

Enter CATESBY, L.—LORD STANLEY *retires up*, L.

Cates. [*To Lady Anne.*] Madam, the king
Has sent me to inform your majesty,
That you prepare (as is advis'd from council),
To-morrow for your royal coronation.
Queen. What do I hear? Support me, heaven!
Lady A. Despiteful tidings!—oh, unpleasing news!
Alas, I heard of this before, but could not,
For my soul, find heart to tell you of it.
Cates. The king does farther wish your majesty
Would less employ your visits at the Tower;
He gives me leave t'attend you to the court,
And is impatient, madam, till he sees you.
Lady A. Farewell to all. And thou, poor injur'd queen,
Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.
Queen. Alas, kind soul, I envy not thy glory;
Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt partner in our sorrow.
Cates. Shall I attend your majesty?
Lady A. Attend me! Whither?—To be crown'd?
Let me with deadly venom be anointed,
And die, ere man can say—"Long live the queen!"
[*Exit with Catesby*, L.
Stan. [*Comes forward*, L.] Take comfort, madam.
Queen. Alas! where is it to be found?
Death and destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o'ertake us.
Stan. In Bretany,
My son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond, still
Resides, who with a jealous eye observes
The lawless actions of aspiring Gloster;
To him would I advise you, madam, fly
Forthwith, for aid, protection, and redress:
He will, I'm sure, with open arms receive you.

Duc. Y. Delay not, madam ;
For 'tis the only hope that heaven has left us.
Queen. Do with me what you please ;—for any change
Must surely better our condition.
Stan. I farther would advise you, madam, this instant
To remove the princes to some
Remote abode, where you yourself are mistress.
Prince E. Dear madam, take me hence : for I shall ne'er
Enjoy a moment's quiet here.
Duke Y. Nor I ; pray, mother, let me go, too.
Queen. Come, then, my pretty young ones, let's away ;
For here you lie within the falcon's reach,
Who watches but th' unguarded hour to seize you.
[*Going with her children,* L.

Enter LIEUTENANT, L.

Lieut. I beg your majesty will pardon me ;
But the young princes must, on no account,
Have egress from the Tower : [*Crosses to Duke.*
Nor must (without the king's especial license),
Of what degree soever, any person
Have admittance to 'em :—all must retire.
Queen. I am their mother, sir ; who else commands 'em ?
If I pass freely, they shall follow me.
For you, I'll take the peril of your fault upon myself.
Lieut. My inclination, madam, would oblige you ;
But I am bound by oath, and must obey :
Nor, madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continued visit. [*Gives the warrant to Stan.*
Please you, my lord, to read these orders.
Queen. Oh, heav'nly powers ! shall I not stay with them ?
Lieut. Such are the king's commands, madam.
Queen. My lord ? [*To Stanley.*
Stan. 'Tis too true,—and it were vain t' oppose 'em.
[*Stanley returns the warrant, and exit,* L.
Queen. Support me, heaven !
For life can never bear the pangs of such a parting.
Oh, my poor children ! Oh, distracting thought !
I dare not bid 'em, as I should, farewell ;
And then to part in silence stabs my soul !
Prince E. What, must you leave us, mother ?
Queen. What shall I say ? [*Aside.*
But for a time, my loves :—we shall meet again ;
At least in heaven. [*Aside.*

Duke Y. Won't you take me with you, mother?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay, when you are gone.
Queen. I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must
Be parted. [*Duchess of York crosses behind to* L.
Then let these kisses say farewell.
Why, oh why, just heaven, must these be our last!
Duc Y. Give not your grief such way;—be sudden when you part.
Queen. I will:—since it must be so:—to heaven I leave 'em! [*Kneels.—The Lieut. takes charge of the princes.*
Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence!
Awake or sleeping, oh protect 'em still!
Still may their helpless youth attract men's pity,
That when the arm of cruelty is raised,
Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down
[*Lieut. takes the princes, one in each hand, to* R.
From the stern murderer's relenting hand,
And throw him on his knees in penitence! [*Rises.*
Both Princes. Oh mother! mother!
Queen. Oh my poor children!—
[*Exeunt Queen and Duchess of York,* L.; *Lieutenant with the Princes,* R.

SCENE II.—*The Presence Chamber.—Canopy, Throne, State Chair, and Footstool.*

Discovering KING RICHARD, *seated*; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, RATCLIFFE, TRESSEL, BLUNT, OXFORD, &c. —*Flourish.*

K. Rich. (C.) Stand all apart.—[*Exeunt all the Court, but Buckingham, Ratcliffe, and Catesby,* R. *and* L.
Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. (L. C.) My gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Give me thy hand.
At length by thy advice and thy assistance,
Is Gloster seated on the English throne.
But say, my cousin.—
What! shall we wear these glories for a day
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. I hope for ages, sir;—long may they grace you!
K. Rich. O, Buckingham! now do I play the touchstone,
To try if thou be current friend indeed:
Young Edward lives:—so does his brother York:—
Now think, what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. I tell thee, coz, I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes;—
Now, though thy friendly hand has brush'd 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em:
I would be king, my cousin.

Buck. Why so I think you are, my royal lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so,—but,—Edward lives.

Buck. Most true, my lord.

K. Rich. Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd;
Now, cousin, canst thou answer me?

Buck. None dare dispute your highness' pleasure.

K. Rich. Indeed! methinks thy kindness freezes, cousin.
Thou dost refuse me then?—they shall not die.

Buck. My lord, since 'tis an action cannot be
Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think;
I'll instantly resolve your highness. [*Exit*, L.

K. Rich. I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted fools;
None are for me that look into my deeds
With thinking eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect;
The best on't is, it may be done without him;
Though not so well perhaps;—had he consented,
Why then the murder had been his, not mine.
We'll make shift as 'tis.—Come hither, Catesby:
[*Catesby advances*, R.
Where's that same Tirrel whom thou told'st me of?
Hast thou given him those sums of gold I order'd?

Cates. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Where is he?

Cates. He waits your highness' pleasure.

K. Rich. Give him this ring, and say myself
Will bring him farther orders instantly. [*Exit Catesby*, R.
The deep revolving Duke of Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Has he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—

Enter LORD STANLEY, L. *hastily.*

How now, Lord Stanley;—what's the news?

Stan. I hear, my liege, the Lord Marquis of Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, now in Bretany.

K. Rich. Why let him go, my lord - he may be spar'd.
[*Crosses to* R.—*Stanley retires up the stage.*
Hark thee, Ratcliffe. [*Ratcliffe comes,* L. C.] When saw'st thou Anne, my queen?
Is she still weak? Has my physician seen her?
Rat. He has, my lord, and fears her mightily.
K. Rich. But he's exceeding skilful,—she'll mend shortly.
Rat. I hope she will, my lord.
[*Richard eyes Ratcliffe penetratingly, after which Ratcliffe retires up, and joins Stanley.*
K. Rich. And if she does, I have mistook my man.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
At whom I know the Breton Richmond aims;
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown.
But then to stain me with her brother's blood,
Is that the way to woo the sister's love;
No matter what's the way;—
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye!
For while they live,
My goodly kingdom's on a weak foundation.
'Tis done, my daring heart's resolv'd;—they're dead! [*Aside.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM, L.

Buck. (L. C.) My lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late request that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. (C.) Well, let that rest.—Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I have heard the news, my lord.
K. Rich. (R. C.) Stanley, he's your near kinsman;—well look to him.
Buck. My lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith's engag'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and those moveables,
Which you have promis'd I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. [*Exit Stanley,* R.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me, Harry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
'Tis odd;—a king? Perhaps—

Enter CATESBY, R.

Cates. My lord, I have obey'd your highness' orders.
Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

K. Rich. Lead Tirrel to my closet,—I'll meet him.
[*Exit Catesby*, R.

Buck. I beg your highness' ear, my lord.
[*Buck. kneels and catches the King's robe, which the King dashes from his hand.*

K. Rich. I'm busy! thou troublest me!—I'm not i'th' vein! [*Exit*, R. *followed by Ratcliffe.*

Buck. Oh, patience, heaven! is't thus he pays my service?
Was it for this I rais'd him to the throne?
Oh! if the peaceful dead have any sense
Of the vile injuries they bore while living;
Then sure the joyful souls of blood-suck'd Edward,
Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and all that through
His foul corrupted dealings have miscarry'd,
Will from the walls of heav'n in smiles look down,
To see this tyrant tumbling from his throne,
His fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Tower. Stage dark.*

Enter TIRREL, DIGHTON, *and* FOREST, L.

Tir. Come, gentlemen,
Have you concluded on the means?

Forest. Smothering will make no noise, sir.

Tir. Let it be done i'th' dark:—for should you see
Their young faces, who knows how far their looks
Of innocence may tempt you into pity?
Stand back.—

Enter LIEUTENANT, R.

Lieutenant, have you brought the keys?

Lieut. I have 'em, sir.

Tir. Then here's your warrant to deliver 'em.
[*Giving a ring.*

Lieut. Your servant, sir. [*Crosses to* L.
What can this mean! why at this dead of night
To give 'em, too? 'Tis not for me t'inqure. [*Aside.*
There, gentlemen;
That way;—you have no further need of me.
[*Exeunt Lieut.* L. *the others*, R.

Enter KING RICHARD, *through* M. D.

K. Rich. Would it were done:
There is a busy something here,

That foolish custom has made terrible
To the intent of evil deeds; and nature too,
As if she knew me womanish and weak,
Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,
To talk me from my purpose:
And then the thought of what mens' tongues will say—
Of what their hearts must think;
To have no creature love me living, nor
My memory when dead.
Shall future ages, when these childrens' tale
Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,
And read with detestation the misdeeds of Gloster,
The crook-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
And bloody? Will they not say, too,
That to possess the crown, nor laws divine
Nor human stop my way? Why, let 'em say it:
They can't but say I had the crown;
I was not a fool as well as villain.
Hark! the murder's doing: princes, farewell;
To me there's music in your passing-bell.

Enter TIRREL, R.

Now, my Tirrel, how are the brats dispos'd?
Say, am I happy? Hast thou dealt upon 'em?
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
Beget your happiness—then, sir, be happy,
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see 'em dead?
Tir. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, my good Tirrel?
Tir. In that I thought to ask your highness' pleasure.
K. Rich. I have it;—I'll have 'em sure;—get me a coffin
Full of holes, let 'em both be cramm'd into it;
And hark thee, in the night tide throw 'em down
The Thames:—once in, they'll find the way to the bottom;
Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Tir. I humbly thank your highness.
K. Rich. About it straight, good Tirrel.
Tir. Conclude it done, my lord. [*Exit*, R.
K. Rich. Why, then, my loudest fears are hush'd;
The sons of Edward have eternal rest,
And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good night;
While fair Elizabeth, my beauteous niece,
Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

Enter CATESBY, L.

Cates. My lord—

K. Rich. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increases.

K. Rich. Morton with Richmond touches me more near
Than Buckingham, and his rash-levied numbers.
But come, dangers retreat when boldly they're confronted,
[*Crosses to* L.
And dull delay leads impotence and fear;
Then fiery expedition raise my arm,
And fatal may it fall on crush'd rebellion!
Let's muster men,—my council is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE IV.—*The neighbourhood of St. Paul's.—Lamps up.*

Enter QUEEN *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK, R.

Queen. (R.) Oh, my poor children!—Oh, my tender babes!—
My unblown flowers, pluck'd by untimely hands!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Why slept their guardian angels when this deed was done?

Duc. Y. (R. C.) So many miseries have drain'd my eyes,
That my wo-wearied tongue is still and mute;
Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Let's give 'em scope: for, though they can't remove,
Yet do they ease affliction.

Duc. Y. Why, then, let us be loud in exclamations;
To Richard haste, and pierce him with our cries:
[*Trumpets sound a march*, L. U. E.
Hark! his trumpet sounds;—this way he must pass.

Queen. Alas! I've not the daring to confront him.
[*Crosses to* R.

Duc. Y. I have a mother's right,—I'll force him to hear me.

Enter KING RICHARD *and* CATESBY, *with Forces, through the Gates*, L. U. E.—*Trumpet sounds a march.*

K. Rich. (C.) Who interrupts me in my expedition?

Duc. Y Dost thou not know? Art thou not my son?

K. Rich. I cry you mercy, madam, is it you?
Duc. Y. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank heav'n, my father, and yourself.
Duc. Y. Then I command thee hear me.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof. [*Crosses to* R.
Duc. Y. Stay; I'll be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
Duc. Y. (L.) Why, I have staid for thee, just heaven knows,
In torment and in agony.
K. Rich. (C.) And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duc. Y. No, on my soul;—too well thou knowest it;—
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn;
Thy age confirm'd, most subtile, proud, and bloody.
K. Rich. If I am so disgracious in thy eye,
Let me march on, and not offend thee, madam;
Strike up the drum. [*Queen advances,* R.
Duc. Y. Yet stay, I charge thee hear me.
Queen. (R.) If not, hear me;—for I have wrongs wil speak
Without a tongue:—methinks the very sight
Of me should turn thee into stone.
Where are my children, Gloster?
Duc. Y. Where is thy brother Clarence?
Queen. Where Hastings?
Duc. Y. Rivers?
Queen. Vaughan?
Duc. Y. Grey?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets,—strike alarum, drums;
Let not the heav'ns hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed:—strike, I say.
[*Alarum of drums and trumpets.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duc. Y. Then hear me, heav'n, and heav'n at his latest hour
Be deaf to him, as he is now to me!
Ere from this war he turn a conqueror,
Ye powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life,
Lest his black sins rise higher in account
Than hell has pains to punish! [*Crosses to* R.

Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field!
Heart's discontent, languid and lean despair,
With all the hells of guilt, pursue thy steps for ever!
[*Exit*, R.

Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less power to curse
Abides in me—I say amen to her. [*Going*, R.

K. Rich. (R. C.) Stay, madam,—I would beg some words with you.

Queen. (R.) What canst thou ask, that I have now to grant?
Is't another son? Gloster, I have none.

K. Rich. You have a beauteous daughter, call'd Elizabeth.

Queen. Must she die, too?

K. Rich. For whose fair sake, I'll bring more good to you,
Than ever you or your's from me had harm;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest me the cruel cause of.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Know, then, that from my soul I love the fair
Elizabeth, and will, with your permission,
Seat her on the throne of England.

Queen. Alas, vain man, how canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you;
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then, woo her thus—
Send to her, by the man who kill'd her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts—thereon engrav'd
Edward and York;—then, haply, will she weep.
On this, present her with an handkerchief
Stained with their blood, to wipe her woful eyes:
If this inducement move her not to love,
Read o'er the history of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thy policy took off her uncles,
Clarence, Rivers, Grey,—nay, and, for her sake,
Made quick conveyance with her dear aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

[*King Richard retires; converses with Ratcliffe, and sends him off*, L.

Queen. What shall I say? Still to affront his love,
I fear, will but incense him to revenge;

And to consent, I should abhor myself;
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus
By sending Richmond word of his intent,
Shall gain some time to let my child escape him.
It shall be so. [*Aside—Richard advances.*
I have considered, sir, of your important wishes,
And, could I but believe you real—

K. Rich. Now, by the sacred hosts of saints above—

Queen. O, do not swear, my lord; I ask no oath,
Unless my daughter doubt you more than I.

K. Rich. Oh, my kind mother! (I must call you so)
Be thou to her love's soft orator;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.
And, when this warlike arm shall have chastis'd
The audacious rebel, hot-brained Buckingham;
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead your daughter to a conqueror's bed.

Queen. My lord, farewell;—in some few days expect
To hear how fair a progress I have made:
Till when, be happy, as you're penitent.

K. Rich. My heart goes with you to my love. Farewell.
[*Exit Queen,* R.
Relenting, shallow-thoughted woman!

Enter RATCLIFFE, L.

How now! the news?

Rat. Most gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears
Inform us Richmond is their admiral.
There do they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. We must prevent him, then. [*Exit Rat.* L.]
Come hither, Catesby.

Cates. My lord, your pleasure?

K. Rich. Post to the Duke of Norfolk, instantly;
Bid him straight levy all the strength and power
That he can make, and meet me suddenly
At Salisbury;—commend me to his grace;—away.
[*Exit Catesby,* R.

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.

Well, my lord, what news have you gather'd?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas, my lord.

K. Rich. There let him sink—and be the seas on him.

White-liver'd runagate! [*Crosses into* R. *corner, and returns to* C.] what does he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Traitor! the crown!
Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
The foe upon our coast, and thou no friends to meet 'em!
Or hast thou march'd them to the western shore,
To give the rebels conduct from their ships?

Stan. My lord, my friends are ready all i'th' north.

K. Rich. The north! why what do they i'th' north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They yet have had no orders, sir, to move:
If 'tis your royal pleasure they should march,
I'll lead them on with the utmost haste to join you,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. What, thou'dst be gone to join with Richmond?
—Ha—

Stan. Sir, you have no cause to doubt my loyalty;
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be, false.

K. Rich. Away, then, to thy friends, and lead 'em on
To meet me; [*Crosses to* L. *Stanley going* R.] hold.—Come back: I'll not trust thee.
I've thought a way to make thee sure;—your son,
George Stanley, sir,—I'll have him left behind;
And look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. As I prove true, my lord, so deal with him.

K. Rich. Away. [*Exit Stanley,* R.

Enter RATCLIFFE, L.

Rat. My lord, the army of great Buckingham,
By sudden floods and fall of waters,
Is half lost, and scatter'd:
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. (C.) Has any careful officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Rat. (L.) Such proclamation has been made, my lord.

Enter CATESBY, R.

Cates. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.

K. Rich. Off with his head! [*Crosses into* R. *corner.*] So much for Buckingham.—

[*Crosses to* L. *and is returning to* R. *when Catesby speaks.*

Cates. My lord, I am sorry I must tell more news.

K. Rich. Out with it.

Cates. The Earl of Richmond, with a mighty power,
Is landed, sir, at Milford;
And, to confirm the news, Lord Marquis Dorset,
And Sir Thomas Lovell, are up in Yorkshire.

K. Rich. Why, ay, this looks rebellion:—Ho! my horse!
By heav'n the news alarms my stirring soul;
Come forth, my honest sword, which here I vow,
By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheath'd;
Ne'er shall these watching eyes have needful rest,
Till death has clos'd 'em in a glorious grave,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge. [*Exeunt,* R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Country near Tamworth.*

Enter, L. U. E., *the invading Army, with Banners and Devices, and form on each side.*—RICHMOND *with a truncheon, having a written paper rolled round it.*—OXFORD, BLUNT, *and others, advance to the centre. March in Orchestra.*

Rich. (C.) Thus far, into the bowels of the land,
Have we march'd on without impediment.
Gloster, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd
Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity,
Is now even in the centre of the isle,
As we're inform'd, near to the town of Leicester:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march;
And here receive me, from our father Stanley,
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement,
Such as will help to animate our cause;
On which let's cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of a lasting peace,
Or fame more lasting from a well-fought war.

Oxford. (R. C.) Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our men,

Who look'd, methought but cold before;—dishearten'd
With the unequal numbers of the foe.

Rich. Why, double 'em still, our cause would conquer 'em:
Thrice is he arm'd, that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted;—
The very weight of Gloster's guilt shall crush him.

Blunt. (L. C.) His best friends, no doubt, will soon be our's.

Oxford. He has no friends, but what are such through fear.

Rich. And we no foes, but what are such to heav'n.
Then doubt not heav'n's for us;—let's on, my friends:
True hope ne'er tires, but mounts with eagle's wings:
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Bosworth Field.—March in Orchestra.*

Enter the English Army, followed by KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFFE, &C. L.

K. Rich. (C.) Here pitch our tent, even in Bosworth Field:
My good Lord of Norfolk, the cheerful speed
Of your supply has merited my thanks.

Nor. (R. C.) I am rewarded, sir, in having power
To serve your majesty.

K. Rich. You have our thanks, my lord; up with my tent;
Here will I lie to-night;—but where to-morrow?
Well, no matter where.—Has any careful friend
Discover'd yet the number of the rebels?

Nor. My lord, as I from spies am well informed,
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia treble that amount;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Nor. Their wants are greater yet, my lord;—those e'en
Of motion, life, and spirit—did you but know
How wretchedly their men disgrace the field;
Oh, such a tattered host of mounted scarecrows!
So poor, so famish'd; their executors,
The greedy crows, fly hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean inheritance.

King R. Now, by St. Paul we'll send 'em dinners and apparel ;
Nay, give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight 'em. How long must we stay,
My lords, before these desperate fools will give
Us time to lay 'em with their faces upwards ?
Nor. Unless their famine saves our swords that labour,
To-morrow's sun will light 'em to their ruin ;
So soon I hear they mean to give us battle.
K. Rich. The sooner still the better.—Come, my lords,
Now let's survey the 'vantage of the ground ; [*Crosses to* R.
Call me some men of sound direction.
Nor. (R. C.) My gracious lord—
K. Rich. (R.) What say'st thou, Norfolk ?
Nor. Might I advise your majesty, you yet
Shall save the blood that may be shed to-morrow.
K. Rich. How so, my lord ?
Nor. The poor condition of the rebels tells me,
That, on pardon offer'd to the lives
Of those that shall instantly quit their arms,
Young Richmond, ere to-morrow's dawn, were friendless.
K. Rich. Why that indeed was our sixth Harry's way,
Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion.
I'll be in men's despite a monarch ; no,
Let kings that fear, forgive,—blows and revenge for me.
[*Flourish—Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*Richmond's Camp in Bosworth Field.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, *&c.* L.

Rich. The weary sun has made a golden set,
And, by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard ;
Here have I drawn the model of our battle,
[*Unfolding a scroll.*
Which parts in just proportion our small power ;
Here may each leader know his several charge.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir Walter Herbert,
And you, Sir William Brandon, stay with me :
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.

Enter OFFICER, L.

Off. Sir, a gentleman that calls himself Stanley,
Desires admittance to the Earl of Richmond.

Rich. Now, by our hopes, my noble father-in-law;
Admit him:—[*Exit Officer*, L.]—My good friends, your leave awhile.

Enter LORD STANLEY, L.—OFFICERS *retire*, C.

My honour'd father! on my soul,
The joy of seeing you this night is more
Than my most knowing hopes presag'd: what news?
Stan. I, by commission, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
The queen, too, has with tears of joy consented
Thou shouldst espouse Elizabeth, her daughter,
At whom the tyrant Richard closely aims.
In brief (for now the shortest moment of
My stay is bought with hazard of my life),
Prepare thy battle early in the morning
(For so the season of affairs requires),
And this be sure of, I, upon the first
Occasion offer'd, will deceive some eyes,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
In which I had more forward been, ere this,
But that the life of thy young brother, George
(Whom as my pawn of faith stern Richard keeps),
Would then be forfeit to his wild revenge.
Farewell: the rude enforcement of the time
Denies me to renew those vows of love
Which so long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
Rich. We yet may meet again, my lord.
Stan. Till then, once more farewell,—be resolute, and conquer.
Rich. Give him safe conduct to his regiment.
[*Exeunt an Officer with Stanley*, R.
Well, sirs, [*Officers advance*] to-morrow proves a busy day:
But come, the night's far spent:—let's in to council;
Captain, an hour before the sun gets up,
Let me be wak'd; I will in person walk
From tent to tent, and early cheer the soldiers. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Wood. Lights off, and a little down.*

Enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFFE, NORFOLK, *and* CATESBY, L.

Trumpets at a distance, slow and solemn.

K. Rich. (C.) Catesby.
Cates. (L.) Here, my lord

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him, 'fore sunrise,
Meet me with his power, or his son George's head
Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cates. It is, my liege, all in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch—choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. Doubt not, my lord. [*Crosses to* R.
K. Rich. Be stirring with the lark, good Norfolk.
Nor. I shall, my lord. [*Exit*, R.
K. Rich. Saddle White Surry for the field to-morrow.
Is ink and paper ready?
Cates. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. An hour after midnight, come to my tent,
And help to arm me:—a good night, my friends. [*Exit*, R.
Cates. Methinks, the king has not that pleas'd alacrity,
Nor cheer of mind, that he was wont to have.
Rat. The mere effect of business;
You'll find him, sir, another man i' th' field,
When you shall see him with his beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing steed, with whom
He smiling seems to have some wanton talk,
Clapping his pamper'd sides to hold him still;
Then, with a motion swift and light as air,
Like fiery Mars, he vaults him to the saddle;
Looks terror to the foe, and courage to his soldiers.
Cates. Good night to Richmond, then; for, as I hear,
His numbers are so few, and those so sick,
And famish'd in their march, if he dares fight us—
He jumps into the sea to cool his fever.
But come, 'tis late;—now let us to our tents,
We've few hours good, before the trumpet wakes us.
[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE V.—*Richard's Tent.—Lamps down—Couch—Table* (R. C.) *with Pens, Ink, and Paper—Lamp, Truncheon, Shield, Hat and Feathers—Crown and Sceptre on Cushion —Drawn Sword.*

Enter KING RICHARD *from his Tent.*

K. Rich. 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world
Is in a lonely, solemn darkness hung;
Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me),
With all the weary courtship of

My care-tir'd thoughts, can't win her to my bed;
Though e'en the stars do wink, as 'twere with overwatching.
I'll forth and walk awhile;—the air 's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.
How awful is this gloom! and hark! from camp to camp
The hum of either army stilly sounds;
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighing,
Piercing the night's dull ear.—Hark! from the tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation; while some,
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger.—By yon heav'n, my stern
Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,
That, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away.—I'll to my couch,
And once more try to sleep her into morning.

[*Advances towards the couch—A groan is heard.*

Ha! what means that dismal voice? Sure 'tis
The echo of some yawning grave,
That teems with an untimely ghost.—'Tis gone!
'Twas but my fancy, or, perhaps, the wind,
Forcing its entrance through some hollow cavern.
No matter what;—I feel my eyes grow heavy.

[*Lies down—Sleeps.*

[*Scene slides off at back of tent, and discovers the Ghosts of King Henry through a medium (c.) the Princes, and Lady Anne.*

King H. Oh! thou, whose unrelenting thoughts, not all
The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake;
Whose conscience, with thy body, ever sleeps—
Sleep on; while I, by heaven's high ordinance,
In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul:
Now, give thy thoughts to me; let 'em behold
These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing hand
Within the Tower gave my anointed body;
Now shall thy devouring conscience gnaw
Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

Lady A. Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne, thy wife;
E'en in the battle's heat remember me,
And edgeless fall thy sword—despair and die.

Prince E. Richard, dream on, and see the wandering spirits
Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower:
Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade
Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?
Who, but for thee, alas! might have enjoy'd
Our many promis'd years of happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our misusage;
O, 'twas a cruel deed! therefore alone,
Unpitying, unpitied shalt thou fall. [*Lamps up a little.*

King H. The morning's dawn has summon'd me away;
Now, Richard, wake, in all the hells of guilt!
And let that wild despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
Awake, Richard, awake, to guilty minds
A terrible example! [*Scene closes, and shuts out the Ghosts.*

K. Rich. [*Starts up.*] Give me another horse—bind up my wounds! [*Drops on his knees.*
Have mercy, heav'n! ha! soft—'twas but a dream;
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul:
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror:
Oh, tyrant conscience! how dost thou afflict me;
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating;
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
I am but man; and, fate, do thou dispose me.

Enter CATESBY, R.

Who's there? [*Rises.*

Cates. 'Tis I, my lord; the early village cock
Hath thrice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. Oh, Catesby, I have had such horrid dreams!

Cates. Shadows, my lord—below the soldier's heeding.

K. Rich. Now, by my this day's hopes—shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Cates. Be more yourself, my lord: consider, sir,
Were it but known a dream had frighted you,
How would your animated foes presume on't!

K. Rich. Perish the thought!—No, never be it said
That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain!
Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again:
[*Trumpet sounds a call.*

Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse; away;
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt*, R.

SCENE VI.—*A Wood.—March of Drums and Fifes.*,

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, *Soldiers, &c.* L.

Rich. Halt.
Officer. [*Without.*] Halt—halt!
Rich. How far into the morning is it, friends?
Oxford. Near four, my lord,
Rich. (C.) 'Tis well—
I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.
Oxford. (L. C.) Methinks the foe 's less forward than we thought 'em;
Worn as we are, we brave the field before 'em.
Rich. Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste:
If dreams should animate a soul resolv'd,
I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to-night;
Methought that all the ghosts of them, whose bodies
Richard murder'd, came mourning to my tent,
And rous'd me to revenge 'em.
Oxford. A good omen, sir—[*Trumpet sounds a distant March*, R.] hark! the trumpet of
The enemy; it speaks them on the march.
Rich. Why then let's on, my friends, to face 'em!
In peace, there's nothing more becomes a man,
As mild behaviour and humility;
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;
But, if we thrive, the glory of the action
The meanest here shall share his part of;—
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully.
The word 's St. George, Richmond, and Victory.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt*, R.

SCENE VII.—*Richard's Camp.—March behind*, L.

Enter KING RICHARD, CATESBY, *and Forces*, L.

K. Rich. Who saw the sun to-day?
Cates. He has not yet broke forth, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine—for, by the clock,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heav'n
That frowns on me, looks low'ring upon him.

Enter NORFOLK, *with a paper in his hand,* R.

Nor. Prepare, my lord; the foe is in the field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call forth Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;
Myself will lead the soldiers to the plain. [*Exit Catesby,* L.
Well, Norfolk, what think'st thou now?
Nor. (R.) That we shall conquer:—but on my tent,
This morning early, was this paper found.
K. Rich. [*Reads,* R. C] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."
A weak invention of the enemy!
Come, gentlemen, now each man to his charge,
And, ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A scum of Bretons, rascals, runaways,
Whom their o'ercloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate adventures, and destruction.—

Enter CATESBY, L.

What says Lord Stanley,—will he bring his power?
Cates. He does refuse, my lord;—he will not stir.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.
[*Distant March,* R.
Nor. My lord, the foe's already past the marsh;—
After the battle let young Stanley die.
K. Rich. Why, after be it, then:
A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom;
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
And thou, our warlike champion, thrice-renown'd,
St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions;
Upon 'em:—charge:—follow me! [*Flourish,—Exeunt,* R

SCENE VIII.—*A part of Bosworth Field.—Alarums, Trumpets, Drums, and Shouts,* R. *and* L.

Enter KING RICHARD, R.

K. Rich. What ho! young Richmond, ho! 'tis Richard calls!

I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster;
Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my sword,
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And dying groans transpierce the wounded air,
Richmond, I say, come forth, and singly face me;
Richard is hoarse with daring thee to arms.

[*Drums, Trumpets, Shouts—Exit,* R.

SCENE IX.—*A Wood.*

Enter CATESBY, L. U. E.; *and* NORFOLK, R. U. E. *in disorder.*

Cates. Rescue! rescue! my Lord of Norfolk, haste;
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring and opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death?
Nay, haste, my lord—the day's against us.

[*Drums, Trumpets, and Shouts—Exeunt,* L.

Enter KING RICHARD, R. *and* RATCLIFFE, R. S. E.

K. Rich. (R. C.) A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Rat. (R.) This way, this way, my lord;—below yon thicket
Stands a swift horse;—away;—ruin pursues us;
Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die! [*Exit Rat.* R.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse. [*Exit,* L.

SCENE X.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD, L. *and* RICHMOND, R. *meeting.*

K. Rich. Of one or both of us, the time is come.

Rich. Kind heav'n, I thank thee, for my cause is thine;
If Richard 's fit to live, let Richmond fall.

K. Rich. Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I could 'plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.

Rich. Nor should thy prowess, Richard, want my praise
But thatthy cruel deeds have stamp'd thee tyrant!
So thrive my sword, as heaven's high vengeance draws it.

K. Rich. My soul and body on the action both.

Rich. A dreadful lay;—here's to decide it.
[*Charge of Drums and Trumpets, Alarums.—They fight—Richard falls,* L.

* *K. Rich.* Perdition catch thy arm;—the chance is thine.
But oh! the vast renown thou hast acquired,
In conquering Richard, does afflict him more
Than even his body's parting with its soul.
Now let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act:
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms; that each heart being set
On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! [*Dies.*

Rich. Farewell, Richard, and from thy dreadful end
May future kings from tyranny be warn'd.
Had thy aspiring soul but stirr'd in virtue
With half the spirit it has dar'd in evil,
How might thy fame have grac'd our English annals!
But, as thou art, how fair a page thou'st blotted!
[*A short flourish, then a retreat sounded.*
Hark! the glad trumpet speaks the field our own.
[*Short flourish.*

Enter LORD STANLEY, OXFORD, *and Soldiers, with* KING RICHARD'S *Crown,* L.

Oh, welcome, friends! my noble father, welcome!
Heav'n and our arms be prais'd, the day is our's;
See there, my lords, stern Richard is no more.

Stan. (L. C.) Victorious Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee?
And see the just reward that heav'n has sent thee;
Among the glorious spoils of Bosworth Field,
We've found the crown, which now in right is thine.
'Tis doubly thine by conquest and by choice.
Long live Henry the Seventh, king of England!
[*Flourish—all kneel.*

Rich. (C.) Next to just heaven, my noble countrymen,
I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of,
And ruling well shall speak my gratitude.
But now, my lords, what friends of our's are missing?
Pray tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my liege, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

* Mr. Macready omits this speech, and dies instantly upon falling

Enter BLUNT, R.

Blunt. My lord, the queen, and fair Elizabeth,
Her beauteous daughter, some few miles off,
Are on their way to gratulate your victory.

Rich. Ay, there, indeed, my toil 's rewarded.
Let us prepare to meet 'em, lords ;—and then,
As we're already bound by solemn vows,
We'll twine the roses red and white together.

[*Banners are waved gently.*

And both from one kind stalk shall flourish!
England has long been mad, and scarr'd herself.
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood;
The father rashly slaughtered his own son;
The bloody son, compelled, has kill'd his sire.
Oh, now, let Henry and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly wounds!
And be that wretch of all mankind abhorred,
That would renew those bloody days again;
Ne'er let him live to taste our joy's increase,
That would with treason wound fair England's peace!

[*Flourish until Curtain down.*

THE END.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

Mazeppa.

Mazeppa. Help! help! for heaven's sake release me!

Act II. Scene 3.

MAZEPPA:

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

DRAMATISED FROM LORD BYRON'S POEM,

BY H. M. MILNER,

And adapted to the Stage under the direction of

MR. DUCROW.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. Bonner, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN

REMARKS.

Mazeppa.

Lord Byron is a great and an original genius; he has a depth of thought and a force of expression that are truly admirable. In aiming at too much conciseness, he is often harsh and obscure, while his artificial pauses, his rapid and sometimes unnatural transitions, give to his poetry an air of pedantry and affectation. Upon many occasions he is exquisitely simple and pathetic; his simile of the *Kashmeer Butterfly*, and that fine passage, "*He who hath bent him o'er the dead*," cannot easily be paralleled. But it is in "*Childe Harold*" (the greatest of all his works), that the genius of Lord Byron shines most conspicuous—his lamentations over the ruins of Greece, his passionate exhortations to spare the last relics of her ancient grandeur, and his just and generous indignation against our modern vandal, for despoiling her of what the barbarians themselves held sacred, are the very soul of pathos and poetry. In proportion as we admire exalted genius, we lament its wanton prostitution: the mass of obscenity and profaneness which Lord Byron has bequeathed to posterity is now become a question between him and his Creator. He lived too long for his own fame—we cannot say "He should have died hereafter," unless (like *Lord Rochester*) it had been to leave on record his deep contrition for having poisoned the minds of future generations. The following character of Lord Byron as a poet, was written before he had inflicted upon the world that witty, but scandalously immoral work, "*Don Juan*:"—

"The town is pleas'd when Byron will rehearse,
And finds a thousand beauties in his verse;
So fix'd his fame, that write whate'er he will,
The patient public must admire it still;
Yes,—though bereft of half his force and fire,
They still must read—and, dozing, must admire;
While you and I, who stick to common sense,
To genius, taste, and wit, have no pretence.

Throughout the whole we toil to understand
Where'er we tread—'tis strange, 'tis foreign land;
Nay, half the thoughts and language of the strain
Require a glossary to make them plain.
Beauties there are, which, candour bids me own,
Atone for these—for more than these atone:
Beauties, which e'en the coldest must admire—
Quick, high-wrought passion—true poetic fire—
Bold, energetic language—thoughts sublime—
And all the artful cadences of rhyme." *

The story of Mazeppa we learn from two sources—Voltaire's History of Charles XII., and Lesur's "*Histoire des Kosaques.*" Lord Byron has rendered it familiar to every reader of poetry—Mazeppa is introduced relating his romantic adventures to the royal Swede, after the Battle of Pultowa. The vanquished monarch, wounded and reclined at the foot of a tree, surrounded by his warriors, had singled out the brave Tartar and his steed as objects of peculiar admiration for their prowess in "pricking over flood or field," when Mazeppa, remembering the *school* in which he had acquired his skill in horsemanship, drops an expression that raises the curiosity of Charles, who puts to the "old Hettman" a question that produces the recital. Lord Byron confines his narrative to Mazeppa's intrigue with the beautiful young wife of a Polish count, the discovery of their amours, the revenge of the jealous husband, who sentences the Tartar to be lashed to the back of a wild horse, and left to his fate—the description of that perilous journey, his rescue by the Cossacks, and subsequent good fortune. All these are told in Lord Byron's wonted strain of eloquence and passion. The story winds up with a versification of the ancient motto, "*nil desperandum.*"

Mazeppa has found his way to the stage, with the accompaniments of appropriate scenery, alternately savage and splendid; gorgeous processions, dresses and decorations; gallant knights and ladies fair; banquets, tournaments, and real horses. The story has been considerably varied and amplified, to bring these powerful auxiliaries into full play; and an imposing spectacle is the result. Olinska, daughter of the Castellan, is beloved by Muzeppa, who passes under the name of Cassimir. Her father has, however, provided a more substantial suitor, in the person of the Count Palatine; who, being too magnificent a potentate to leave his palace

* "The Modern Dunciad."

and lay his coronet at her feet, until his proposals be duly accepted, despatches an envoy to propitiate her by proxy. The lady reluctantly consents—the diadem is placed on her head—she ascends the nuptial car, when the delighted Count, drawing aside the curtains, welcomes his beautiful intended, and in flattering terms explains the cause of his appearance, at once so unexpected and gallant. On the eve of the marriage, Mazeppa secretly enters the chamber of the Count, defies him to single combat—a battle ensues—the Count is wounded, Mazeppa retreats, an alarm is given, he is taken, and the Castellan determines to make him an example of signal vengeance. He orders the vile Tartar to be stripped, the fiery untamed steed is led forth, Mazeppa is fast bound to his back, Olinska implores pity for him, but in vain; and the wild horse, amidst the glare of torches, savage shouts, and beacon-fires, is suddenly released. He dashes up mountains, down precipices, fords rivers, devoting his unhappy rider to scorching suns, piercing blasts, devouring hunger, and parching thirst. Savage wolves follow in quick pursuit, and threaten to rend him piecemeal—and a vulture hovers over his head, impatient for its expected prey. After an accumulation of horrors, they reach Tartary. The affrighted peasants, beholding the wild horse furiously pursuing its course, take it for the *Volpas*, which, according to a popular superstition, is a demon form that whirls across the wilds of Tartary, foreboding death and desolation. A thunderbolt strikes a tree, which falls to the ground—at this moment the fiery steed sinks down exhausted—Mazeppa, apparently lifeless, extended on its body. Abder Khan, against whom a plot exists, headed by Thamar, a rebel chief, to drive him from his throne, enters, and beholds the wounded stranger. What signs and characters meet his sight! a miracle has been wrought! the jewelled star, the badge and emblem of the tribe—'tis Mazeppa, his lost son! This discovery is fatal to the scheme of Thamar, who (the Khan being old and childless) had aspired to the regal sway. His dagger must remove this obstacle to his anticipated greatness—he successively attempts the life of both father and son, but is foiled in his attempts. Mazeppa recovers—recognises his father, whom he has miraculously rescued from the dagger of the assassin, and is hailed King of Tartary. But he cannot be happy

without Olinska—to Poland he must repair for his mistress, and his majesty resolves to accompany his son on his amorous crusade. Mazeppa remounts the wild horse, which, after his late *heat*, is surprisingly tame, and no longer the terror of grooms and rough-riders. Once the instrument of torture, it is now the messenger of vengeance. The warlike expedition moves off in triumph—reaches Poland, when the king, Mazeppa, and a faithful chief, disguised as Tartar peasants, repair to the palace of the Castellan, and are engaged by Drolinski, an officious officer of the household, to perform sundry grotesque dances and dextrous feats, after the manner of their country, in celebration of the long-delayed nuptials between the Count Palatine (who has recovered from his wound) and Olinska, who is brought forth like a lamb to the slaughter, her heart being with the horse and his rider. The king contrives to wheedle Drolinsko (a huge feeder, a little fellow, and a great fool), out of the keys of the great gates of the castle; and a chosen band of warriors, who lie concealed in a neighbouring forest, are secretly introduced. The nuptial procession advances with due solemnity; a barbarous ballet is performed; when Mazeppa, rushing forward, forbids the banns. *Who* is the daring intruder?—He throws off his disguise, proclaims his titles—the Poles and Tartars go at it pell-mell—Mazeppa wins his bride by force of arms, and the piece concludes amidst conflagration and rejoicings. This splendid drama was first produced at the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster, under the management of Messrs. Ducrow and West, Easter, 1831; and is written by Mr. Milner, the author of Massaniello.

It is but common justice to remark how effectively every piece is got up at this theatre. The equestrian performances are without parallel in the annals of horsemanship; and the scenery and decorations may vie with the proudest metropolitan.

☞ D.——G.

POLES.

THE CASTELLAN.—Rich dress of the reign of Louis XIV:—A full-skirted tunic of dark blue cloth, superbly embroidered with gold—full trunks of the same, edged with lace—russet boots—broad embroidered scarf—orange-coloured belt—high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, turned up in front, with brilliant rosette, and profusely trimmed with red feathers—yellow gauntlets.

PREMISLAS, COUNT PALATINE.—Similar dress, of light blue, embroidered with silver—white feathers—silk stockings—white shoes.

CASSIMER.—(Mazeppa, as the page.) White tunic, half full sleeve, puffed, slashed with crimson and black velvet, the tunic entirely trimmed with crimson and black velvet—white tight pantaloons—white shoes, with crimson rosettes—short mantillo worn over the left arm, of crimson cloth, trimmed with ermine—octagonal cap of crimson, with hanging pouch.

RUDZOLOFF.—Green embroidered tunic, with scarlet mantillo—tight green pantaloons—black short boots—lancer's cap.

DROLINSKO.—Tight vest of green cloth, trimmed with gold lace—enormously full breeches of ditto—red stockings—black shoes—red rosettes.

POLISH NOBLES.—Various-coloured tunics, embroidered, and trimmed with fur—mantillos, also trimmed with fur—tall chimney-pot caps, with pouches covered with yellow cloth, and embroidered and trimmed with fur—tight pantaloons, embroidered—boots.

FOR THE TOURNAMENT.—Knights in full and in half armour—Heralds, with heraldic coats—the Servants in tunics—Pages, exactly the same as Cassimer—the Pages of Premislas, similar, but the colours light blue and green, with white fur.

SOLDIERS.—Tunic-coats, trimmed with fur—tall chimney-pot hats, trimmed with ditto—modern arms.

OLINSKA,—*First dress*: A short Polish pelisse of green velvet, superbly trimmed and embroidered with gold, and edged with white fur, over a short white dress—Polish octagonal cap, of the same, with hanging pouch. *Second dress*: A train-dress of white satin, embroidered, with deep trimming of fur—brilliant coronet, from which hangs a spacious veil.

AGATHA.—Old-fashioned dress—tight body—full skirt of slate-coloured cloth, trimmed with black velvet—white handkerchief over the neck—round cap of black velvet, coming with a point upon the forehead, and ornamented in the front with jewels.

ZEMILA.—Tight body of scarlet cloth, edged with black fur, and trimmed with black—yellow buttons—light blue shirt, with broad red stripe at bottom—blue stockings—square-topped Polish cap of scarlet, edged with black fur—black tassels.

POLISH LADIES.—As Olinska's first dress, varying the colour.

TARTARS.

MAZEPPA.—*First dress*: Black robe, entirely enveloping the person—black helmet—black-red plume. *Second dress*: Flesh legs, arms, and body—short tight trunks—half-body of brown cloth. *Third dress*: White Turkish shirt and trowsers, embroidered and spangled—vest, with long broad tabs, of pale blue velvet, richly spangled and embroidered with silver—shawl-scarf of orange, embroidered and fringed with silver—red boots—full Tartar helmet—cap of gold, surmounted with a diadem, and bird-of-Paradise plumes. *Fourth dress*: Long plain Turkish robe bound round with a sash—plain turban.

ABDER KHAN.—*First dress:* Long shirt of white, hanging full, with embroidery at the bottom—green and gold vest, with long broad tabs of dark green velvet, richly embroidered in gold—very spacious flowing mantle of white cloth, with a border of green and gold embroidery, and gold fringe—very large high turban of white, finished at bottom by a laurel-wreath in green foil. *Second dress:* Same as Mazeppa's last dress.

THAMAR AND CHIEFS.—Vest and fly of black cloth, trimmed with red and gold—short full Turkish trunks of black and red stripe, taken up with gold studs—Tartar helmet-cap, with red crape hanging from it, over the shoulders—red scarf—red sandals—round shield of black, with gold edge and bosses.

ELDERS.—Long white robes and turbans.

KOSCAR, KADAC, AND SHEPHERDS.—Flesh legs and arms—sheepskin vests—short trunks—conical caps of the same.

ONEIZA AND SHEPHERDESSES.—Skirts of striped and various-coloured linens—capes of sheepskin—large conical hats covered with leaves, weeds, &c.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, under the Management of Messrs. Ducrow and West, on Easter Monday, 1831.

POLES.

The Castellan of Laurinski	Mr. Hart.
Premislas, Count Palatine	Mr. S. Foster.
Rudzotoff, Chamberlain of the Household	Mr. Lawrence.
Drolinsko	Mr. Herring.
Officer	Mr. J. Smith.
Sentinel	Mr. Taylor.
Olinska, Daughter of the Castellan	Mrs. Pope.
Agatha, her Nurse	Mrs. Bradley.
Zemila	Mrs. Yates.

Knights, Officers, Guards, Heralds, Domestics, Ladies, &c.

TARTARS.

Abder Khan, King of Tartary	Mr. Gomersal.
Mazeppa, his son, under the name of Casimer	Mr. Cartlitch.
Thamar, a conspiring Chieftain	Mr. S. Smith.
Zemba	Mr. Taylor.
Kadac, Koscar, } *Tartar Shepherds*	Mr. Fillingham. Mr. W. West.
Elders of the People	Gough, Montgomery, and Yates.
Oneiza	Mrs. J. Ducrow.
Shepherdess	Mrs. Dawson.

Chieftains, Warriors Priests Shepherds, &c.

MAZEPPA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court-Yard of the Castle of Laurinski, bounded by the buildings of the castle, its moat, and adjacent lake—it is approached by a series of drawbridges, over the moat and branches of the lake—in the background, the distant country—castle gates,* L. 3rd E.—*two large windows,* L., *the nearest of which has a practicable balcony,* L. S. E.—*the moon seen to set—lights are observable in the castle windows, which are gradually extinguished as the morning advances.*

A SENTINEL *discovered, pacing the drawbridge, which leads across from* R. *to* L.

Enter CASSIMIR, *cautiously,* R. U. E., *and crossing to the window,* L. S. E.

Cas. [*Calling softly.*] Olinska.

Sen. [*Halting on the drawbridge,* C.] Ha! who goes there?—No answer? [*Cassimir conceals himself behind a buttress,* L.] By the uncertain glimpses of the moon, I can distinguish no one—all is silent—it could have been but the wind sighing amongst these ancient battlements; whistling along them, as it does through my ribs, which (by the time they keep me on the watch) I suppose they think as tough and as weatherproof as the walls themselves. I shall take the liberty of making free with the porter's fire, in the hall, for a few moments.

[*Music.—Exit into the portal,* L. U. E.

Cas. [*Advancing from the buttress.*] Olinska! dear Olinska! ere yet the envious daylight robs my soul of this sweet privilege, of drinking from thine eyes deep draughts of the bright liquid fire, which, as from twin stars of love, streams through my enraptured heart, appear, dear life! raise me to that throne of glory monarchs might envy me, Olinska's love.

[*Olinska appears in the balcony,* L. S. E.

Oli. Cassimir! thou here? Hence, hence! wert thou discovered, think how fearfully my father's wrath would fall on the clandestine suitor to his child.

Cas. What can Cassimir dread, ennobled and emboldened by thy love?

Oli. It cannot be a noble or a worthy love, that thus, beneath the mask of night, must steal to lay its homage on the shrine.

Cas. Dost thou reproach my rash presumption?

Oli. No; but my own unworthy cowardice. Cassimir, I will no more of this; no longer stoop to tremblingly conceal affections, in which my soul should glory: no! at my father's feet, I will avow it all—will plead thy gallant services—thy exalted deeds—charge him, as he values my happiness or peace, to grant Olinska's hand where her fond heart is pledged, and gain a son who'll be an honour to his name.

Cas. To thee and to thy love I do commit me! but, rather than see thee sacrificed to another, or brook a rival in thy much-prized love,—

A thousand tyrant fathers I would brave
From all their wrath my lov'd Olinska save,
Or earn an early, but an honoured grave.

Oli. But see, the dawn advances; the moon h sunk behind yon hoary hills; the glimmering lights are one by one expiring; and the hum of busy menials speaks approaching day. Away, my love, away!

Cas. May all propitious powers smile down upon the pleadings of thy virtuous love, waft thy soft breathings deep to thy father's heart, and win him to our cause; then should thy doating Cassimir, in the broad blaze of day, boast of his bliss, and be all Poland's envy.

[*The drum of the guard is heard—Cassimir climbs a buttress and passionately kisses Olinska's hand, then effects his escape,* R. S. E.—*sound approaches.*

Re-enter SENTINEL, L. U. E., *on the drawbridge—Olinska, after watching Cassimir, retires from the balcony.*

Enter a Patrol, R. U. E., *who crosses the drawbridge to* L. U. E., *and relieves the guard.*

Enter RUDZOLOFF, DROLINSKO, *and other domestics, from the castle,* L. 3rd E.

Dro. (C.) Come; bustle, bustle, you lazy-pated var-

lets! Why, it's day! broad day!—and is not to-day to be a remarkable day—a glorious day—a day of festivity?—Is there not to be a grand tournament?—are not all the neighbouring knights, ladies, esquires, and gentry invited?—Is not an envoy from the Count Palatine Premislas expected?—And an't I expected to take a leading part in all the games?

Rud. But what an odd freak of our Lord Castellan to choose such a day as this for the attempt to subdue the unbreakable, fiery, wild Tartarian horse, so long the terror of all our grooms, and the executioner of so many rough-riders.

Enter CASSIMER, *softly*, R. 3*rd* E., *and listens at the back*, C.

Dro. Let the Castellan waste no more time, labour, nor life about him; but send the devil on all fours back to his native Tartary. I tell you what, godfather, there never was a native of that country, whether walking on one pair of legs or two, that ever came to any good by being in a better. Look, now, at that young Tartar fellow, Cassimir, picked up, as I have heard, in a wood, some eighteen years ago, after one of their barbarous incursions—

Rud. A living contradiction to your assertion; risen by his good qualities to be the favourite page, the idol of all the women, and the envy of all the men.

Dro. Not of all the men, godfather: for my part, I think his brother, the wild horse, the more amiable barbarian of the two. Let my lady beware, or she may find, too late, that she has caught a Tartar.

Cas. [*Rushing forward, and giving Drolinsko a violent slap on the shoulder.*] What says the slave?

Dro. [*Aside.*] By all that's terrible, the Tartar has caught me.

Cas. No muttering, sirrah: you spoke of me.

Dro. (L.) Did I?—Well, then, I'm sure you must have been delighted to hear the complimentary things I said of you. You can't think how prodigiously we all shall regret (I speak of myself in particular), that your duty must presently take you from us.

Cas. What means the, slave?

Rud. Why, as you know that my Lady Olinska is going to be married to the Count Palatine Premislas, one of the richest and most powerful noblemen in Poland——

Cas. How said you? married, married to another?

Rud. Another! what other?—Why, she was never married before, was she?

Dro. A despatch late last night, conveyed to the Castellan's chamber after he had retired—ay, ay, it's we folks of consequence in the establishment that come at the earliest intelligence—bless your heart, the envoy is expected to-day, to make the formal proposal to my lady.

Cas. Against this blow support me, heaven! She never will, she never shall be his!

Dro. Sha'nt she, though?—There, I think, you'll find yourself mistaken, young fellow; not that you need to put yourself into such a taking about it, for I dare say, as you are her favourite page, she will prevail on the Palatine to make you one of his esquires.

Cas. [*Seizing Drolinsko by the throat*, C.] Wretch! how dare you thus insult me?—But no, reptile, thou art not worth my anger. [*Rushes out*, R.

Dro. I thank you for appreciating me so justly. Godfather, mark my words, that man will never come to any good. Oh, that the Castellan would clap him on the back of his brother devil, the Tartarian horse, and send them off to Tartary, or Tartarus.

Rud. Tush, fool! the Lady Olinska approaches—away, to speed the preparations for the festival.

[*Music.—Rudzoloff drives Drolinsko out, who has hardly recovered from the effects of his shaking*, L. S. E.

Enter OLINSKA, *with* AGATHA, R.

Aga. (L.) Why, how is it my pretty bird has left her nest so early this morning?—And, oh! those downcast eyes and colourless cheeks assure me she must have passed a sleepless night.

Oli (C.) Oh, I am deeply to be pitied.

Aga. Pitied! you, you to be pitied! when there's nothing talked of through all the castle, but your approaching nuptials with a young nobleman so rich and so——

Oli. Those nuptials never can take place. My heart, my soul, each energy of my existence—all, all is Cassimir's.

Aga. Cassimir's! heavens! a friendless youth, an orphan boy, a foundling Tartar.

Oli. The idol of my fond affections! This very morning, yielding to the prayer of Cassimir, I went to make

an avowal to my father, but judge of my astonishment, my agony, when he announced to me that he had solemnly engaged my hand to the Count Palatine, who in the recent war had rescued him in battle. You know my cruel situation—judge, condemn me, if you can, but you must at least pity the unhapy Olinska.

Aga. I condemn you! oh, my dear young lady, my bosom can harbour none but the tenderest sentiments towards you, nor entertain any wish except to do you service. [*A noise of hurried footsteps is heard without*, R.

Oli. Some one approaches—ah, 'tis he, 'tis Cassimir! Great heaven, how agitated!

Re-enter CASSIMIR, *suddenly*, R. U. E.

Cas. [*With suppressed anger.*] Noble lady—

[*Agatha retires up*, R., *watching*.

Oli. (R. C.) Speak without reserve, Cassimir; my second mother here knows all.

Cas. Before her, then, pronounce my fate.

Oli. Your fate!

Cas. Yes: on you, and on this moment, depend the destinies of my life.

Oli. What mean you?

Cas. We must fly: the deserts of Tartary, where I first drew breath, offer us an assured retreat. Here, where the bonds that unite us are to be torn asunder, have I not the right to require of Olinska, who has chosen me for her husband, that she should seek with me, in my own country, that happiness which is denied us here?

Oli. How, with barbarians? sworn foes of my country—never, never!

Cas. Then let this hated rival tremble.

Oli. Listen to me, Cassimir.

Cas. I care not for life; I am ready to sacrifice it; but I will not perish alone.

Aga. [*Advancing*, R.] Your father comes: for both your sakes, hide from him your tears—Cassimir, away!

MUSIC.—*Enter the* CASTELLAN, *with his suite, including* RUDZOLOFF, *from the castle-gate*, L. 3rd E.—*he seems surprised at observing the embarrassment his presence occasions, and testifies his astonishment on beholding Cassimir.*

Cast. [*Aside*, L.] Cassimir! [*Aloud.*] What do you here, Cassimir?

Cas. [*Confused*, R.] My Lord Castellan——

Aga. [*Fearing he may betray himself, hastens between him and the Castellan*, C.] My lord, Cassimir was just come to—to—to—to request my influence with the Lady Olinska, to obtain for him the situation of first esquire with her intended husband.

[*The Castellan, with a scrutinizing glance, surveys the lovers, who remain abashed and confused.*

Rud. (L.) This young man's intrusion on my lady's privacy——

Cast. It would be your duty to punish; but I am willing to excuse. I call to mind his uniform good conduct, his courage, and fidelity, which deserve reward:—I name him officer of men-at-arms, whom I am sending to Warsaw, to be incorporated in the royal guard. He will depart to-morrow at daybreak.

Cas. My lord, permit me——

Cast. Rudzoloff, I rely on you to see my wishes fulfilled. Away, now; and prepare for your appearance at the approaching fête.

Rud. Enough, my lord.

[*Exit Cassimir*, L. S. E., *with gestures of submission to the Castellan, and darting glances of piercing scrutiny on Olinska—Rudzoloff following.*

Cast. I find, by the Count Palatine's despatch, that this proposed marriage is likewise sanctioned by the sovereign himself.

Oli. [*Aside.*] Support me, oh! support me!

Cast. The Count Premislas wished to come, even on the instant, and present to thee his homage; but an ancient custom does not permit a Palatine of Poland to offer his vows in person, till after a solemn ceremony. The countess's coronet must be presented to the intended, and she return her ring in exchange. From that moment, she is his affianced bride. The envoy of the count this day will come on the important mission.

Oli. How, my father! this very day?

Cast. Even so. Prepare for his reception, my daughter; obedience should be easy, when honours and fortune are its reward.

MUSIC.—*Enter an Officer*, R. 4th E.

Offi. My lord, a splendid cavalcade of knights and warriors even now is discerned from the battlements,

approaching the castle. By the bearings on the banners, we perceive it is an envoy from Count Premislas.

Cast. Let him be conducted hither, with all the honour due to his noble master. Bid my pages and officers of my household attend me here. Olinska, be mindful of your duty.

[*Olinska bends in submission—the Officer retires,* R. 4th. E.

Enter RUDZOLOFF—*Pages, including* CASSIMIR, *Ladies, and Guards from the castle, at the gates,* L. 3rd E., *and form round the Castellan, Olinska, and Agatha, who advance near the front,* L.

Enter a Guard of Honour, from the Castle, crossing the back drawbridge from R. U. E. *to* L. U. E.

THE GRAND PROCESSION

Moves on, from R. 4th E., *consisting of Soldiers, Knights, Officers, Ladies, and Attendants, who form on the* L. *side and across the back—a small ornamental car is drawn on* L. 3rd. E., *under the canopy of which is a cushion with a countess's coronet—the Envoy advances,* C.—*the Castellan leads forward his daughter, and with her takes a position,* R.—*two ladies place a cushion,* C., *on which Olinska kneels—the Envoy brings forward the coronet, and presents it to Olinska—it is received by her attendants, and placed on her head—Cassimir anxiously beholds the ceremony—he passes round the back, and takes a situation behind Agatha,* R.—*on Olinska's receiving the coronet, he expresses rage and despair—the Castellan now reminds her to present her ring—with trembling agitation she draws it from her finger, and approaches the canopy, Cassimir watching with a degree of intentness wrought up to agony—as she drops the ring on the cushion,* COUNT PREMISLAS *bursts from the drapery of the car, seizes the ring, and advances to the front,* C.

Oli. [*Starting.*] What do I see?

Cast. The Count Premislas!

Cas. [*Aside.*] (L) Down, rebel nature, down!

Pre. (C.) Pardon me, beautiful Olinska, for not awaiting the sentence which was to decide my fate. Had my homage been rejected, I should have quitted the castle without intruding upon your presence; but, on seeing you accept the diadem, I hastened to receive, myself, this precious pledge of happiness. [*Showing the ring.*

[*Music.—He takes the hand of Olinska, and kisses it—Cassimir makes a movement, as if, in his jealous fury, he would spring upon his happy rival, but is restrained by a sudden thought of more effectual vengeance.*

Cas. [*Aside, and earnestly to Olinska.*] This very night! —vengeance!—death! [*Exit*, R.

Cast. Deign to accompany me, count: every thing is prepared to receive you with the honours due to him who, becoming my son, will presently have a right to command, where now he is a guest. Never could your arrival have been better timed. This day I had prepared a solemn tourney, in which the pages of my household and friendly knights will contend in those manly sports which form the warrior's earliest lesson. To this festivity your presence will add a tenfold brilliance. Forward, and prepare the arena.

Pre. Count, with the utmost joy, I shall attend you. [*To Olinska.*] Lady, may I be honoured with your hand?

[*Music.—He offers his hand to Olinska, who with diffident reluctance yields hers.—The procession moves on towards the castle, and the scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A Gothic Apartment in the Castle.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* ZEMILA, L.

Zem. Well; so, my Lady Olinska is going to be married—I wish I was going to be married; for then I should no longer be a maid: no, indeed, I'd be a mistress, as my husband would be pretty quickly convinced. There's that lout, Drolinsko, has been casting sheep's eyes at me for months past; but the dolt scarcely knows his own mind, I fancy. There's but one reason I can conceive for having any thing to say to such a numskull: if I married him, he'd save me the trouble of making a fool of him, for he's ready made to my hand. Give me a dashing spirited fellow, I say, who would run away with you in spite of fathers, uncles, cousins—ay, for the matter of that, in spite of yourself.

SONG.—ZEMILA.

A lady was woo'd by a knight, it is said,
Who courted her under a tree;
And he constantly sighed on her bosom, "Fair maid,
Ah! wilt thou be faithful to me?"

She sighed back again, as her bosom soft heav'd
"Sir knight, I must yield to despair,—
I'd fly to thy arms, as my truth is believ'd,
Yes, I'd fly with my love, did I dare."

"Ah! lady love, lady love!" quick he return'd,
"Is it fear only keeps us apart?"
With tenderest passion his manly breast burn'd,
Whilst courage and hope swelled his heart.
His courser was ready; he snatch'd her fair form,
Away o'er the wild heath to bear,
And sang, as he gallop'd amidst the loud storm,
"I not only love thee, but dare!"

Enter DROLINSKO, R.

Dro. [*Meeting Zemila*, C.] Ah! pretty Mistress Zemila, what may you be seeking in such a bustle?

Zem. (L. C.) No such trash as you; so mind your own business, and let me pass.

Dro. Well, now, for my part, I don't know what a likely young woman, such as you, can meet more suited to her wants and inclinations than a tidy husband.

Zem. A husband! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! As if, were I inclined for a husband, I should for a moment dream of such a thing as you.

Dro. Such a thing as me! what the devil do you mean by that? Why, what's the matter with me? I'm all right and tight, snug and comfortable, as any young woman could desire.

Zem. No, Drolinsko, you want one very material article to make a man of you.

Dro. No, you don't say so.

Zem. Not that it's so essential to a husband.

Dro. Well, I'm glad to hear that, at any rate.

Zem. [*Touching his head.*] You want it here, my poor fellow: empty as a scooped-out cocoa-nut shell.

Dro. Want it there, do I? Now it strikes me very forcibly, that if I were your husband, you would furnish me with something more than I should want there.

Zem. Now, if you were anything like such a person as the Tartar, Cassimir——

Dro. The Tartar, Cassimir! Only to hear the women talk. Well, St. Ignatius help their taste, I say. He's a sort of a wild beast; and all the women are weaving nets and meshes to catch him; and if they can't tame him, he's a wild devil, indeed. But I've stopped Mr. Cassimir's pranks for a while.

Zem. You stop him, Drolinsko? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! that's an excellent joke.

Dro. I don't think he'll find it so. The slave had the presumption to intrude on the Lady Olinska's privacy, whilst taking a walk on the terrace of the castle, and even to touch her hand.

Zem. Like a spirited young fellow, as he is.

Dro. There I caught him—so did her father.

Zem. [*Sneering.*] Well?

Dro. The father did not seem inclined to say much; but I gave Mr. Tartar pretty plainly to understand, that if ever he attempted the like liberty again, he would incur a pretty considerable portion of my displeasure.

Zem. [*Derisively.*] Your displeasure! Poor, poor Drolinsko.

Dro. I'd a good mind to give him a bit of a shaking, then.

Zem. You give Cassimir a shaking! why, you'd shake in your shoes if he did but raise a finger.

Dro. I say, Zemila, how provokingly beautiful you do look, to be sure. Do you know, I should so like to—

Zem. Well, then, why don't you take courage and try.

Dro. Egad! that's a pretty fair invitation, and here I go. [*He attempts to kiss her, she slaps his face.*

Zem. Smack for smack, my fine fellow, all over the world, is fair play, you know.

Dro. That's what you call giving a modest young man proper encouragement, I suppose.

Zem. Recollect, Drolinsko, that till a recruit has learned to stand fire, he's never fit for the field of action.

Enter RUDZOLOFF, R.

Rud. (R. C.) Come, come, none of your billing and cooing here; all should be bustle and activity. The tournament is about to take place; the Lady Olinska is to crown the conqueror, and the presence of Count Premislas inclines my lord to wish the entertainment more brilliant even than he had intended.

Dro. (L. C.) Lovely mistress Zemila, were it your task to crown the conqueror, I feel that I should overthrow all before me.

Zem. (C.) Then it must be with a crown of thistle and dandelion, ornamented with a pair of ass's ears.

[*A trumpet heard without.*

Rud. Hark, that's the first signal; hasten to take your place.

Dro. My soul's in arms, and eager for ——

Zem. The encounter?

Dro. No; for the sumptuous banquet, that is to take place afterwards

TRIO.—ZEMILA, DROLINSKO, *and* RUDZOLOFF.

Zem. Oh! 'midst the clash of war's alarms,
Delightful hurry scurry,
Where 'midst of trophies, plumes, and arms,
The men each other worry,
How high each damsel's bosom beats,
How beam her sparklers bright,
To think, with all their gallant feats,
For her the heroes fight.

Dro. No doubt, for those who get the best,
'Tis very pretty fun,
But, ah! the thought that fills my breast,
Is care of number one.
What silly sport for fighting elves,
Into each other pitching,—
They'd better pitch into themselves
The comforts of the kitchen.

Rud. Oh, the thought of martial glory
Warms the breast and fires the heart;
Though my war-worn locks are hoary
I could play a soldier's part.
Still the falchion could I wield,
Still enjoy the trumpet's clang;
Still my heart to beauty yield,
And each haughty rival bang.

ALL TOGETHER.

Zem. Ever still must martial glory
Tend a woman's heart to win:
Still they love a warrior's story
Though they dread the battle's din.

Dro. It's very well to talk of glory,
Something better I would win,
With a jovial feast before me,
I but wish a good tuck in.

Rud. Still my heart beats high for glory
Fresher laurels yet I'd win;
As I tell each martial story,
Fight the battle o'er again. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Grand Arena, prepared for the Tournament, surrounded on three sides by an elevated gallery —an arched entrance,* C. F. *under the gallery—near the front,* L., *a canopied couch.*

Music.—The galleries are filled with spectators—the limits of the arena are maintained by Heralds and mounted Men at arms—in the centre are drawn up the Pages and Knights, proposed combatants—Cassimir is amongst them—the couch is occupied by the Castellan, his daughter, and Count Premislas, surrounded by their Attendants.

Cast. My friends, display before us your address and courage—these noble sports are the image of war—learn from them to defend your prince and country. My daughter will crown the conqueror—let the signal be given for the games to begin.

[*Music.—The Castellan sits—Rudzoloff makes a signal, on which a trumpet sounds, and the respective champions take their stations—first, a small sword combat, between two of the Pages—then a tilt of mounted and armed Knights, with spear and battle-axe, of whom Cassimir is one—then a sword combat on horseback, between Cassimir and his opponent—in both of these Cassimir is successful—then a broadsword combat of four, in which Cassimir is also the victor —the conquerors advance towards the Castellan.*

Cas. Cassimir, it is with pleasure I behold you the victor: I have before remarked your courage and address; I have distinguished you from the crowd of my pages: merit always thus my favour, and new rewards will be the result. The evening's shadows, now gathering o'er the valley, remind us to conclude our sports, and taste the banquet's joys. Now let the trumpet speak the contest o'er, and, in the joyous goblet's cheering draught, let each pledge his antagonist in sincerity and friendship.

[*The Victors are crowned by Olinska with laurel—Cassimir receives also a scarf—they then approach a small table, which has been prepared—each takes a goblet of wine, and as they are in the act of drinking, the scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery of the Castle, conducting to the sleeping-rooms—an entrance from the armoury,* L.

MUSIC.—*Enter* COUNT PREMISLAS, L., *preceded and followed by his pages and Gentlemen of his household, some of whom bear flambeaux—one takes his hat, another his mantle, which he lays over the back of a chair—a third places his sword on a small table.*

Pre. (C.) You may now retire—I dispense with all further service for the evening. [*Pages, &c. retire,* R., *the Count sits on a chair,* R. C.] I shall presently be united to Olinska—called by my sovereign to one of the first offices of the state, love and fortune unite to crown my wishes; still the extraordinary emotion of Olinska haunts me; her disturbed looks, her eyes moistened with tears—what would be her hand without her heart?—Perhaps some knight more blessed than I—[*Rises and advances,* C.] But no, Olinska has been brought up in retirement: her heart will be thoroughly her husband's.

MUSIC.—*Enter* CASSIMIR, C. F., *disguised in a black helmet with black plumes, the vizor closed, and a long black mantle—he stands before Premislas, as he is turning towards his chamber.*

Pre. [*Seizing his sword.*] Who art thou?
Cas. (C.) Thine enemy.
Pre. (C.) How entered you this castle?
Cas. What matter's that to thee?
Pre. What is thy will?
Cas. Thy death.
Pre. Wouldst thou be my murderer?
Cas. No; I would meet thee in equal encounter of man to man.
Pre. [*Haughtily.*] Thy name?
Cas. Thou shalt know that when thou art conquered
Pre. This arrogance——
Cas. Befits a jealous and offended man.
Pre. What can you be?
Cas. Your rival.
Pre [*With anxiety.*] Beloved?
Cas. Till yesterday I believed so.
Pre. [*Exultingly.*] But to-day thou findest that the beautiful Olinska accords to me the preference.
Cas. Not to thee, but to thy honours and thy titles.

Pre. Dar'st thou insult me?

Cas. I have told thee but the truth; my sword shall do the rest.

Pre. Rash intruder! think'st thou a Palatine will deign to measure swords with an unknown, doubtless unworthy of that honour.

Cas. My sword shall teach thee whether I be worthy.

Pre. Hence, or my servants shall chastise thy boldness. [*Proceeds to ring a bell*, L.

Cas. [*Presenting two pistols*, C.] One word, one gesture, and I stretch thee at my feet.

Pre. Coward! were our arms but equal——

Cas. [*Laying aside his pistols, and drawing a sword.*] They are so. Behold, [*Throws open the mantle.*] my bosom is unarmed—I wear this helmet for concealment, not protection. Aim at my heart—it has no defence but courage and this good sword.

[*Music.—Pressed by the attack of Cassimir, Premislas places himself on his defence*, R. C., *and a combat ensues—unable to resist the vigour of Cassimir's onset, Premislas is wounded, and falls.*

Pre. I yield.

Cas. [*Resuming his mantle.*] I am revenged.

[*Music.—A tumult is heard without—a crowd of the Count's attendants and other of the Castellan's household rush on, headed by Drolinsko*, L.

Dro. I tell you, the unknown, who stole the armour, is in that gallery—see, behold him—there, there he is.

[*Those of the Count's household perceiving him fainting in the chair*, R. C., *rush to his assistance—the others are about to rush on Cassimir, who stands near the entrance to the armoury, but are kept in check by his presenting his pistols—he rushes off by the passage leading to the armoury*, L. S. E., *and they follow him.*

Enter the CASTELLAN, RUDZOLOFF, *and other Attendants*, L.

Rud. Great heaven! the Palatine assassinated. [*Goes to him.*

Pre. [*Partially reviving.*] A rival—vengeance!

Cast. You shall obtain it: and whoever the murderer may prove, it shall be terrible.

[*Music.—Two discharges of pistols heard without*, L. S. E.

Enter DROLINSKO, *running*, L.

Dro. We've got him! he's taken! he's taken!

[*The other Servants now come in,* L. S. E, *surrounding Cassimir, still concealed by the vizor and mantle—he shakes them off, and quietly takes his station,* L. C, *the Servants behind him.*

Pre. [*Pointing to Cassimir*] That is the assassin.

Cast. Remove the mantle that conceals the wretch.

[*Music.—As the Servants are about to do so, Cassimir casts off both the mantle and the helmet.*

All. Cassimir!

Cast. My suspicions were, then, true—let him die [*The Servants of Count Premislas are about to spring on Cassimir.*] Hold! reserve him for the punishment inflicted on rebel slaves. Lead in the Count—let every aid be lavished to restore him. [*Approaching the Count, and grasping his hand.*] End as it may, of this, at least, be sure, such vengeance shall expiate the outrage, as my indignant soul in fury dictates, in lamentation o'er its dearest friend. [*The Count's Followers support him off,* R.] Tremble, ungrateful miscreant, at the punishment reserved for outraged hospitality. Lead the vile Tartar hence—strip him of that garb he has degraded—let not the arms of my house be sullied by adorning a traitor who raises his assassin arm against my friend, under the very roof that gives him shelter. Lead out the fiery untamed steed—prepare strong hempen lashings round the villain's loins—let every beacon-fire on the mountain's top be lighted, and torches, like a blazing forest, cast their glare across the night. This moment let my vengeance be accomplished—away.

[*Music.—Exit the Castellan, followed by his principal Officers,* R.—*Cassimir is dragged out by the Servants,* L.

SCENE V.—*Part of the Gardens of the Castellan.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* RUDZOLOFF *and* ZEMILA, R., *meeting—Enter* DROLINSKO, L., *running, and his clothes in great disorder.*

Zem. Well, Drolinsko, what dismal fate has happened to you now?

Dro. Dismal fate, indeed! the dismal fate has not happened to me; but it might have done—I am perpetually led into predicaments by my unquenchable courage.

Zem. Or your unquenchable thirst, which, Drolinsko?

Dro. There, his lordship has ordered them to bring out the wild Tartar horse, and strap Cassimir to his back. Lord love you, there stood the poor wretches

about him,—not one of them had courage to approach him; but my eagerness for difficult adventures inspired me—I approached the infuriated monster, and seized him by the mane, when he turned round, and savagely tore——

Rud. Tore! my poor dear fellow, are you seriously hurt? what did he tear?

Dro. Why, he tore what I won't venture to mention.

[*Turns round and discovers his small-clothes torn.*

MUSIC.—*Enter two Servants, who cross from* L. *to* R.—*one of them appears wounded.*

Rud. Hasten to my lord, entreat him to forego his purpose, ere half his household is destroyed.

Dro. Why, truly, it seems as if the wild horse would make the castle an hospital. His countryman, Mr. Cassimir, began that game; but, thank heaven, we are likely to get rid of them both, now. I've often said the best thing our Lord Castellan could do, would be to bind them back to back, and set them off to their own country together. Egad! if we don't run, we shall miss the sight, and the opportunity of wishing our Tartar friends good-by for ever. [*Music.—Exeunt running,* L.

SCENE VI.—*The Outer Terrace of the Castle, overlooking a tract of desolate country, composed of precipitous mountain ridges, abounding with cataracts—the rocky pathway crosses a stupendous waterfall, by a slight rustic bridge, and is finally lost in a chain of lofty eminences, stretching into the distance.*

MUSIC.—*Enter the* CASTELLAN, RUDZOLOFF, DROLINSKO, *and several of his suite, male and female,* R. S. E.

Cas. (R. C.) Is my will obeyed, and the wild horse secured?

Rud. All is as my lord commanded.

Cast. Bring forth the miscreant.

MUSIC.—OLINSKA *rushes in,* R. S E., *followed by all the females of her household, and approaches the Castellan,* R.—*at the same time* CASSIMIR *is dragged on by several of the household,* L. 3rd E.—*Cassimir stands* L. C., *the Servants stretching semicircularly from the centre to* L. *corner.*

Oli. [*Throwing herself at her father's feet,* R. C.] Oh! my father, pardon for him who saved your daughter's life.

Cast. (C.) Unworthy girl! all power on earth were ineffectual to assuage my vengeance.

MUSIC.—*Enter* COUNT PREMISLAS, *followed by his Officers,* L. —*Olinska and the females instantly surround him, kneeling at his feet, as if entreating his interference,* C.

Pre. [*Approaching the Castellan.*] Hold, my lord: from vengeance such as this, even my indignant bosom shrinks with horror.

Cast. You plead in vain.—Bring forth the untamed steed. [*Music.—The horse is brought forward,* L. 3rd E., *by three or four Grooms, who, with difficulty, restrain him —he is led to the centre—Cassimir indignantly bursts from those who hold him, and, advancing to the front,* C., *surveys the horse—the spectators, in alarm, run to the corners, front.*] Now bind the traitor on his back; let scorching suns and piercing blasts, devouring hunger, and parching thirst, with frequent bruises and ceaseless motion, rend the vile Tartar piecemeal.

[*Music.—Cassimir is now bound to the horse's back,* C.

Oli. Yet, dearest father, in mercy hear me.

Cas. [*On the horse,* C.] Plead not for me, Olinska: perish as I may, it is sufficient glory that I die for thee.

Cast. Now launch the traitor forth, and let the story of his fate strike terror throughout Poland!

[*Music.—The horse is released, and immediately rushes off with Cassimir,* R. 3rd E.—*he presently re-appears on the first range of hills, from* L. *to* R., *all the spectators rushing to the* L., *and as he crosses again from* R. *to* L., *they take the opposite side—when he has reached the third range of hills, they commence pursuing him up the hills, and as he progresses, they follow—when he has disappeared in the extensive distance, the whole range of hills is covered by the Servants, Females, Guards, and Attendants, shouting, waving their arms and torches, forming an animated tableau—Olinska, who has fainted, is supported by Agatha and Premislas, in the front, whilst the Castellan expresses exultation, completing the picture, lighted by the glare of torches and the red beacon-fires, on which the drop falls.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Moving Panorama of the Course of the Dneiper River, running from* L. U. E. *to* R. U. E.—*on the flat is seen its banks, with a tract of wild country—a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, hail and rain.*

MUSIC.—MAZEPPA *discovered,* L. S. E., *on the wild horse, stopping a few moments, apparently from exhaustion,* R.

Maz. Exhausted nature for a moment stays his furious course. Eternal heaven! where will these horrors end? Oh! would I were released from suffering, if but in the endless calm of death. Ah! again he urges on his wild career. [*The wild horse gallops off with Mazeppa,* R.—*Music.—The storm abates, the sun rises, and the panorama begins to move—the horse, still bearing Mazeppa fastened to his back, is seen wading up the stream, from* R. *to* L.] Ah! how refreshing is the cool stream to my racked, fevered limbs. Ah! could my parched lips but catch its moisture, it would sooth the burning thirst that preys upon me. But here, like Tantalus, I feel the limpid luxury wash past my mouth, whilst my arid throat is denied the sweet relief. [*Music.—A group of wolves is seen on the opposite banks, as if watching and pursuing the horse and Mazeppa.*] Though nigh exhausted by the strong exertion, yon group of ravening wolves scare the affrigthed beast from off the bank—already have their gnashing teeth been buried in my flesh; and I could almost wish again to feel their horrid grip—if perchance it might free me from the cruel thongs that eat into my flesh, and squeeze my swollen veins almost to bursting.—Surely, the power of the maddened brute must be well-nigh exhausted. Though my dim sight imperfectly distinguishes, it seems as if the current was so strong as to impede his course—these waters, then, shall be my welcome grave—and see [*Music.—An enormous vulture is seen hovering above him.*] yon horrid bird of prey, now hovering over its destined victim, forewarns me that my torments soon shall end.—It brings me, too, the sacred consolation that I have reached my native Tartary, to which its form and plumage are peculiar, and so shall perish where I first drew breath—welcome, eternal rest! Olinska! dear Olinska! be thy well-loved name the last that murmurs

from my expiring lips, and may thy angel prayers waft my racked soul to regions of repose and peace.

[*Music.—The wild horse bears off Mazeppa*, L. U. E.

SCENE II.—*A Rude Tartar Landscape—a marshy thicket, interspersed with shepherds' huts.*

Enter ONEIZA, *through the wood*, L.

One. What, ho! Koscar! Koscar! the sun mounts high in the heavens, and chides thy sluggishness.

Koscar. [*Without.*] Hilloa! here.

Enter KOSCAR, R.

Kos. Ah! my sweet sister, thou abroad so early?

One. Our gods preserve thee. Some hours since I led my herd to a secluded track amidst the mountain heights that look towards Poland—[*Looking off*, R.] but here comes Kadac.

Enter KADAC, R.

One. What has raised thee, friend, from thy couch. so soon?

Kad. Oh! I have been to pay my morning tribute to our prophet king; to beg his paternal blessing, and ask the assistance of his potent prayers.

Kos. Prophet-king! well, it's a strange mixture of trades. Most kings, I reckon, find enough to do without wandering out at nights upon the mountain tops, counting the stars, and seeking wondrous visions.

One. Fie, Koscar! fie! how can you suffer your rude tongue to speak thus irreverently of him, whom all our tribes revere. Ever was Abder Khan a mild and gracious monarch; but since that fatal time, when on the fields of Poland he lost his only son, his mind has taken a strange and solemn turn—he is inspired by the gods of Tartary—in wondrous visions, its future destiny's unfolded to his view.

Kos (C.) Visions, say you? Oh! I, too, see visions, if it come to that.—This very morn, I have beheld a warning vision—horrible! most horrible!

One. (R. C.) Heavens! what do you mean, Koscar?

Kos. Why, if my two eyes have the slightest knowledge of the business attached to their situation in my head, I have this very morning seen the Volpas.

One. You terrify me out of my senses. Koscar—what can you mean?

Kos. I saw him sitting, or rather lying, on a furious wild horse, that bore him with more than lightning speed from rock to rock, o'er precipice, through stream, and plunged with him into the deep and foaming torrent of the Dnieper.

Kad. (L. C.) Let us hasten to the Khan, and ask his counsel; for, by our old traditions, the appearance of the Volpas has ever been the harbinger of wretchedness to our Tartar tribes.

One. Hark, hark! what mean those sounds?

Kad. It is the trampling of a furious steed.

Kos. [*Looking off*, L. S. E.] Ay; with more than mortal vigour. It is himself—the Volpas, the awful, the accursed Volpas, who this way wings his flight.—Hence, sister, hence! the Volpas! the Volpas!

[*Exeunt, in the utmost terror*, R.

MUSIC.—*Enter the Wild Horse at full gallop, with* MAZEPPA, L. S. E.—*he rushes across, and exit*, R. S. E.

Enter THAMAR, *with Tartar Chiefs and Soldiers*, R.

Tha. I came to seek our king: knowest thou where I may find him, gallant Zemba?

Zem. Our king? Our prophet, rather say, my chief.

Tha. Ay, doating driveller; when he must needs take up one character, 'twere well he had laid down the other—a warlike people are not to be ruled by a seer of visions.

Zem. At least they get little by it.

Tha. From a race of warriors we are descended to a nation of vile shepherds; living upon the scanty sustenance our herds afford, or labour can extort from our rude sterile soil. When has the spoil of any neighbouring people yielded glory to our arms, or booty to our soldiers? Oh! for the days when Polish and Hungarian wealth was the just prey of those whose valour best deserved it!

Zem. No; ever since he lost his infant son, he dreads the very name of Poland.

Tha. And spends his time in idle reveries, and superstitious dreams of inspiration. Not content to be obeyed, he likewise would be worshipped.

Zem. So he is, almost, by the poor simple shepherds: but for us warriors——

Tha. You cannot but despise such drivelling imposture —you shall not longer be the victims of a cheat to whom your judgment never could be dupe. The hour is at hand when the Tartarian sceptre shall be snatched by an arm that's bold enough to seize, and strong enough to wield it. This very day I will, in the name of our assembled tribes, demand that he proclaim his successor. There is but one he dare to name, and once pronounced his heir, he soon shall find I will not tardily await the enjoyment of the power already dropping from his doating hand.

Enter hastily KOSCAR *and* KADAC, R.

Kos. (R. C.) Help! help! save me! save me!

Zem. (C.) How, now? What ails the man?

Kos. I've seen him! I've seen him! I am sure I have!

Zem. Whom have you seen, idiot?

Kos. Why, the Volpas, to be sure, the dreaded Volpas.

Zem. Driveller! what mean you?

Kos. I mean, my lord, that I believe the evidence of my own two eyes: I saw him on a horse about twice as big as an elephant, who leaped from one rock to another, a league apart—the whirlwind of dust that he kicked up reached to the skies——

Tha. Dolt! weary not thus my patience; but assemble your shepherd tribes here in the valley: our aged Khan has a revelation to make of the utmost importance—obey me quickly, and await your monarch's bidding.

Kos. We shall do so, my lord—he is our friend and our protector; and if any thing can oppose the fury of the persecuting demon, 'twill be the efficacy of his prayers.

Tha. Ha! I see he approaches. Haste you to bring your comrades, whilst I assemble our choicest warriors to hear from his inspired lips the future destiny of Tartary.

[*Music.—Exeunt Thamar and Soldiers,* L., *Koscar, and Kaduc,* R.

SCENE III.—*The Plains or Steppes of Tartary, bounded by rocky eminences, the last of a chain that separates it from Poland—rocky pathways, broken by cataracts, over which are thrown rude alpine bridges—and in the foreground are marshy plants, brushwood, and a few scattered trees.*

MUSIC.—SHEPHERDS *discovered reposing, whilst their steeds are grazing.*

Enter ABDER KHAN, R. U. E., *attended by* THREE ELDERS.

Abd. [*Stopping on one of the mountain eminences,* R. C.] Hail, glorious orb of day, that slowly rising from wide ocean's bosom, sheddest thy bright beams over animated nature, awaking all its creatures into life, and chasing night's dark shadows far away: what fearful scenes those shadows have pourtrayed to my inspired vision. Portentous horrors hanging thick around, menacing this devoted land with blood—yet, even in my dream, a better star rose o'er our clouded fortunes, and, like the blessed sun, dispersed the gloom of horror, and spread light and peace around.

[*Music.—He advances to the front,* C., *attended by the Elders.*

First E. How fares our honoured master? What anxious cares have occupied his thoughts through the past night, and from his tent led his adventurous steps?

Abd. Deep thoughts for my loved people's welfare: and, oh! in those wild regions I have visited, such mighty revelations from the skies have on my wrapped soul descended——

Second E. What means my honoured lord?

Abd. Methought I saw a fair and lovely bird, the very type of innocence and peace, wing its swift light through the expanse of heaven; a dark and ravenous eagle darted forth, and quick pursued the affrighted helpless wanderer, with eager haste and threatening talons. In its distress and woe, the persecuted warbler sought shelter in my bosom, which readily was open to receive it; but the destroyer even there assailed its destined prey, and struck its talons deep into my heart.

First E. Yet be not cast down; for threatened evils often pass away, nor shed one drop of bitterness on our protected heads.

Abd. Not for myself, I fear, but for my people; for hope and fear to me have been denied since my loved

child was lost. For Tartary alone I live, and would it win her happiness, for Tartary with eager joy I'd die.

Second E. No, sire, no: yet live to bless thy people.

Abd. But in one hope I live, a hope thou'lt say akin to madness, but which the gods have planted in my sorrowing heart, and nourish still with those soft whisperings, breathed from the heavens above. Thou sawest me in that hour, Olgar—thou sawest my gleaming scimetar hew down myriads of Polish foes, who had surprised our little camp; when my infant was held within their grasp, how like a maddened lion my eager rage sought access to their phalanx's centre—once, once, I saw an uplifted dagger gleam against his throat. Gods! how my steel, like the fell lightning's flash, struck through opposing numbers to that monster's heart. At once I saved and lost him—hurried back by overpowered and retreating hosts, I never saw my angel babe again.

Second E. You yet believe he lives?

Abd. I do, I do! in hallowed visions constantly I see him, my diadem encircling his brow—like a celestial halo does that blessed thought shed a bright gleam of comfort o'er my soul—with patience I await the hour, assured that I shall see it—Mazeppa shall return, shall be the joy of his long-sorrowing sire, and the glory of his rescued people. [*Rural Music heard at a distance.*

First E. See, sire, where the shepherd tribes approach, to lay their morning homage at your honoured feet.

Abd. Be their humble repast prepared; their simple wants, at least, their king can yet supply, and to avert each threatened danger, they shall not need his prayers.

[*Music.—From a tent,* R. S. E., *the Elders set out bowls of milk—the rural Music approaches.*

Enter a body of Shepherds, at the back, whilst Thamar and his Warriors advance in the front, L.

Tha. Sovereign of Tartary, thy people, deeply sympathizing with thy childless loneliness, have yet a care for their own future peace and happiness; and, lest the sceptre, which in the course of nature must soon drop from thy enfeebled grasp, should prove a source of discord and disaster, they expect that thou wilt name one of thy chiefs whom thou deemest worthy to succeed thee on the throne.

Abd. Doubt not I shall do my people justice—a solemn

warning from above was last night whispered to my soul—yes, yes, I feel this very day the will of heaven shall be declared, the name of my successor be breathed even from the skies—again I will entreat the gods in prayer—in yonder tent for a few moments beg again their blessing—do thou and all thy chiefs and people await me here—anon I will join you and proclaim my will. Doubt not, good Thamar, the successor I shall proclaim will be one who will meet thine and all my people's approbation. [*Retires among the rocks.*

Tha. [*Aside.*] Ha! then the glorious prize, indeed, is mine—he dares not name another. Now to assemble all the chiefs and forces who are favourable to my views; and, should the robber dare to murmur aught of discontent, we may crush all idle opposition, and awe them to obedience.

[*Music.—Exeunt Thamar and Warriors,* R. S. E.

Kad. (L. C.) Well, as I have heard that music after meals is good for digestion, suppose old Zelos here gives us the song of the Volpas, whilst you, Koscar, accompany him on your pipe.

Kos. (C.) What, that song of the Wild Genius of the Desert?—The very thought of it gives me an indigestion.

Kad. Psha! childrens' tales! you can't believe what they say of the Volpas—I thought you had more sense.

Kos. Believe! I don't believe, but I know it. It never appears but at the forewarning of wonderful events. The very mention of the terrible Volpas turns all the milk I have been drinking into vinegar. The ravager! the destroyer!—Come, come, no more talk, but the song of the Volpas.

[*Music.—The pastoral groups form—Koscar mounts a hillock,* C., *and plays upon his pandean pipes—three Shepherds sing the song with chorus, during which all the Men and Women figure a heavy dance, almost without stirring from their places, with extravagant movements of their heads and arms, terminating every time in grotesque and varied groups.*

TARTAR SONG.

Across the wilds of Tartary there whirls a demon form,—
His voice is not of this world, and mingles with the storm;
Through blasts of forked lightning his snorting courser dashes,
And death and terror, as his guides, smile grimly with the flashes.
Let the lovely shepherd maid,
Most of all, his side evade.

Haste! haste! to your tents hasten back,
A pursuer is in your track.
Fly! fly!
'Tis the Volpas that's coming, the Volpas is nigh.

His black and fiery courser's mane stands bristled by the blast,
And from his feet the dust in air is up in whirlwinds cast;
His wide and smoking nostrils dart before him fires of wrath,
And nothing that's of mortal born can live upon his path.

Chorus and dance. Let the lovely shepherd maid, &c.

Oh, when that horse and rider come, the astonish'd earth and ocean
Shake and shrink with terror at the martial commotion.
Nature, as if she writh'd her last, heaves with the horrid pang,
And trumpets shriek in the troubled air their war-denouncing clang.
Let the lovely shepherd maid, &c.

[*At the conclusion of the song, a storm comes on with immense fury.*

Shepherdess. There! see now! I thought what would come of such profane ditties: the devil is no person to be jested with. You have sung a song in his honour, and he is now coming to thank you for it—yes, yes, sure enough, the Volpas is at hand this time.

[*Music.—An universal scream of horror runs through the assembled multitude.*

Re-enter ABDER KHAN, L. S. E.

Abd. What means this wild alarm, my children? these screams of abject terror?

First Shepherdess. Ah, sire, save us, save us! an awful visitation—the Volpas, the Volpas is at hand.

Abd. Dismiss this idle fear, and dread no fiend but that which vice has planted in the human heart. The voice of heaven now surely speaks in the thunder of the elements; its awful secrets shall this day be known; its pleasure and your future fate by my voice be declared; Chiefs and Elders, attend me to assist me in my prayers; do you, my children, secure your steeds from the fury of the elements. Sound now your shells, and call them around you—let the seats of our armed tribes be spread beneath the palm-grove, where I, with our chosen priests and elders, may consult the messenger of heaven. [*Aside.*] Oh, if I dared believe the portentous throbbings of this heaving breast—but, oh! the peace I'd fain inspire in them is stranger to my soul.

[*Exit with the Elders,* L.

Kad. Koscar, call up the steeds affrighted and dispersed by the storm; your sounding-shells, pealing along the echoes, will bring them quickly around us.

My friends, ascend to the mountain-pastures and draw our flocks homewards to the valleys, for see, the storm increases.

MUSIC.—*The Shepherds sound their horns—their horses rush on from the adjacent pastures—they mount them, and proceed in various directions—a large body of them on foot ascend the mountain-eminence—as they ascend the rock, the storm redoubles. When they reach the summit,* L., *the heavens pour forth a continuous stream of fire—the Shepherds, with a shriek of alarm, exclaim,* 'The Volpas! the Volpas!' *and rush forward and throw themselves on their faces.—The Wild Horse, with Mazeppa, is seen furiously pursuing his course among the mountains, crossing first from* L. *to* R., *backwards and forwards over the range of hills, till he reaches the front, and, as he is crossing from* R. S. E. *to* L. S. E., *a thunderbolt falls and strikes a fir-tree,* L., *which falls amongst the brushwood, and hides him from view.—The Shepherds all rise up, and rush off in horror,* R.

Maz. [*Heard feebly exclaiming.*] Helo! help! for heaven's sake, release me!

MUSIC.—*Enter* ONEIZA, R., *rushing forward in dreadful alarm.*

One. (L. C.) Ha, what a dreadful conflict of the elements! Whither shall I seek for shelter? Ah! in this thicket I may find, perhaps, a momentary refuge from the storm. [MUSIC.—*She turns aside some of the brushwood and the branches of the fallen tree,* L., *which presents to view Mazeppa, extended motionless and apparently lifeless, upon the body of the exhausted horse.*] What do I behold!—A human being, apparently lifeless, yet bleeding, and bound by cruel thongs upon the body of a steed, exhausted, dead or dying. [*Leaning over Mazeppa.*] He moves! he breathes! Oh, may I, under heaven, be the happy means of affording him relief. [*Loosening the cords which bind him.*] I will unbind those blood-soaked cords, and plants of soothing virtues shall allay the anguish of their wounds. [*Rises, and gathers leaves.*] From this flask the cool refreshing stream shall shoot new vigour through his wearied frame.

[*Giving him drink from her water-bottle, and binding his wounds with leaves.*

Maz. [*Rising up a little.*] Ah! have the cords that bound my aching limbs at length bursted? Save—save me! or I die! [*He sinks back, from exhaustion.*

One. Ah! He is not one of our tribes. Let me hasten to our Prophet-Khan, whose mild benignant spirit will lavish more effectual succour than my weak aid can offer. [*Music.—Exit hastily*, L.

Re-enter some of the Shepherds, cautiously, R. S. E. *and* L. S. E.

Kad. What meant that strange and fearful vision which, amidst the flashes of the storm, gleamed on our affrighted view?

Kos. (L. C.) Why, what should it be but the Volpas, as I told you. Ah! what do I behold?—There lies the wild horse sunk in death, and on his back a form that seems like mortal.

Kad. Perhaps it is a fellow creature.

Kos. It must be the Volpas; he's only taking a nap, and will wake up more savage than ever. I'll take care how I go nigh him. Back, the Khan approaches.

MUSIC.—*Enter* ABDER KHAN, *attended by* ONEIZA, *and followed by* THAMAR *and suite*, L.

Abd. Where is the wounded and exhausted stranger? Why stand ye idle and indifferent, when, perhaps, your cares might succour human woe?

Kos. Human woe! Oh, no, please your highness, it's no human woe, but that horrid inhuman beast, the Volpas.

Abd. Assist me, friends, to raise the object of our pity, and convey him to a timely shelter. [*Music.—The Shepherds remove the tree—the Khan advances, and bends over the body of Mazeppa*, L. C.] Ah! what signs and characters now meet my sight? Like the bright lightning's blaze, it flashes on my soul. [*Rising, and advancing to Thamar.*] Thamar, my friend, behold, and join with me in gratitude to heaven. A miracle has been wrought! Read, read, brave chief, those words of gladdening power,—Mazeppa! Yes, mark thou that honoured word;—it is my son! my son! my long-lost child. [*Kneeling.*] Eternal heaven, receive an old man's thanks, nor suffer the full tide of joy to overwhelm my soul.

Tha. [*Approaching Mazeppa.*] I mark the characters, my liege. May they not be the work of an impostor?

Abd. [*Approaching Mazeppa.*] Saidst thou an impostor?—This the triumphant answer: behold this jewelled star, the badge and emblem of our noble tribe; mysel. affixed it there; and, glittering now upon his bosom, it

flashes sweet conviction on my soul. It is indeed my child. See, he revives—he moves!

Maz. Loose those dreadful cords, I say. See, see the gushing stream that mingles with the flood is draining from my heart! Why do those gnarling wolves howl on so hideously? They are upon us!—their ravening tusks tear off my flesh! Ha! that precipice,—that must be swift destruction! We reach its brink!—Lost! lost for ever? [*He again sinks back in exhaustion.*

Tha. Methinks this wild delirium speaks ill for his recovery.

Abd. Peace, thou malignant fiend, whose withering breath would blast my new-born hopes! See, the palliod hue of death now brightens into health. Raise him with care, and be he to yon foremost tent conveyed, henceforth the seat of royalty.

Tha. [*Aside, whilst the Assistants are raising Mazeppa on a litter.*] Make not too sure of that. Delusion! miracle! imposture!—what it will, my hopes and high ambition are not to be o'erthrown thus by a single blow

[*Music.—Mazeppa is raised on a bier.*

Abd. [*Pointing to the Wild Horse, which still lies extended on the earth.*] That noble steed claims our assistance, too. Of mortal mould it cannot be, but the choice instrument of heaven to restore to Tartary a sovereign, to a doting sire a long-lost son. [*The Shepherds raise the horse.*] Ye priests and people, raise aloud your voices,—implore of heaven it will not leave its glorious work unaccomplished, but that, restored to vigour, my son may bless alike his father and his people.

[*The Priests and People join in the chorus—the Khan, with a mixture of anxiety, tenderness, and exultation, watches his son—while Thamar, with his associates, aside, evince their rage and disappointment.*

CHORUS.

Powers benignant, now look down,
A father's hopes with mercy crown;
Listen to a people's prayer,—
Bless, oh, bless our tender care!

Gracious powers, whom we adore
Our future monarch now restore;
That our triumphant shouts may raise
In songs of gratitude and praise. [*The scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*A Tartarian Landscape, adjucent to the great Encampment, which is seen in the distance.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* THAMAR *and Warriors*, L.

Tha. In vain does yonder hoary dotard dream his new-found fondling shall defeat my purpose and enjoy the throne. Too long have we been slaves, the groveling slaves of superstition. You all have sworn to see your leader on the throne, nor can I fear the firm determination of such gallant warriors can be diverted by so poor an artifice. Will you uphold me still?

All. We will! we will!

Tha. Then am I still the sovereign of Tartary. For this poor impostor,—my dagger shall quickly remove that trivial obstacle. To me the guard of the royal tent has been confided. Soon will I teach the Prophet-Khan to know that his weak delusions can never turn from his affirmed resolve the unshrinking soul of Thamar. On to our purpose, warriors. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE V.—*The Interior of a rude Tartar Tent, hung with characteristic arms and armour—on the flat*, R. C., *hangs a large metal Shield, used to strike signals on.*

MUSIC.—MAZEPPA *discovered sleeping on a low pallet, the Khan watching over him with intense anxiety*, L. C.—*An Officer in attendance*, L.

Abd. Let all our armed tribes, at earlist dawn, be assembled around my tent, that of the prince's first returning sense I may apprise them, and proclaim him to my people. [*Exit Officer through the tent*, R. C. F.] Sleep on, my boy, and oh! may the repose which now envelopes thy faculties in death-like calm, like heaven-descended dews, revive thy energies in vigour and in health. The camp is silence all, save where the trusty sentinel paces his little round. The tent is guarded by my choicest warriors, but here thy father shall maintain his post, and, till thy slumber breaks, thy foremost safeguard be thy father's heart.

[*He lies down on a couch*, L. C., *near Mazeppa, and shortly falls asleep.*

Enter THAMAR *and two Conspirators, cautiously*, R. C. F.

Tha. Thanks to the guard I chose for their protection, our entrance hither has been easy and noiseless. Fate

favours our design. They sleep. Myself will strike the blow; my dagger's thirsty for the stripling's blood.

[*He approaches the couch of Mazeppa.*

Maz. [*In his sleep.*] Off, tyrant, off! thy bonds shall not withhold me; the energies of such a soul as mine shall burst thy puny cords, and, in the power of vengeance, I shall stand terribly before thee.

Tha. He raves—he wakes—back, back: delay our purpose, till returning slumber render it secure from all alarm. [*Music.—Thamar and Conspirators retire,* R.

Maz. [*Awaking.*] Still do those cruel lashings press upon my flesh, and eat into my bone—ah! this limb is free—so are all. [*He rises and advances to the front,* C.] Again I stand erect, again assume the godlike attitude of freedom and of man. Though weak and tottering, still these limbs are freed from galling bonds, and own no tyrant's chain—where can I be? My confused ideas and broken memory serve not to recall the incidents of the past hour—something I do remember of a venerable form, that hung in pity o'er my prostrate wretchedness, and with compassion's tears did wash my wounds. [*He traverses the tent and looks out at the opening,* R. C.] The canopy of heaven, studded with glittering fires, spreads its broad expanse around; and, by their light, long avenues of tented habitations show that I am treading on the field of war—Ah! at that bless'd idea, my soul swells high, my energies are strung with new-recovered vigour, and I feel sufficient yet to conquer my own glory.—Let me observe; and lest around this friendly shelter malice should lurk, or any hostile arm, [*Seeing a shield and sword hanging up.*] thou friendly steel, I'll borrow thy assistance.

[*Music.—He takes down a sword and shield, and goes out at the back of the tent,* R. C F.—*Thamar and the Conspirators advance from* R.

Tha. Another, and a surer plan has glanced across my mind. The Khan himself shall perish; the crime, charged on this new-found stranger, hurls him at once to irretrievable ruin, and who can then dispute the throne with Thamar?

Abd. [*Awaking.*] My boy! my child! where art thou? Misery and despair! sure, treason is abroad. [*Rises and comes forward.*] Thou here, Thamar, at this unwonted hour? The truth at once flashes upon my horror-stricken soul. Pernicious miscreant! thou hast destroyed my child,

Tha. Thy child, fond dotard! the easy dupe thou art to yonder rash impostor, proves thee unfit to reign. Think not the destiny of Tartary is thus to be surrendered to thy childishness, or yon adventurer's audacity—the chiefs of Tartary would have a warrior king! 'tis me they have selected. And, ere I snatch, somewhat too rudely, perhaps, the tottering crown that trembles on thy aged brow, wisely surrender it.

Abd. To thee, insidious monster? Never! I have now an heir to prop the drooping glories of my house; and ere I would surrender one tittle of his just rights, traitor, thou shouldst hew me piecemeal! Least of all would I abandon my beloved people to the ambitious fury of such a wretch as thou art.

Tha. Yet, ere our daggers drain thy aged veins of all their poor remains of life, be wise and yield—affix thy seal to this parchment, renouncing all title to the throne, and stamping him thou callest thy son, a foul impostor: this do and live—and oh! be sure thy death is but the prelude to that foundling boy's, who never shall dispute with me the crown.

Abd. Your threats I scorn. The spirit that has often led me on to victory, shall nerve me still, nor do I dread to meet a host of coward traitors, such as Thamar.

[*Snatches up a sword, and places himself in an attitude of defence,* L. C.

Tha. Thou hast pronounced thy doom. [*Music.—The Khan rushes towards the entrance of the tent, as if to strike the shield—as he does so, on a signal from Thamar, two other conspirators rush forward, meet him, and drive him back.*] Each sword that gleams around is sworn to do my bidding.

Abd. Thy king defies thee, still; I strike for my own right and for my boy's, and heaven will assist my arm.

[*Music.—Thamar and one other Conspirator rush on him, the other two guarding the entrance to the tent, and keeping the curtain down—after a short contest, the Khan is overpowered, and falls—Thamar and his confederates stand over him with uplifted weapons—during this, a sort of struggle has been perceived at the entrance of the tent, as of some one endeavouring to force their way in, which is successfully resisted by the two Tartars placed there—at the moment when Thamar and the Conspirators are on the point of striking their weapons to the heart of the Khan, the tent is slit up in another place by a sword, and Mazeppa*

darts through the opening with his sword and shield, and stands in a protecting attitude over the prostrate Khan.

Maz. Cowards and villains! the garb of Tartar warriors, and two of you against an aged feeble man! he, too, whose kindness rescued me from death, and soothed my sufferings.

[*Music.—The four Canspirators now furiously attack the Khan and Mazeppa—in the course of the conflict several interesting pictures are formed by the mutual efforts of father and son to save each other—they overpower the conspirators.*

Tha. Yet do I laugh thy power to scorn, for hundreds now without await but my nod to shed their life-blood in my cause.

Abd. Millions will strike in mine. [*Strikes the shield with his sword—the curtains of the tent are drawn up, and the whole Tartar army is discovered in battle array.*] Tartars, behold the traitor who has sought your sovereign's life. [*A party of Guards seize Thamar and his confederates.*] Away with them to punishment. [*They are taken back.*] And now, young hero, in the aged man you have preserved, embrace and own a fond, a doating father.

Maz. A father! ha! does that sacred sound, like heaven-descended dews, speak comfort to my heart!

[*Embraces the Khan.*

Abd. No longer must the glad, the important task be now delayed. Assembled Tartars, priests, warriors, people—behold and mark me: in this brave youth, who has even now saved your sovereign's life, know and revere Mazeppa, my long-lost, only son, your sovereign prince—hail my boy, Mazeppa, King of Tartary.

[*All kneel before Mazeppa—general shout.—Music.—Mazeppa is conducted off,* L.—*the curtains of the tent fall—the Khan motions his officers to assemble the people—they go out in various directions—the elders bring him his shield and staff of office.—Exeunt Abder Khan and Attendants, exultingly,* L.

SCENE VI.—*Extensive Tartar Encampment.*

MUSIC.—*The whole Tartar army, with their Chiefs, assembled. Enter the* KHAN, L., *leading on* MAZEPPA, *to* C.—*the People kneel and receive him with acclamations.*

Maz. [*Whose surprise has been momentarily increasing.*] I King of Tartary! where am I?—what has happened?—After a doom beyond expression awful—bound to a wild horse—whirled o'er torrents, deserts, precipices—on all sides, danger and destruction—I ceased to feel.—Have I then passed the realm of death? and do I wake to new life and other being?—I find myself free, beneath a strange sky, a prostrate people hailing me their king—say, say, do I dream—do I still exist?

Abd. (L. C.) Heaven has restored thee to thy native land, and to the throne which thou wast born to fill. Reign o'er thy land, which welcomes thee, Mazeppa; be powerful, and be happy.

Maz. (C.) Happy! I happy without my loved Olinska, never, ah! never.—I renounce glory Olinska shares not. If it indeed be true that heaven, by some unwonted miracle, has brought me back to my native land, amid my brethren—that it has called me to rule o'er them, too, I but accept the sovereign sway to right their wrongs and mine—to retrieve the honour of the nation, wrecked on the fields of Poland—to hurl swift vengeance on our foes, and rescue my dear Olinska.

Abd. If thy love be worthy of your love, then head our tribes and tear her from thy rival—a long arrear of vengeance does my soul count against Polish foes; and to the dread amount, how awful an increase thy wrongs, my child, inspire. For thee aud for thy cause again I'll strike; this aged arm shall bear the warrior's steel, and perhaps I yet may fall in shielding thee.

Maz. Thou shalt behold and share my joyous triumph—I fight for my Olinska and my love.

Abd. I, for my much-loved child and my revenge. Behold the steed, fated by heaven to bring you to your native land and throne, again awaits you; he bore you to my arms—let him now bear you to your triumph.

Maz. He was the instrument of torture,—let him now be the messenger of vengeance. On to the Polish frontier; I cannot know repose whilst my Olinska's fate's uncertain—I can feel no glory till from a rival's power I've conquered her.

Abd. Then, with to-morrow's dawn the march begins. Drive all our cattle within the lines—be every soldier ready at his post; for ere two suns have set behind those Polish mountains, our force shall beneath the tyrant's wall make him to tremble in his strong hold of power, and rue the day he injured child of mine.—

Away! away!
Eager we seek the foe at dawn of day.

[*Music.—A superbly caparisoned steed has been led on for Mazeppa, another for the Khan—they mount—a general parade and movement of the army takes place, on which the drop falls.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Chamber in the Castle of the Castellan, in Poland.*

MUSIC.—OLINSKA *discovered, pale and dejected, seated at a rich toilet, attended by a female.*

Oli. Bid my nurse come to me. [*Exit Attendant,* L.] The victim's adorned not for the altar, but the tomb. [*Rises and advances.*] This day is the last whose light will shine on the poor Olinska. [*She approaches the toilet and moves a little casket, concealed beneath the drapery, opens it, and takes out a portrait, on which she gazes with the liveliest emotion.*] Cassimir, my beloved—murdered—mangled, can I, ought I to survive thy horrid death? [*Takes from the casket a dagger, which she pushes from her with a shudder.*] Oh, my father! oh, my father! your threaten'd curse!—Father, I have given you my oath to be the bride of Premislas; my oath shall not be broken—the houour of our house exacts the sacrifice. [*Takes the dagger and hides it in her dress.*] One awful means is left of obedience and fidelity—yes, this night, this very night, restores me to my lover, in the tomb. [*Placing her hand upon the dagger.*

Enter AGATHA, L.

Aga. See, lady, where your father comes.

Oli. Quickly conceal that packet, and wonder, nurse, at thy Olinska's fortitude—her apathy; that she who loved and as I did Cassimir, can yield obedience to his

ruthless murderer—can yield my hand unto his haughty rival.

MUSIC.—*Enter the* CASTELLAN, L.—*Agatha conceals the casket.*

Cas. Olinska, your imprudence might have caused the ruin of your father; but Count Premislas. restored to life, has deemed the act of Cassimir merely a presumptuous vassal's crime, without your sanction. But the pretender has been punished. And now, Olinska, I trust I may confide in your entire submission.

Oli. Implicitly.

Cas. That pledge disarms my wrath—my child, the past is all forgiven, forgotten—come to thy father's arms, who now can call thee once again his daughter.

[*As she is dropping on her knees, he catches her to his bosom.*

Oli. Father!

Cas. My child, my dearest child, may heaven's peace attend thee.

Oli. May thy prayer be heard, my father: ere long, thy child will cease to suffer. [*Trumpets heard without*, L.

Cas. Hark thee, my child; yon trumpets speak the bridegroom ready, the cortége prepared. Throughout my castle's precincts, this day all wears one universal face of joy.

Oli. (C.) All except one—that one whose feelings lie too deep for utterance. My father, once again extend thy arm in blessing o'er thy child. I leave thee, my sole parent, perhaps for ever—oh! in the journey I'm about to take, gloomy and dark it may be, let me receive the sacred consolation that a father's blessing shall attend his child.

Cas. Heaven for ever bless thee, sweet Olinska! Come, come, my child, away with thoughts of gloom; share thou the triumph which on every side courts thy acceptance.

Oli. Father, again thou'st bless'd me; I can bear it all.

[*Music.—They embrace and exeunt, Olinska*, R., *Castellan*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Hall of the Castle of Laurinski.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* DROLINSKO, L.

Dro. I am clean an altered man. I feel myself already puffed up and swelling with my new dignity, even as I hope ere long my body shall be stuffed and swelled with the perquisites of office. I was a huntsman—I am a

cook.—I'll never look another live head of game in the face again—I'll commit no murder on hares, pheasants, bears, stags, and partridges more.—No; I'll leave off executioner, and be a kind of an undertaker—that is, I'll dress them up in a proper manner to be sent to their graves, the throats of gormandizers.

Enter ZEMILA, L.

Zem. Ah! Mr. Drolinsko, you look quite a different person from what you used to be.

Dro. And I am a different person, too, Mrs. Zemila: know that I am placed at the head of the victualling department—that I am chief officer of the mouth, and general purveyor for the belly—I've got you all under my thumb, now; only look as I would not have you, and I clap you all on short allowance—offend me, and the soup's all turned over—insult my dignity, and all the fat's in the fire. I shall astonish you all.

Zem. No absurdity that you can commit can possibly astonish me.

Dro. Oh! I'm a clever fellow at noseing out a good thing. There was I, early this morning, wandering out into the wood beyond the castle; my teeming brain on fire with the grand devices which this day shall produce—what should I meet with, but a group of wandering Tartars; I've engaged them to come to the festival—what do you think of that, now?

Zem. Why, that my lord will break your head, and have you kicked out of the place—you know he hates the very name of Tartar.

Dro. These are jovial fellows, innocent as lambs; for a mouthful of broken victuals they'll dance such dances, and show us such singular manœuvres and evolutions—I mean it to be the principal feature of the whole festival. And now what do you think of me in my new robe of office?

Zem. Why, I've heard that fine feathers make fine birds; but, my poor Drolinsko, though decked out with all the plumage of the peacock, you can't prevent us from finding out that you are but a sorry jackdaw.

Dro. Well, miss, at any rate, you're a pretty good resemblance of a magpie.—Come, I think that wasn't so much amiss of me—she'll find that it's awkward playing with edged tools.

Zem. Edged tools, indeed!—tool thou art, my poor

fellow, to any one who thinks it worth while to handle thee; but as to edge—bless thy harmlessness—thy wit, Drolinsko, is quite as blunt as thy manners.—But I must away, to attend my lady's toilet, and prepare her for the ceremony—and now, my good Drolinsko, let me beg of thee one thing?

Dro. Any thing in life, lovely Mrs. Zemila: is it that I shall reserve a good place for you to see the sports?

Zem. No: 'tis simply this, Drolinsko, that thou wilt not, if thou canst help it, make thyself so monstrously ridiculous as to occasion me to die with laughing. [*Exit*, L.

Dro. That young woman has some good points about her, but she is marvellously deficient in politeness.

MUSIC.—*Enter* ABDER KHAN, MAZEPPA, *and a* TARTAR CHIEF, *in close disguise as Tartar peasants*, L.

Dro. Well, now you've filled your bellies, I hope it has relieved your imaginations.

Maz. Trust us, sir, we do not need excitement.

Dro. Well, now, I suppose you've made up your minds to do something a little out of the way on this occasion?

Abd. Be sure, we shall astonish you.

Dro. Well, so do, I like to be astonished; and on this occasion I wish every thing to be new and uncommon.

Maz. You shall witness one of the strangest sights that has for many a long day regaled your curiosity.

Dro. I should like the very walls to caper.

Chief. Caper! they shall fly.

Dro. Come, come, none of your nonsense now, you are going too far—I'm not so soft as all that comes to.

Abd. 'Tis necessary you should furnish me with the key of the great gates—my two comrades here I leave with you—I will hasten to rejoin the rest—hold ourselves in readiness, adjacent to the castle, and on your signal rush forward to effect the grand tableau.

Dro. I'll go and fetch you the key; you're a jolly old blade, you are, too—no chicken—but there seems stuff in you yet. I'll be with you again in the spitting of a partridge. [*Exit*, R.

Maz. (C.) Haste thou to our bands, good father—marshal them in yonder forest, and when I give the signal, let them, like a mountain torrent, rush, o'erwhelming all resistance, to the aid of those that are within. I will be on the spot; and, at the moment when the perjured fair would offer her unhallowed vows upon

the sacred altar, my steel shall drink the life-blood of them both, and their mingled gore proclaim the vengeance of my outraged love. [*Music heard without.*] See, see, where the traitress comes—down, down, struggling spirit—the moment of thy triumph is not yet arrived.

Enter DROLINSKO, R.

Dro. Back, fellows, back—see where the bride approaches.

MUSIC.—*Enter* OLINSKA, *attended by* AGATHA, *preceded by* RUDZOLOFF, *and followed by Attendants*, R.

Aga. (R. C.) Cheerly, cheerly, lady; this is not the countenance you should exhibit on your bridal morn.

Oli. (C.) It well befits a bridal such as mine; my hopes are buried in another's tomb—soon, soon may I go seek him there.

Aga. But this dejection scarce fulfils your promise to your father—all was to be submission.

Oli. It is submission, nurse—submission I have learned by trampling on every feeling of my heart. I shall obey my father—let him not require more than I can perform.

Dro. [*Approaching Olinska.*] Lord love your beautiful ladyship, you'll be delighted when you see the preparations for the fête, solely contrived by me, Drolinsko. Why, it's worth while being married, if only to see such a tasty set-out—you'll be half inclined to love me for the cultivated fancy I have displayed.

Rud. (L. C.) Who are those strangers?

Dro. Ah! that's another of my contrivances, that you'd never suspect, godfather. Those, why those, bless you, are wandering Tartars, introduced by me.

Rud. Tartars! introduce Tartars here! why, it's more than your head's worth—let but the Castellan know it.

Dro. Ay, it's plain to see you're a fellow of no pith and enterprise. He may think what he likes about Tartars, but if these fellows don't caper him into good-humour, he's a sulkier dog than I take him for.

Abd. Doubt not that we will overcome all his displeasure.

Maz. [*Approaching Olinska*, C.] Deign you, fair lady, to cast an eye of approbation and encouragement.

[*He is close to her—she turns to look at him—he throws aside part of his disguise, so that she recognizes him.*

Oli. [*With a scream of astonishment.*] Cassimir! [*All start,*

surprised—he hastily resumes his disguise, and Olinska, by a great effort, an appearance of composure.] Cassimir, some time a page of this household, was a countryman of yours, I believe.

Maz. Belike, fair lady, I do bethink me of a tale of a poor Tartar lad, bred up in Polish climes, who rashly loved a noble lady—'twas a fault in him, but oh! who ever looked upon that fair one's beauty and her worth, must have forgiven him, knowing that to see and not to love was scarcely possible. Her father found it in him a crime not to be pardoned, and sentenced him to a most cruel death.

Oli. [*Muttering.*] It was, indeed, most horrible.

Maz. By miracle he was saved, and, like the Polar needle, true to his first affection, back he rushed, impatient still to lay his homage at the adored one's feet. But, oh! death-blow to his hopes! torture more cruel than all before he'd suffered, he found her perjured, faithless, voluntarily about to give her hand unto another.

Oli. Ah! had he known her tears, her anguish, the silent calm despair with which, unable to resist, she yielded to her parent's harsh commands, enforced under the penalty of his awful curse—how like a victim to the sacrifice she did approach the altar,—he would not, could not, dare not, to condemn her.

Maz. Had she, then, no remedy to save herself from such accursed pollution?

Oli. Yes, and a noble one: which, rather than betray her first fond vows, she's resolute to clutch at——

[*Draws a dagger from her bosom, and shows it to Mazeppa.*

Maz. [*With a burst of triumph.*] Ha! she was a heroine worthy a sovereign's love.

[*The attention of the bystanders is excited—Mazeppa and Olinska are compelled to control their feelings.*

Dro. Zounds! this Tartar gipsy has contrived to astonish my lady already.

Abd. The tales of our country have a wild and wondrous force, well calculated to awake the feelings thus.

Rud. Your pardon, lady,—had we not better on?

Oli. I attend you, Rudzoloff.

Maz. [*Aside to Olinska.*] Doubt not, fair lady, all shall be accomplished: your smallest wish most scrupulously obeyed.

[*Music.—Exit Olinska, preceded by Rudzoloff, and supported by Agatha*, L., *exchanging significant glances with Mazeppa.*

Dro. Now, mind, you fellows, be at your posts.

Maz. The dearest feelings of our hearts are pledged to be so. [*Exit Drolinsko*, L.] Ah, father, what a weight's removed from off my heart: Olinska yet is mine—your son shall yet be happy.

Abd. He shall, he shall!—Oh, to attain that end, how joyfully thy father would shed his latest crimson drop——

[*They embrace, and exeunt, Abdar Khan* R., *Mazeppa* L.

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of Laurinski, closed in the back by terraces, the last of which is entered,* L. *through a spacious gate of golden bars—its other end communicates with a wood—the whole extent is bounded on the* L. *by the buildings of the castle—from the topmost terrace, near the great gate, a spacious flight of steps,* L., *which leads down to the stage.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* MAZEPPA, L.—*he advances cautiously, ascends the steps, and beckons on Abder Khan, who advances from the building,* L. U. E.

Maz. Now, honoured father, how speeds the glorious work?

Abd. Even as should the deed on which depends thy happiness. Our troops are all at hand, and eager for the attack. Yes, my son, thy triumph is assured—here, on the haughty despot's battlements, he shall surrender thee thy love, or thou shalt tear her from his arms, amidst their blackened ruins.

Maz. All is prepared for the ceremony—I will be on the spot. Do thou, with our bands, at the signal, like the whirlwind's blast, sweep opposition into dust. [*The music of the procession is heard.*] They come, they come!—Oh, father! on this hour, on which my more than life depends, my anxious soul, fluttering within my breast, almost denies me utterance, and eager expectation swells my heart to bursting.

Abd. Thy father and thy people shall not fail thee;—
But whether weal or woe attend our plan,
Thou'rt a sovereign,—show, too, thou art a man.

[*Music.—Abder Khan retires up the steps and along the terrace,* R. *6th* E.—*the nuptial procession advances from the building,* L., *through the great gate and down the steps—it is composed of the entire household of the Castellan, headed by Drolinsko—Rudzoloff immediately precedes Olinska, who is led by the Castellan and Premislas, and followed by Agatha—they come down,* C.—*the Guards, banners, &c. countermarch, and form on the* R. *side and on the terraces—the nuptial party sit on a throne,* L., *surrounded by their Attendants—on a signal from Drolinsko, a tribe of Tartar Youths and Maidens appear on the upper terrace and descend the staircase,* L.

MILITARY CHARACTERISTIC BALLET.

[*At the conclusion of the ballet, a small altar is placed on the lower terrace,* C.—*the Priest advances from 3rd* E. L. *to* C.—*Olinska, led by Premislas and the Castellan, approaches the altar—the Priest commences the ceremony, when Mazeppa, still disguised, appears suddenly on the terrace, and thrusts the Priest aside.*

Maz. (C.) Hold! I forbid such sacrilegious vows! they are offensive in the sight of heaven. This maid, in heart and spirit, and by long previous vows, breathed from the very bottom of her soul, is mine; and any other union, by tyranny accomplished, is perjury, pollution.

[*Castellan, Olinska, and Premislas, are all* C.

Cas. What insolent intruder dares thus to break, with barbarous scoffings, on our solemnity?

Maz. (C.) One whom thou shouldst remember. Tyrant, behold thy victim. [*Throws off his disguise.*

All. Cassimir!

Maz. Cassimir, Mazeppa, one—thy vengeful tyranny but doomed me to my glory: the wild horse bore me to the throne of Tartary: and now, Mazeppa, King of Tartary, proudly returns to claim his early love.

Cast. (R. C.) Impostor! barbarian! traitor! wert thou the king of half the eastern world, the scorn in which I hold thee were not lessened. Bear him away! a death more certain this time punishes his presumption.

[*Music.—Some of the household advance to seize Cassimir—the Tartar Youths and Maidens form a rampart in front of him, and the Khan, followed by Tartar Soldiery, who occupy the upper terrace, appears at the head of the staircase.*

Abd. Stay, monsters! stay your uplifted hands!—Let

but one hair of his head be injured, and your castle quickly is a heap of ruins, soaked in your blood, for every soul shall perish. Your castle is invested—on every tower, buttress, and pinnacle, clings a Tartar, awaiting but my word, when havoc is let loose, and fierce destruction ravages half Poland. Speak but one word, and let Olinska be the pledge of peace.

Pre. [*Advancing from* L. *to* C.] I will not wait to hear the Castellan's answer—Olinska is my bride—in sight of heaven, my wife; my troops now man these walls, and to my last red drop I will defend her.

Maz. Then be revenge and slaughter our word! and let devastated Poland speak Mazeppa mounted to the throne of Tartary!

[*The Polish troops in the garden fire at the Tartars on the terraces—the latter charge down the steps—a general conflict ensues—a charge of Tartar cavalry is made along the upper terrace—they are met by the Poles, issuing from the principal portal—the attendants endeavour to force Olinska through the tumult into the castle—the cavalry appear in front, and after skirmishing off on both sides, a charge in line, from* L. *to* R., *is executed by the Tartars—the front then becomes occupied by pairs of combatants—Abder Khan is on the point of cutting down the Castellan, when Olinska rushes in and interposes—she is followed by Mazeppa, to whom the Castellan resigns her, which is the pledge of peace—Premislas has been meantime overcome by a Tartar warrior, and the Poles altogether vanquished—Abder Khan, Mazeppa, the Castellan, and Olinska hasten to mount the steps, to stop the slaughter, and on the top form a group—the females line the terraces—subdued Poles and triumphant Tartars fill the scene, which is lighted by the conflagration of the forest—and on the general picture the curtain falls.*

THE END.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

The School for Scandal.

Charles S. What, my old guardian!—What, turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog.? O, fie! O, fie!

Act IV. Scene 2.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL:

A COMEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

Author of The Critic, A Trip to Scarborough, The Rivals, Pizarro, The Duenna, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

THEATRES-ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. Bonner, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

COMEDY may be divided into two distinct branches,—the old school, and the new. The former is distinguished by strongly-marked character, high-wrought poetical language and sentiment, profound knowledge of human nature, and an inexhaustible fund of wit, humour, and imagery, applicable to all persons and things. The *Jeu de Theâtre*, the mere trick and pantomime of the scene, were unknown to, or despised by, the ancient dramatists. *Their* resources lay in the artful delineation of character, in tracing the remotest springs of action to their original source; and having drawn their characters with a firm and vigorous hand, leaving the plot to work by consistent means, and the catastrophe to be produced without violence either to sense or probability. With the wits of Charles's days, commenced what may be called the new school; the authors of that period were their own models:

> "*Themselves* they studied; as they felt, they writ—
> Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit;"

and the *Crowns* and the *Ravenscrofts* are now become synonimous with pertness and obscenity. Of this vice, all the dramatic writers of that day, Addison and Steele excepted, more or less partook; and it is singular, that Colley Cibber, whose moral conduct and literary talents have been more abused than any body's, should have proved a chaste writer, in comparison with those, whose education and descent might have taught them better. Colley—("I'm bewitched with the rogue's company! If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged!") Colley Cibber, the dunce—and the player—has the merit of having written the most valuable portion of, perhaps, the best modern comedy in our language, "The Provoked Husband."

The latter part of this remark will be considered heretical by those who have been accustomed to pronounce "The School for Scandal," that *chef d'œuvre* of Sheridan, to be the highest standard of comedy that the modern school presents: and, certainly, possessing, as it does, the brightest coruscations of wit, united to the highest polish of which language is susceptible, it is entitled to the very foremost rank. But there are masculine points and powerful colouring about "The Provoked Husband," that we, in vain, look for in the exquisitely polished gem of Sheridan;—indeed, the very nature of his subject would hardly have admitted it—the scandal of the tea-table is—

> "Matter too soft, a lasting mark to bear."

Yet, from such slight materials has a comedy been constructed, that has raised it's author an imperishable name, and that will ever be held forth as a monument of the brightest fancy, and the most cultivated taste.

It is an admirable drawing-room picture: no one could have produced it who had not moved in the privileged circle of the *haut ton;* who had not, vulgarly speaking, been conversant with the *best society.* It is a faithful and spirited representation of *artificial* life,—from that pretty poet, *Sir Benjamin Backbite,* who writes an epigram on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire, to *Trip,* the footman, who offers a "post obit on the blue and silver." The plot has few pretensions to novelty; but the incidents are so truly dramatic, and their management, to the minutest details, so perfect, that it would be difficult to suggest any thing that might add to the general effect. The library-scene, where *Lady Teazle* visits *Joseph Surface,* is extremely delicate ground; she is extricated from her equivocal situation with singular address, and just escapes with her virtue, which is all that can be said for her. It is not more palpable, that Sheridan borrowed the incident of *Sir Oliver's* return, from his mother's novel of "Sidney Biddulph," than that *Tom Jones* and *Blifil* were the originals of *Charles* and *Joseph Surface.* His excellent biographer, Mr. Moore, goes as far as to say, that, had Fielding never written, the two brothers would still have existed in Sheridan's play. But to this we cannot assent. True it is, that sentimental hypocrisy and generous dissipation are the common property of nature; it is in the *contrast* they are made to exhibit, in the means employed, and in the end produced, that the imitation consists:—and it detracts nothing from the fame of Sheridan, that he has rendered them subservient to a comedy of such distinguished merit as "The School for Scandal."

To the moral of this play, certain objections have been raised. It is said, that profligacy is painted in such seductive colours, that the example becomes dangerous, from the many attractions with which it is invested. There is no denying that the character of *Charles,* in some measure, lies open to this censure;—but are not his errors rather of the head, than the heart? We are no admirers of that *Robin-Hood* philanthropy, that robs the rich, to give to the poor; but there is a wide difference between the prodigality that riots in self-gratification alone, and that which may, perchance, neglect the claim of justice, for the more pressing one of humanity. There is nothing sordid, nothing gross, in the character of *Charles;* his companions have an air of refinement, and behave like gentlemen; they uphold, as Doctor Johnson would say, "the exteriors of decency." He is the very excess of candour; and, surely, if *Mr. Moses* and little *Premium* think fit to lend him their money, after his frank declaration—"*Land! Not a molehill! nor a twig, but what's in the bough-*

pots out of the window!" they must not complain of double dealing. Some of the most objectionable sentiments are put into the mouth of *Sir Oliver Surface*, when speaking of *Charles*; we have here something like false morality. No man is the less honest from having a good character; nor does it follow, because the world speaks well of him, that he has compromised his dignity to knaves and fools. But Sheridan was enamoured of the character of *Charles*; there were certain points of resemblance that he contemplated with more than usual complacency; and he determined, at all risks, to ensure him a favorable reception with the audience, and he has fully succeeded. *Charles*, on his first entrance, becomes the hero of the scene; and whether he drenches *Moses*, knocks down *Aunt Deborah*, or unkennels the little French milliner, this gay, thoughtless, generous rake of fashion is sure to come off with *eclat*. Sheridan has, however, made ample amends for any lapse in this character, by awarding a full measure of poetical justice to the man of sentiment. We may avoid the contamination of open profligacy; but hypocrisy is of that subtle, insinuating nature, that we must not be content to "scotch the snake," when we have caught it; we must kill it.

It is impossible to do justice to the wit, the elegance, the perfect finish of the dialogue. Hypercriticism itself is disarmed when reading it; and it's only fault, if fault it can be, is, that it is too prodigal of wit,—too uniformly sparkling; the mind is kept in continual excitation by an uninterrupted series of pointed sentences. It has been said, that, to Wycherley, Sheridan is indebted for his style. We should rather decide that Congreve is his model, for the "*intellectual gladiators*" that Johnson speaks of, in his criticism upon Congreve, are unceasingly at work in the dialogue of Sheridan. Wycherley does not ride his Pegasus with so loose a rein as Sir John Vanbrugh, who, according to Pope, never wanted *wit*, though he often did *grace*: yet he is neither so correct, nor so witty, as Congreve; he has infinite humour, of which Congreve has scarcely a particle; and here Sheridan rises superior to his model; for, with the utmost abundance of wit, he possessed an ample share of humour, as his farces, and, more particularly, his character of *Acres*, which is a creation of the purest humour, bear sufficient testimony. Lord Kaimes, in an absurd strain of puritanical cant, falls foul of Congreve for his *female* characters; and where, even in *this respect*, exists the mighty difference between Congreve and Sheridan? We would desire no better sport, than to set his Lordship loose among the ladies of the scandalous college: and let *Mrs. Candour* undertake *his defence*. An author, who makes nature his study, must draw his characters according to her unerring standard. It was said good-naturedly of Cumberland, (no mean name in dramatic literature,) that he was

"A flattering painter, who made it his care
"To draw men as they *ought to be*—not as *they were*.

These *beau ideals* of human excellence are as dull as they are out of nature. *Miss Prue* is a character ten times more natural, and fifty times more entertaining, than *Miss Pamela*.

When a work bids defiance to censure—when it discovers no vulnerable part for detractors to seize hold upon—the most effectual way to deprive an Author of his well-earned fame altogether, is to attribute it to *another*. And one *Doctor Watkins*—who seems to be a sad stupid person—in a romance, which *he* calls the life of Sheridan, tells a story about a young lady, who died of a consumption in Thames Street, (*Upper*, or *Lower* Thames Street, he does not say which, but that information is reserved for the *second edition*,) of a young lady, we say, having written a considerable portion of "The School for Scandal." If the Doctor is throwing out a lure for a controversy to raise up the dead weight of his book, let one of his own fraternity supply the lever!

With the name of Sheridan we fondly linger; it is a name that does honour to the eloquence, the patriotism, and the literature of the British Nation. As a dramatic writer, how few are worthy to compare with him;—as an orator, he may proudly vie with the most illustrious examples of antiquity;—and of his patriotism, what nobler evidence can be required, than that, single and alone, in the face of sneering friends, political foes, he forgot the narrow distinctions of party, in the danger of his country! His outset in life, how brilliant and distinguished! Successful as an author beyond all precedent—idolised by the public—caressed by the great—honoured with the friendship of Royalty itself—what wonder that he should turn giddy on the proud eminence upon which fortune had placed him! If, therefore, he lost his prudence, he maintained his principles; and as prosperity had not hardened his heart, so could not adversity corrupt it. His descent was marked by none of those meannesses common to inferior minds. In the chequered course of his eventful life, there was nothing like political trimming, or compromise—no truckling to power—no sacrifice to popularity.—He loved England for England's sake. With his foibles, as they marred not the integrity of his public character, the world has little to do; he was himself their expiator, in the severity of his sufferings. It is one of the base privileges of degenerate minds, to triumph over the prostration of Genius:

"An idiot laugh the welkin rends,
As Genius thus degraded lies—
'Till pitying Heaven the veil extends,
That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes."

What a constellation of talent did the original cast of this Comedy present. Our theatrical experience does not carry us

back to the recollection of King and Dodd, the *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Sir Benjamin Backbite* of the old school; but we have seen many efficient representatives of these characters who have greatly delighted us. The *Sir Peter* of Mr. Fawcett cannot be ranked among his best performances: it is too uniformly ill-natured and bitter: it wants some of the more genial qualities that occasionally break through the whimsical peculiarities of the married bachelor. We have seen the late Mr. Lovegrove play *Sir Peter;* but with little variation, and certainly with no *improvement* upon Mr. Fawcett. Mr. Munden attempted this arduous character, when on the eve of retiring from the Stage: it had all the advantage of his long professional experience. *But*—and it is seldom that we have occasion to use *this word*, with reference to Mr. Munden's acting, the performance did not *quite* come up to our expectations. Mr. Munden was *tame* in some prominent points, from an over caution. In his anxiety to *not* o'erstep the modesty of nature, he sometimes fell short of it; and we thought that we could now and then discover his high comic spirit struggling with the bonds that his judgment had imposed on it, and ready to proclaim aloud to the audience—"Joe Munden's himself again!"—In the famous scene with the little French Milliner, he fairly gave us a spice of his quality—nothing could be more arch and vivacious than his chuckling waggery with *Charles*, previous to the falling of the screen, and his surprise and horror when he discovers his wife, and ejaculates—'*Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!*"—Mr. W. Farren is the most perfect *Sir Peter* on the stage—he seems formed for the character. There was a hardness about his early performances, that he has since judiciously softened down;—and whether we consider his richness and variety, his nice discrimination—his action the most just and appropriate—with a scrupulous exactness in the bye-play, and business of the scene—his *Sir Peter* will stand comparison with the first comic acting of the day. Mr. Terry has given us *his* version of the character. But Mr. Terry will no more compare with Mr. Farren in *Sir Peter Teazle;* than Mr. Farren will with Mr. Terry in *Mr. Peter Simpson.*

The late Mrs. Jordan, and Mrs. Davison, have divided the critics in *Lady Teazle.*—With some, Thalia was not sufficiently well-bred—with others, Mrs. Davison appeared too measured and stately. The former was said to want the external polish of high life; the latter, that ease and *naïveté* which belong to the *ci-devant* Country Girl, whose daily occupation was to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book,—and comb *Aunt Deborah's* lap-dog. There was a freshness, a charm, about the performance of Mrs. Jordan, that reconciled us to the hoyden that sometimes broke through the strict decorum of the scene; and reminded us of *Miss Prue*, and *Miss Peggy*—With Mrs.

Jordan, artless, unsophisticated humour departed from the scene. Mrs. Davison is the only living actress whom we dare mention with *Lady Teazle;* her performance is, in a very high degree, polished and intelligent:—she possesses the truly estimable quality of being faithful to her author,—considering it nothing derogatory, to encumber her memory with the words of Sheridan. Some *Lady Teazles* and *Beatrices*, too, when they sport a high plume and a sweeping train—

"Rein the fair neck, and shut th' offending eye;"

and think nothing more remains to be done. But the pointed display of *mere personal charms*, without the accompaniment of *intellect*, is an exhibition not over decorous on the stage. The form must receive intelligence from the mind.—An actress *is* of little *public* value, that has no higher pretensions than a fine figure and a pretty face.

☞ D——G.

Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatres Royal.

As originally acted at Drury Lane Theatre, May 8, 1777.		Covt. Garden, 1826.	Drury Lane, 1826.
Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. King.	W. Farren.	Dowton.
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. Yates.	Fawcett.	W. Bennett
Joseph Surface	Mr. Palmer.	Young, Warde.	Cooper.
Charles Surface	Mr. Smith.	C. Kemble.	Wallack.
Crabtree	Mr. Parsons.	Blanchard.	Tayleure.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. Dodd.	Jones.	Browne.
Rowley	Mr. Aickin.	Chapman.	Powell.
Moses	Mr. Baddeley.	Farley.	J. Russell.
Trip	Mr. Lamash.	Power.	Comer.
Snake	Mr. Packer.	Claremont.	Thompson.
Careless	Mr. Farren.	Baker.	Mercer.
Sir Harry Bumper	Mr. Gawdry.	Isaacs.	Bedford.
Lady Teazle	Mrs. Abington.	Miss Chester.	Ellen Tree.
Maria	Miss P. Hopkins.	Miss Scott.	I. Paton.
Lady Sneerwell	Miss Sherry.	Mrs. Vining.	Knight.
Mrs. Candour	Miss Pope.	Mrs. Gibbs.	Davison.

Costume.

SIR PETER.—Salmon-coloured velvet coat, and breeches trimmed with silver, white satin waistcoat, silver button-holes, &c. white silk stockings, shoes, buckles, lace ruffles, &c.

SIR OLIVER.—Brown coat and waistcoat, embroidered button-holes, black satin breeches, silk stockings; shoes, buckles, three-cornered hat, brown camlet great coat, with embroidered button-holes. Second dress: camlet drab great coat.

JOSEPH.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and pumps.

CHARLES.—Green coat, white waistcoat, light breeches, white silk stockings, dress shoes.

CRABTREE.—Purple silk velvet coat, lined with blue satin, white silk stockings; satin waistcoat, embroidered satin breeches.

BACKBITE.—Fashionable green coat, white and crimson waistcoats, flesh-coloured breeches, and silk stockings, pumps and opera hat.

ROWLEY.—Great coat, black breeches and waistcoat; grey camlet great coat.

MOSES.—Black velvet coat, waistcoat and breeches, trimmed with narrow gold lace; black stockings, shoes and buckles.

CARELESS.—Black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and pumps, white waistcoat, and black coat.

SIR HARRY.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons.

TRIP.—Handsome livery.

SNAKE.—Black coat, waistcoat and trowsers, silk stockings, and pumps.

JOSEPH'S SERVANT.—Plain blue coat, yellow waistcoat and breeches, white stockings, and shoes.

LADY TEAZLE.—Elegant white gauze dress, handsomely worked with silver flowers, white satin petticoat and body; handsome plume of feathers.

MARIA.—White satin dress, with black trimming.

LADY SNEERWELL.—White dress, neatly trimmed.

MRS. CANDOUR.—White satin petticoat and body, handsome flowered gauze dress over.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. Garrick.

A SCHOOL for Scandal! tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now, the knowing think;
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers;
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit;
Crave what you will—there's *quantum sufficit.*
"Lord!" cries my Lady *Wormwood* (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when threshing
Strong tea and scandal—"Bless me, how refreshing!
"Give me the papers. *Lisp*—how bold and free! *(sips)*
"*Last night Lord L.* (sips) *was caught with Lady D.*
"For aching heads what charming *sol volatile! (sips)*
"*If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,*
"*We hope she'll* DRAW, *or we'll* UNDRAW *the curtain.*
"Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,
"But, by ourselves, *(sips)* our praise we can't refuse it.
"Now, *Lisp*, read you—there, at that dash and star:"
"Yes, ma'am—*A certain lord had best beware,*
"*Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square;*
"*For should he Lady W. find willing,*
"*Wormwood is bitter*"—"Oh! that's me, the villain!
"Throw it behind the fire, and never more
"Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?
Alas! the devil's sooner raised than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging:
Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road
To show his gratitude he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.
For your applause all perils he would through—
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lady Sneerwell's House.*

Discovered LADY SNEERWELL, R. *at the dressing-table*, SNAKE *drinking chocolate*, L.

Lady S. THE paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

Snake. They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

Lady S. (R.) Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

Snake. (L.) That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four and twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

Lady S. Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

Snake. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited; of four forced elopements, as many close confinements, nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

Lady S. She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

Snake. 'Tis very true.—She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint and mellowness of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

Lady S. Ah! You are partial, Snake.

Snake. Not in the least—every body allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

Lady S. Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. [*They rise.*] Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation.

Snake. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

Lady S. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

Snake. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of—the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite: the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady S. Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

Snake. No!

Lady S. His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

Snake. Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

Lady S. Heavens! how dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles,

that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing?

Snake. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent: but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

Lady S. For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave; while, with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

Snake. Yes: yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England—and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

Lady S. True—and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought him entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Surface.

Lady S. [*Crosses* C.] Show him up. [*Exit Servant*, L.] He generally calls about this time. I don't wonder at people giving him to me for a lover.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE, L.

Joseph S. (L.) My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient

Lady S. (C.) Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and, believe me, the confidence is not ill placed.

Joseph S. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

Lady S. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

Joseph S. I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

Lady S. Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you: but do your brother's distresses increase?

Joseph S. Every hour. I am told he has had another

execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed any thing I have ever heard of.

Lady S. Poor Charles!

Joseph S. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one cannot help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not feel for the distresses of a friend, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves——

Lady S. O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

Joseph S. Egad, that's true!—I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter;—however, it is certainly a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by one of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

Snake. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming: I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you.—Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

Joseph S. [*Crossing to Snake.*] Sir, your very devoted. [*Exit Snake.*] Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any farther confidence in that fellow.

Lady S. (L.) Why so?

Joseph S. (R.) I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

Lady S. And do you think he would betray us?

Joseph S. Nothing more likely:—take my word for't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villany.——Ah! Maria!

Enter MARIA, L.

Lady S. (C.) Maria, my dear, how do you do?——What's the matter?

Maria. (L.) Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all?

Joseph S. (R.) If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But,

my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance.—Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice—What do you think, Mr Surface? [*Crosses to him.*]

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. (L.) Psnaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. (R.) To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. (C.) Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in.—[*Exit Servant*, L.] Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes,—with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S. Hush!—here she is!—

Enter MRS. CANDOUR, L.

Mrs. Can. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?——Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. (R.) Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. [*Crosses to Maria.*] Oh, Maria! child,—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles?——His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. (R. C.) I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs. C. (L. C.) True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. C. Very true, child:—but what's to be done?—People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt.—But, Lord! there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes.——Lord, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York Mail with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't, there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino;—though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so,—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? how will

you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir Harry Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation.—But, Lord, do you think I would report these things?—No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah! Mrs. Candour, if every body had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. [*Lady Sneerwell and Maria retire a little up.*] By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; every body almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape.

Enter CRABTREE, 1st. *and* SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, 2nd. L

Crab. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand—[*Crosses to Mrs. Candour.*]—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir B. (L.) O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a

charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom.—Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now;—your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

Sir B. Uncle, now—pr'ythee—

Crab. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. [*Crosses to Maria.*] However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin.—'Fore Gad they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. [*Crossing to Mrs. Candour.*] But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs. C. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes—and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. (L.) Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. C. (L. C.) It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. (R. C.) O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious

and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam,—there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am.—Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

Sir B. Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

Lady S. How was it, pray?

Crab. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it—for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.—What! cries the lady dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next day every where reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

Lady S. Strange, indeed!

Crab. Matter of fact, I assure you.—[*Crosses to Surface.*]—O lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. (R.) Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. [L. *of Joseph.*] He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe?—Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may: for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman:—no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable. [*Crosses*, L.] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria*, L.

Mrs. C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs. C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!

[*Exit Mrs. Candour*, L.

Lady S. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir B. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir B. [*Crosses to Surface.*] Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone. [*Crosses*, L.

Crab. [*Crosses to Surface.*] O lud, aye! undone as ever man was.—Can't raise a guinea! [*Crosses*, L.

Sir B. [*Crosses to Surface.*] And every thing sold, I'm told, that was moveable.— [*Crosses*, L.

Crab. [*Crosses*, C.] I have seen one that was at his house.—Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were

overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots— [*Crosses*, L.

Sir B. [*Crosses*, c.] And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him. [*Going*, L.

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir B. But, however, as he is your brother——

[*Going*, L.

Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exeunt Crabtree and Sir Benjamin*, L.

Lady S. Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

Joseph S. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady S. I doubt her affections are further engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Sir Peter's House.*

Enter SIR PETER, L.

Sir P. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since. We tift a little going to church, and came to a quarrel before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter ROWLEY, R.

Rowley. Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

Sir P. (L.) Very bad, master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley. (R.) What can have happened since yesterday?

Sir P. A good question to a married man!

Rowley. Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady cannot be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir P. Why, has any body told you she was dead?

Rowley. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir P. But the fault is entirely hers, master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teazing temper: and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir P. Ay! and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Rowley. You know, sir, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir P. You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's Eastern liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Rowley. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir P. What! let me hear.

Rowley. Sir Oliver *is* arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir P. How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley. I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir P. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met.—We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir P. Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—however, he shall have his way: but, pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley. Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir P. What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together: but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be at my house, though!—I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley. By no means.

Sir P. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley. I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir P. Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it. [*Exeunt Rowley*, R., *Sir Peter*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sir Peter's House.*

Enter LADY TEAZLE AND SIR PETER, L

Sir P. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady T. (R.) Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or

not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's more, I will too. What, though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. (L.) Very well, ma'am, very well;—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

Lady T. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a

novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [*Crosses*, L.

Sir P. (R.) I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; out now you must have your coach—vis-à-vis—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington-gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

Lady T. (L.) No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is——

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint. [*Crosses*, L.

Lady T. (R.) Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir. P. (L.) 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady. T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir. P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance: for they don't choose any body should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse.—When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good bye to ye.

[*Exit Lady Teazle*, R.

Sir P. So—I have gain'd much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*Lady Sneerwell's House.—Company sitting at the back of the stage at Card Tables.*

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE, *discovered; Servants attending with Tea, &c.*

Lady S. (L.) Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Joseph S. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir B. O plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crab. No, No; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir B. (R. C.) But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write

some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following.

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title I'm sure is not wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crab. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph S. (R.) A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter MARIA *and* LADY TEAZLE, L.

Mrs. C. I must have a copy.

Lady S. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady T. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady S. Maria, my dear, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

[*Retires up centre, with Lady Sneerwell and Surface.*

Lady T. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*

Mrs. C. [*They all advance.*] Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady T. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. C. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome.

Lady S. [*Comes down*, L.] O, surely, she is a pretty woman.

Crab. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. C. She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady T. [*Crosses*, C.] Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. C. O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go.

Lady T. I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Mrs. C. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

Crab. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour!

Mrs. C. Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir B. (R. C.) Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady S. (L.) Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.

Sir B. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crab. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

[*Servants give the Characters coffee, &c. and wait behind.*

Mrs. C. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir B. Why she has very pretty teeth.

Lady T. Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking or laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were,—thus. [*Shows her teeth.*

Mrs. C. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady T. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were,—thus—*How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.* [*Mimics.*

Lady S. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady T. In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

[*Crosses to Sir Benjamin.*

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, L.

Sir P. Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Mrs. C. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—they'll allow good qualities to nobody.

Sir P. That must be very distressing to *you*, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. C. Not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady T. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's, last night?

Mrs. C. Nay, but her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady S. That's very true, indeed.

Lady T. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pullies; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat poney, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. C. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir P. Yes, a good defence, truly!

Mrs. C. But, Sir Benjamin is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crab. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. C. Positively, you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty.

Lady S. Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs C. True, and then as to her manner; upon my word, I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir B. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir P. Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [*Aside.*

Sir B. And Mrs. Candour is of so moral a turn.

Mrs. C. Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle; and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crab. O to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir B. So she has, indeed—an Irish front—

Crab. Caledonian locks—

Sir B. Dutch nose—

Crab. Austrian lips—

Sir B. Complexion of a Spaniard—

Crab. And teeth *à la Chinois*—

Sir B. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation—

Crab. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. C. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week. [*Aside.*

Mrs. C. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for, give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir P. [*Crosses to Mrs. Candour.*] Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part. [*Mrs. Candour turns up stage.*

Lady S. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir P. Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady T. True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir B. Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one so seldom sees them together.

Lady T. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

Sir P. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady S O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir P. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady S. Go, you monster!

Mrs. C. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir P. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured par-

ties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

[*Servant enters* L. *and whispers Sir Peter.*

Crab. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady S. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Sir P. [*To the Servant.*] I'll be with them directly.—I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*] [*Exit Servant*, L.

Lady S. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir P. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit Sir Peter*, L.

Sir B. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily, if he were not your husband.

Lady T. O, pray don't mind that;—why don't you?—come, do let's hear them. [*Joins the rest of the company going into the next room* L. U. E. *Surface and Maria advance.*

Joseph S. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria. (L.) How is it possible I should?—If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us, be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

Joseph S. (R.) Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are,—they have no malice at heart.

Maria. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

Joseph S. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone?—Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

Maria. Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

Joseph S. Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

Maria. Ungenerously urged!—But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

[*Crosses*, R.

Joseph S. (L.) Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a

frown: by all that's honest, I swear, Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle!—[*Aside.*]—You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle—

Maria. Lady Teazle!

Joseph S. Yet, were Sir Peter to suspect—

Enter LADY TEAZLE, L. U. E. *and comes forward*, C.

Lady T. What is this, pray? Does he take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.—[*Exit* MARIA, L. U. E.]—What is all this, pray?

Joseph S. (L.) O, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

Lady T. Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender method of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

Joseph S. O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast—But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

Lady T. No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion requires.

Joseph S. True—a mere platonic cicisbeo—what every London wife is entitled to.

Lady T. Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to—

Joseph S. The only revenge in your power. Well—I applaud your moderation.

Lady T. Go—you are an insinuating wretch. [*Crosses*, L.]—But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

Joseph S. But we had best not return together.

Lady T. Well—don't stay; for Maria sha'n't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you.

[*Exit Lady Teazle*, L. U. E.

Joseph S. A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely, I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many damn'd rogueries, that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* ROWLEY, L.

Sir O. (R.) Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country.—Ha! ha! ha! That he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

Row. (L.) But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver: 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir O. Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter!——But you say he has entirely given up Charles,—never sees him, hey?

Row. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure, greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has been industriously led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

Sir O. (R.) Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it.—But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you.—No, no,—if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Row. (L.) Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. ——Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir O. What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself?—Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

Row. Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family.—But here comes Sir Peter. [*Goes a little up.*

Sir O. Egad, so he does.—Mercy on me!—he's greatly altered—and seems to have a settled married look! One may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, R.

Sir P. (R.) Hah! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir O. (C.) Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and 'faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

Sir P. (R.) Oh! tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

Sir O. Ay, I have had my share.—But, what! I find you are married, hey, my old boy?—Well, well—it can't be helped—and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

Sir P. Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state;—but we'll not talk of that now.

Sir O. True, true, Sir Peter: old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting—no, no, no.—

Row. (L.) Take care, pray, sir.—

Sir O. Well—so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, I find, hey?

Sir P. Wild!—Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Every body in the world speaks well of him.

Sir O. I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Every body speaks well of him!—Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir P. What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir O. Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir P. Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

Sir O. Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly.—But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Row. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir P. Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

Sir O. Well—come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

[*Crosses*, R.

Sir P. *Allons* then!

Sir O. And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.

[*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, SIR PETER TEAZLE, *and* ROWLEY, R.

Sir P. (C.) Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards:—but how is this, master Rowley? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

Row. (R.) Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, whom I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was once a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, since his confinement, both to Mr. Surface and Charles; from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

Sir O. (L.) Ah! he is my brother's son.

Sir P. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to—

Row. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother, that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother, one, who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—"a heart to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting charity."

Sir P. Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well—make the trial, if you please. But where is the fel-

ow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

Row. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done every thing in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

Sir P. Pray let us have him in.

Row. Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs.

Sir P. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

Row. Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests: I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices, Sir Peter, relative to Charles and Lady Teazle.

Sir P. I have heard too much on that subject.

Row. Here comes the honest Israelite.—

Enter MOSES, R.

This is Sir Oliver.

Sir O. Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

Moses. [*Crosses to Sir O.*] Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

Sir O. That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

Moses. None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir O. Unfortunate, indeed!—But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

Moses. Yes, he knows that;—this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

Sir P. What,—one, Charles never had money from before?

Moses. Yes—Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

Sir P. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

Moses. Not at all.

Sir P. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation: go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir O. Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

Sir P. True—so you may.

Row. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure;—however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Moses. You may depend upon me; [*Looks at his watch.*] this is near the time I was to have gone. [*Crosses* L.

Sir O. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses ——But hold! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

Moses. There's no need—the principal is Christian.

Sir O. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, an't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money lender?

Sir P. Not at all; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage,—would it, Moses?

Moses. Not in the least.

Sir O. Well—but how must I talk?—there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

Sir P. O! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands —hey, Moses?

Moses. Yes, that's a very great point.

Sir O. I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

Moses. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir O. Hey!—what the plague!—how much then?

Moses. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the monies very bad, you may ask double.

Sir P. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

Sir O. Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

Moses. Then, you know, you hav'n't the monies yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of a friend

Sir O. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

Moses. Yes; and your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

Sir O. My friend an unconscionable dog, is he?

Moses. Yes, and he himself has not the monies by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir O. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

Sir P. I'faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean,—you'll soon be master of the trade.

Sir O. Moses shall give me farther instructions as we go together.

Sir P. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

Sir O. O! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses*, L.

Sir P. So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

Row. No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

Sir P. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say, presently.—I see Maria, and want to speak with her. [*Exit Rowley*, R.] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA, L.

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

Maria. (L.) No, sir; he was engaged.

Sir P. (R.) Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

Maria. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

Sir P. So—here's perverseness!—No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

Maria. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have

heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir P. Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

Maria. Never to his brother! [*Crosses*, R.

Sir P. Go—perverse and obstinate! but take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

Maria. I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable. [*Exit Maria*, R.

Sir P. Was ever man so crossed as I am? Every thing conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. [*Lady Teazle sings without.*] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE, R.

Lady T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you havn't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

Sir P. (L.) Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lady T. (R.) I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; [*Gives her notes*] but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T. O no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon

we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well—then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you—you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir P. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive—

Lady T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple—

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir P. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir P. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't:—but if you will be so peevish—

Sir P. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him. [*Crosses*, L.

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every body said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married. [*Crosses*, R.

Sir P. (L.) I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad.—Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam.—Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds—

Lady T. (R.) Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir P. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed!—And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye—bye. [*Exit*, R.

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry

either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*Charles Surface's House.*

Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, *and* MOSES, L.

Trip. Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

Sir O. Mr. Moses, what is my name?

Moses. Mr. Premium.

Trip. Premium—very well. [*Exit Trip, taking snuff*, R.

Sir O. (R.) To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

Moses. (L.) Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c. just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

Sir O. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Re-enter TRIP, R.

Trip. My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

Sir O. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

Trip. Yes, yes, sir: he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

Sir O. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

Trip. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

Sir O. Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

Trip. Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

[*Crosses to Moses.*

Sir O. Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes! [*Aside.*

Trip. And, *a-propos*, Moses—have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

Sir O. Wants to raise money too!—mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [*Aside.*

Moses. (L.) 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip. [*Gives Trip the note.*

Trip. (C.) Good lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

Moses. No! 'twouldn't do.

Trip. A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

Sir O. (R.) An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside.*

Moses. Well, but you must ensure your place.

Trip. O with all my heart! I'll ensure my place, and my life too, if you please.

Sir O. It's more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*

Moses. But is there nothing you could deposit?

Trip. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; [*Bell rings*, R.] but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver: [*Bell rings* R.] these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security. —[*Bell rings*, R.]—Egad, [*Crosses*, R.] I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know.

Sir O. If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*Antique Hall.*

CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, SIR HARRY, *&c. at a table, with wine, &c.*

Charles S. [*Seated at the head of the table.*] 'Fore heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't, they won't drink wine.

Care. [*Seated* R *of table.*] It is so indeed, Charles! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O, certainly society suffers by it intolerably: for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like

the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of Champaigne, without its spirit or flavour.

Sir H. [*Seated L. of table.*] But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

Care. True: there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

Charles. Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad! I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of Champaigne, and I never lose.

All. Hey, what?

Charles S. At least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

Care. Ay, that I believe.

Charles S. And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maid that has bewitched you.

Care. Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

Charles S. Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

Care. Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals, or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

Charles S. Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!—

Sir H. Maria who?

Charles S. O damn the surname—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar;—Maria!

All. Maria! [*They drink.*

Charles S. But now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

Care. Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

Sir H. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

SONG.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus. Let the toast pass,—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the maid who has none, sir:
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Enter TRIP, R., *and whispers* CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair, will you? [*Rises, and comes forward* R.

Care. [*Rises and comes down*, L.] Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance?

Charles S. No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

Care. O damn it! let's have the Jew in.

Sir H. Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

Care. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

Charles S. Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in—[*Exit Trip*, R.]—though there's one of them a stranger, I can assure you.

Care. Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

Charles S. O hang'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

Enter TRIP, MOSES, *and* SIR OLIVER SURFACE, R.
They cross to L.

Charles S. So, honest Moses, walk in: walk in, pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name; isn't it, Moses?

Moses. Yes, sir

Charles S. Set chairs, Trip—sit down, Mr. Premium—glasses, Trip—sit down, Moses. [*They sit to* L.] Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

Moses. Success to usury!

Care. Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

Sir O. Then—*here's all the success it deserves.*

Care. [*Rising, and coming forward.*] No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

Sir H. A pint bumper, at least.

Moses. O pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

Care. And therefore loves good wine.

Sir H. Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

Charles S. No, hang it, you shan't! Mr. Premium's a stranger.

Care. Plague on 'em then!—if they won't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

Charles S. I will! I will! [*Exeunt all the Gentlemen,* R.] Careless!

Care. [*Returning.*] Well!

Charles S. Perhaps I may want you.

Care. O, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me. [*Exit,* R.

Moses. Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secresy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is—

Charles S. [*Putting Moses across to* L.] Pshaw! have done.—Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow, who want money to borrow—you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend.—I am blockhead enough to give fifty

per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

Sir O. Exceeding frank, upon my word.—I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles S. Oh no, sir; plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir O. Sir, I like you the better for it—however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog; is'nt he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you—must'nt he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Charles S. Right. [*Crosses centre.*] People that speak truth generally do: but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

Sir O. Well—but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles S. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir O. Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles S. Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

Sir O. Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles S. Then you must know that I have a dev'lish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations.

Sir O. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out, is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles S. O no!—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me every thing.

Sir O. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

Charles S. Yes, yes, 'tis just so—Moses knows 'tis true, don't you, Moses?

Sir O. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. [*Aside.*

Charles S. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though at the same time, the old fellow has been so liberal to me,

that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear any thing had happened to him.

Sir O. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

Charles S. O, yes, you would—the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir O. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles S. What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir O. No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Charles S There again, now you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him!

Sir O. No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him! ha! ha! ha! egad—Ha! ha! ha!

Charles S. Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir O. No, no, I'm not.

Charles S. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—You know that mends your chance.

Sir O. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over?—nay, some say he is actually arrived?

Charles S. Pshaw! Sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no; rely on't, he's at this moment at Calcutta—is'nt he, Moses?

Moses. O yes, certainly.

Sir O. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority—hav'nt I, Moses?

Moses. (L.) Yes, most undoubted!

Sir O. (R.) But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately—is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles S. (C.) How do you mean?

Sir O. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate?

Charles S. O Lud!—that's gone long ago.—Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir O. Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls. [*Aside.*]—Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and complete.

Charles S. Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself. [*Crosses*, R.

Sir O. (C.) Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom! [*Aside.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

Charles S. (R.) You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses. I know nothing of books.

Sir O. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles S. Not much indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a roomfull of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

Sir O. Hey! what the devil! Sure, you would'nt sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles S. Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir O What! your great uncles and aunts?

Charles S. Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir O. Now I give him up. [*Aside.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles S. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care if you have your money's worth.

Sir O. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvass. Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never! [*Aside*

Enter CARELESS, R.

Care. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles S. I can't come yet: i'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

Care. O, burn your ancestors!

Charles S. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us. [*Crosses*, L.

Care. Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

Sir O. Oh, the profligates! [*Aside.*

Charles S. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir O. O yes, I do vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—O the prodigal! [*Aside.*

Charles S. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations?

Sir O. I'll never forgive him; never! never! [*Exeunt* L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Picture Room at Charles's.—Large chair on* L. *2nd.* E.—*Family Pedigree hanging up in the Wing* R.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS, L.

Charles S. (R.) Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the conquest.

Sir O. (R. C.) And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles S. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting;—no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir O. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles S. I hope not.—Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am: here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose. [*Brings chair forward,* C.

Care. Ay, ay, this will do.——But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles S. Egad, that's true; [*Taking pedigree down*

from R. 1*st.* W.] what parchment have we here?—O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir O. (L.) What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide! [*Aside.*

Care. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.—Come, begin —A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles S. Bravo, Careless!—Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet.—What say you, Mr Premium? —look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

Sir O. [*Aside to Moses.*] Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

Charles S. Why, then, he shall have him for ten ponds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir O. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*]—Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles S. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness.—There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir O. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*]—Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Charles S. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless! —This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles S. Four guineas!—Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir O. By all means.

Care. Gone!

Charles S. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir O. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium!—I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles S. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir O. No, no: six will do for the mayor.

Charles S. Come, make it guineas, and I throw out the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir O. They're mine.

Charles S. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.——But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains on each side in a lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir O. Well, well, any thing to accommodate you;—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. [*Having put the chair away comes forward* L.] What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir O. Yes, sir, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles S. What, that?—Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver!—Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium? [*Slapping him on the shoulder.*]

Sir O. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles S. No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in. [*Crosses.* L.

Sir O. (R.) The rogue's my nephew after all! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles S. (L.) I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir O. I forgive him every thing! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles S. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir O. How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*]—Well, well, I have done.——I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance—[*Aside.*]——Here is a draught for your sum. [*Taking it out of his pocket book.*

Charles S. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

Sir O. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles S. Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

Sir O. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses. [*Crosses,* L.

Charles S. (R.) Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir O. (L.) Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir O. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles S. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aside.*]—Good-day!—Come, Moses.——Let me hear now who dares call him profligate! [*Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses,* L.

Care. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles S. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—But hark! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Care. (R.) I will—don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsence; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles S. (L.) Very true, and paying them is only en-

couraging them. Ay, ay, never fear. [*Exit Careless*, R.] —Soh! this was an odd old fellow, indeed.— Let me see —two-thirds of this five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.——

Enter ROWLEY, L.

Hah! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Row. (L.) Yes, I heard they were a going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

Charles S. Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure, 'tis very affecting: but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

Row. There's no making you serious a moment.

Charles S. Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

Row. A hundred pounds! Consider only—

Charles S. Gad's life, don't talk about it: poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

Row. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb—

Charles S. 'Be just before you're generous.'—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old hobbling bledame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the son of me.

Row. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection—

Charles S. Ay, ay, it's very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by heaven I'll give; so damn your economy, and away to old Stanley with the money.

[*Exeunt Charles* R., *Rowley* L.

SCENE II.—*A Saloon.*

Enter MOSES, R., *and* Sir OLIVER SURFACE.

Moses. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

Sir O. But he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir O. But he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And games so deep.

Sir O. But he would not sell my picture.——O, here's Rowley.

Enter ROWLEY, R.

Row. (R.) So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase——

Sir O. (C.) Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

Row. And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

Moses. (L.) Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

Row. And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

Sir O. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too.—But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Row. Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

Enter TRIP, R.

Trip. O, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way—[*Crosses* L.]—Moses, a word.

[*Exeunt Trip and Moses*, L.

Sir O. (L.) There's a fellow for you—would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

Row. (R.) Indeed!

Sir O. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business.—Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little thread-bare; but now, they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes, with the gloss on. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Library, a large Screen*, R. *3rd* E. *Pembroke Table*, L. U. E. *with a book on it; two chairs.*

JOSEPH SURFACE *and a* SERVANT *discovered.*

Joseph S. No letter from Lady Teazle?

Serv. No, sir.

Joseph S. I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour. [*Knocking heard without*, L.

Serv. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Joseph S. Hold!—See whether it is or not before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

Serv. 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Joseph S. Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—[*Servant does so.*]—that will do;—my opposite neighbour is a lady of a curious temper.—[*Servant exit*]—I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE, L.

Lady T. What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient?—O Lud! don't pretend to look grave.—I vow I couldn't come before. [*Crosses*, R.

Joseph S. (L.) O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

[*Places chairs, and sits after Lady Teazle is seated.*

Lady T. (R.) Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

Joseph S I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*

Lady T. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*]—Oh certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced, how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady T. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But is'nt it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one?—And there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has circu-

lated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too—that's what vexes me.

Joseph S. Aye, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady T. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed, 'tis monstrous!

Joseph S. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit him.

Lady T. Indeed!—so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

Joseph S. Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady T. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable; and when the consciousness of my innocence——

Joseph S. Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions?—why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady T. 'Tis very true!

Joseph S. Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

Lady T. Do you think so?

Joseph S. Oh! I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once; for, in short, your charac-

ter at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady T. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation.

Joseph S. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady T. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

Joseph S. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady T. Why, if my understanding were once convinced——

Joseph S. O, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced.—Yes, yes—heaven forbid I should persuade you to do any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

Lady T. Don't you think we may as well leave *honour* out of the argument? [*Rises.*

Joseph S. Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you. [*Rises.*

Lady T. I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage, sooner than your *honourable logic*, after all.

Joseph S. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of— [*Taking her hand.*

Enter SERVANT, L.

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

Serv. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph S. Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

Lady T. Sir Peter! O Lud—I'm ruined—I'm ruined!

Serv. Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady T. Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again— [*Goes behind the screen.*

Joseph S. Give me that book.

[*Sits down* R. C.; *Servant pretends to adjust his chair.*

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir P. Ay, ever improving himself—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface! [*Taps Joseph on the shoulder.*

Joseph S.—Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon—

[*Gaping—throws away the book.*]—I have been dozing over a stupid book.—Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. —Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

Sir P. 'Tis very neat indeed.—Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge —hung, I perceive, with maps? [*Walking up towards screen.*

Joseph S. O, yes, I find great use in that screen.

[*Turning Sir Peter away from screen*, R.

Sir P. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

Joseph S. Aye, or to hide any thing in a hurry either.

[*Aside.*

Sir P. Well, I have a little private business——

Joseph S. You need not stay. [*To the Servant, who places chairs. Exit Servant*, L.] Here's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg—

Sir P. [*Sits*, L.] Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

Joseph S. [*Seated*, R.] Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir P. Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Joseph S. Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir P. Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Joseph S. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir P. Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

Joseph S. Yes—believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir P. I am convinced of it.—Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

Joseph S. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite?

Sir P. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Joseph S. My brother! impossible!

Sir P. Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph S. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir P. True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

Joseph S. Yet, I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir P. Ay,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow.

Joseph S. That's very true.

Sir P. And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Joseph S. That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

Sir P. Laugh—ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what, of me.

Joseph S. No—you must never make it public.

Sir P. But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

Joseph S. Ay, there's the point.—When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir P. Ay—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—any advice.

Joseph S. O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break through the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir P. What a difference there is between you! what noble sentiments!

Joseph S. Yet, I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

Sir P. I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her: and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress, in that respect for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish

to have your opinion on.—By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune after my death.

Joseph S. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.——I wish it may not corrupt my pupil. [*Aside.*

Sir P. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Joseph S. Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*

Sir P. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

Joseph S. [*Softly.*]—O, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

Sir P. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Joseph S. I beg you will not mention it, sir. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly.*]—'Sdeath! I shall be ruined every way. [*Aside.*

Sir P. And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph S. Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never——

Enter SERVANT, L.

Well, sir?

Serv. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph S. [*Rises.*] 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

Sir P. [*Rises.*] Stay—hold—a thought has struck me:—you shall be at home.

Joseph S. [*Crosses to Servant.*] Well, well, let him up. [*Exit Servant*, L. He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*

Sir P. (R.) Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you.—Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere—then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Joseph S. O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—To trepan my brother, too?

Sir P. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an op-

portunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: [*Going up*] here, behind this screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat.

Joseph S. Ha! ha! ha! Well this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me,—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir P. Ah! Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you —But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph S. O, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it.

Sir P. No! then, faith, let her hear it out—Here's a closet will do as well.

Joseph S. Well, go in there.

Sir P. Sly rogue! sly rogue! [*Going into the closet*, R.

Joseph S. A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner

Lady T. [*Peeping.*]—Could'nt I steal off?

Joseph S. Keep close, my angel!

Sir P. [*Peeping out*, R.]—Joseph, tax him home.

Joseph S. Back, my dear friend!

Lady T. Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

Joseph S. Be still, my life!

Sir P. [*Peeping.*]—You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

Joseph S. In, in, my dear Sir Peter—'Fore gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, L.

Charles S. Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

Joseph S. (R.) Neither, brother, I assure you.

Charles S. (L.) But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

Joseph S. He *was*, brother; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Charles S. What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

Joseph S. No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, that you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Charles S. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men—But how so, pray?

Joseph S. To be plain with you brother—he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Charles S. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! So the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?

Joseph S. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh———

Charles S. True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

Joseph S. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [*Aloud.*

Charles S. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement:—besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Joseph S. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you———

Charles S. Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

Joseph S. Well—

Charles S. Why I believe I should be obliged to———

Joseph S. What?

Charles S. To borrow a little of your morality, that's all.—But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming *me* with Lady Teazle; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite

Joseph S. O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

Charles S. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances—

Joseph S. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Charles S. Egad, I'm serious.—Don't you remember one day when I called here—

Joseph S. Nay, prythee, Charles—

Charles S. And found you together—

Joseph S. Zounds, sir! I insist—

Charles S. And another time when your servant—

Joseph S. Brother, brother, a word with you! Gad, I must stop him. [*Aside.*

Charles S Informed, I say, that—

Joseph S. Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has heard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Charles S. How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

Joseph S. Softly; there! [*Points to the closet*, R.

Charles S. O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth! [*Trying to get to the closet.*

Joseph S. No, no— [*Preventing him.*

Charles S. I say, Sir Peter, come into court—[*Crosses*, R.; *pulls in Sir Peter.*]—What! my old guardian!—What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog? O, fie! O, fie!

Sir P. Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

Charles S. Indeed!

Sir P. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Charles S. Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph? [*Apart to Joseph.*

Sir P. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Charles S. Ay, ay, that was a joke.

Sir P. Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

Chales S. But you might as well have suspected *him* as *me* in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph? [*Apart to Joseph.*

Sir P. Well, well, I believe you.

Joseph S. Would they were both out of the room! [*Aside.*

Sir P. And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

Joseph S. Lady Sneerwell! Gads life! she must not come here! [*Exit Servant*, L.] Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs: here is a person come on particular business.

Charles S. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

Joseph S. They must not be left together. [*Aside.*] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly.——Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner. [*Apart to Sir Peter, and goes out,* L.]

Sir P. [*Crossing to Joseph.*] I! not for the world!—[*Apart to Joseph.*]—Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

Charles S. Pshaw! he is too moral by half—and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

Sir P. No, no.—Come, come,—you wrong him.—No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect.——I have a great mind to tell him—we should have such a laugh at Joseph. [*Aside.*

Charles S. Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

Sir P. Hark'ee—you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

Charles S. Why, you won't tell him?

Sir P. No—but—this way. Egad, I'll tell him.—[*Aside.*] Hark'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles S. I should like it of all things.

Sir P. Then, i'faith, we will—I'll be quit with him for discovering me—He had a girl with him when I called. [*Whispers.*

Charles S. What! Joseph?—you jest.

Sir P. Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

Charles S. The devil she is! [*Looking at closet.*

Sir P. Hush! I tell you! [*Points to screen.*

Charles S. Behind the screen! 'Slife, let us unveil.

Sir P. No, no—he's coming—you sha'n't, indeed!

Charles S. O, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

[*Endeavouring to get towards screen, Sir P. preventing.*

Sir P. Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me—

Charles S. I'll stand by you—

Sir P. Odds, here he is! [*Joseph Surface enters* L., *just as Charles Surface throws down the screen.*]

Charles S. (C.) Lady Teazle! by all that's wonderful!

Sir P. (R.) Lady Teazle! by all that's damnable!

Charles S. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret.—Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too? —Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute!—Well—though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves—[*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment. [*Exit Charles,* L. *They stand for some time looking at each other.*

Joseph S. (L.) Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess —that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Sir P. (R.) If you please, sir.

Joseph S. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say, —called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir P. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady T. [*Coming forward* C.] For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir P. How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie!

Lady T. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir P. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Joseph S. [*Aside.*]—'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady T. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir P. Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady T. Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this

gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir P. Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed!

Joseph S. The woman's mad!

Lady T. No, sir,—she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. [*Crosses to* L.] As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. [*Exit Lady Teazle*, L.

Joseph S. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows—

Sir P. [*Crosses*, L.] That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Joseph S. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me.—The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—

Sir P. O, damn your sentiments!

[*Exeunt Sir Peter and Surface, talking*, L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Library.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE *and* SERVANT, L.

Joseph S. Mr. Stanley!—and why should you think I would see him? You must know he comes to ask something.

Serv. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

Joseph S. Pshaw! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations! —Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

Serv. I will, sir.—Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady—

Joseph S. Go, fool! [*Exit Servant*, L.]—Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I sha'n't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however. [*Exit*, R.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* ROWLEY, L.

Sir O. What! does he avoid us!—That was he, was it not?

Row. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

Sir O. (R.) O, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

Row. (L.) As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

Sir O. Yet he has a string of charitable sentiments I suppose, at his fingers' ends.

Row. Or rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that "Charity begins at home."

Sir O. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

Row. I doubt you'll find it so;—but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

Sir O. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

Row. Without losing a moment. [*Exit*, L.

Sir O. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE, R.

Joseph S. (R.) Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting—Mr. Stanley, I presume.—

Sir O. (L.) At your service.

Joseph S. Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir!—

Sir O. Dear sir—there's no occasion—too civil by half! [*Aside.*

Joseph S. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, Mr. Stanley, I think?

Sir O. I was, sir;—so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

Joseph S. Dear sir, there needs no apology:—he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

Sir O. If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

Joseph S. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

Sir O. I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

Joseph S. My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise; and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir O. What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

Joseph S. O, dear sir, nothing of the kind:—No, no—a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

Sir O. Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers! [*Aside.*

Joseph S. (R.) Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir O. (L.) Not I, for one! [*Aside.*

Joseph S. The sums I have lent him!—Indeed, I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness: however, I don't pretend to defend it,—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

Sir O. Dissembler! [*Aside.*]—Then, sir, you can't assist me?

Joseph S. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

Sir O. I am extremely sorry—

Joseph S. Not more than I, believe me;—to pity, without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

Sir O. Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Joseph S. You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. William be ready to open the door.

Sir O. O, dear sir, no ceremony.

Joseph S. Your very obedient.

Sir O. Sir, your most obsequious.

Joseph S. You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

Sir O. Sweet sir, you are too good!

Joseph S. In the mean time, I wish you health and spirits.

Sir O. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

Joseph S. Sir, yours as sincerely.

Sir O. Now I am satisfied! [*Aside; Exit,* L.

Joseph S. This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it, makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

Enter ROWLEY, L.

Row. (L.) Mr. Surface, your servant: I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

Joseph S. (R.) Always happy to see Mr. Rowley,—a rascal! [*Aside.—Reads the letter.*]—Sir Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

Row. He is, indeed: we have just parted with him—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

Joseph S. I am astonished!—William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone.

Row. Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

Joseph S. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

Row. I thought you had particular business;—but I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

Joseph S. So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.——Never, to be sure, was any thing so damned unlucky. [*Aside.*

Row. You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

Joseph S. Oh! I am overjoyed to hear it——Just at this time! [*Aside.*

Row. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him. [*Exit*, L.

Joseph S. Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him—Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill-fortune! [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

Enter MAID *and* Mrs. CANDOUR.

Maid. (R.) Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

Mrs. C. (L) Did you tell her it was her friend, Mrs. Candour?

Maid. Yes ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

Mrs. C. Do go again,—I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. [*Exit Maid* R.] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, L.

Oh, dear Sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose—

Sir B. (L.) Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface—

Mrs. C. (R.) And Sir Peter's discovery—

Sir. B. O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

Mrs. C. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

Sir B. Now I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. C. Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles, Lady Teazle was detected.

Sir B. No such thing, I tell you—Mr. Surface is the gallant.

Mrs. C. No, no, Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

Sir B. I tell you I had it from one—

Mrs. C. And I have it from one—

Sir B. Who had it from one, who had it—

Mrs. C. From one immediately—but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair. [*Crosses*, c.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL, L.

Lady S. So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Teazle.

Mrs. C. (c.) Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought—

Lady S. (L.) Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

Mrs. C. To be sure, her manners were a little too free: but then she was so young!

Lady S. And had, indeed, some good qualities.

Mrs. C. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

Lady S. No; but every body says that Mr. Surface—

Sir B. (R.) Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

Mrs. C. No, no: indeed the assignation was with Charles.

Lady S. With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

Mrs. C. Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

Sir B. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not—

Mrs. C. Sir Peter's wound! O, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

Lady S. Nor I, a syllable.

Sir B. No! what, no mention of the duel? [*Crosses*, c.

Mrs. C. (R.) Not a word.

Sir B. (c.) O, yes: they fought before they left the room.

Lady S. (L.) Pray, let us hear.

Mrs. C. Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

Sir B. "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

Mrs. C. Ay, to Charles—

Sir B. No, no—to Mr. Surface—"a most ungrateful

fellow; and old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

Mrs. C. Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

Sir B. Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"Giving me immediate satisfaction.' On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords—

Enter CRABTREE, L.; *crosses* L. C.

Crab. With pistols, nephew—pistols: I have it from undoubted authority.

Mrs. C. [*Crosses to Crabtree.*] O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

Crab. (L. C.) Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded—

Sir B. (R.) By a thrust in segoon quite through his left side—

Crab. By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

Mrs. C. Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

Crab. Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

Mrs. C. I told you who it was; I knew Charles was the person.

Sir B. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

Crab. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

Sir B. That I told you, you know—

Crab. Do, nephew, let me speak!—and insisted on immediate—

Sir B. Satisfaction! Just as I said—

Crab. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too. A pair of pistols lay on the bureau, (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

Sir B. I heard nothing of this.

Crab. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one; and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakspeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

Sir B. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the only true one, for all that.

Lady S. I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [*Aside.*]—

[*Exit Lady Sneerwell,* L.

Sir B. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

Crab. Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. C. But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

Crab. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

Mrs. C. I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

Crab. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

Sir B. Hey! who comes here?

Crab. O, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

Mrs. C. O, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, L.

Crab. (R. C.) Well, doctor, what hopes?

Mrs. C. (R.) Ay, doctor, how's your patient?

Sir B. Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small-sword? [*Coming down on Sir Oliver,* L.

Crab. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

Sir O. Doctor! a wound with a small sword! and a bullet in the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

Sir B. (L.) Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

Sir O. Truly I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

Crab. Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

Sir O. Not a word!

Crab. Not of his being dangerously wounded?

Sir O. The devil he is!

Sir B. Run through the body—

Crab. Shot in the breast—

Sir B. By one Mr. Surface—

Crab. Ay, the younger.

Sir O. Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

Sir B. O, yes, we agree in that. [*Crosses behind to* R.

Crab. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

Sir O. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes walking, as if nothing at all was the matter.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, L.

Odd's heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over.

Sir B. (R.) Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

Sir O. (L. C.) Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

Sir P. (L.) A small sword, and a bullet!

Sir O. Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

Sir P. Why, what is all this? [*Crosses to Sir B.*

Sir B. We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune. [*Goes up a little.*

Sir P. So, so; all over the town already. [*Aside.*

Crab. Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years. [*Retires a little up.*

Sir P. (R. C.) Sir, what business is that of yours?

Mrs. C. (R.) Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

Sir P. Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it [*Mrs. Crabtree crosses* L.

Sir B. [*Advances on his* L. H.] However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

Sir P. Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

Crab. 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

Sir P. I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony —I insist on your leaving my house directly.

Mrs. C. Well, well, we are going, and depend on't we'll make the best report of it we can.

Sir P. Leave my house!

Crab. And tell how hardly you've been treated—

Sir P. Leave my house!

Sir B. And how patiently you bear it.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Candour, Sir Benjamin, and Crabtree,* L.

Sir P. Leave my house!—Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them! [*Crosses,*

Sir O. They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter ROWLEY, L.

Row. I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

Sir P. (C.) Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

Row. Well, I'm not inquisitive.

Sir O. (R.) Well, I am not inquisitive; I come only to tell you that I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

Sir P. A precious couple they are!

Row. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgement was right, Sir Peter.

Sir O. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

Row. Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

Sir O. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

Row. It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

Sir O. Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age!—But how's this, Sir Peter? You don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

Sir P. (C.) Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

Row. (L.) What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

Sir P. (C.) Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

Row. Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humble, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

Sir P. And does Sir Oliver know all this?

Sir O. Every circumstance.

Sir P. What of the closet and the screen, hey?

Sir O. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. 'Twas very pleasant.

Sir O. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you: Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

Row. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments: Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

Sir O. Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet: Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Ha! ha! 'Twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

Sir O. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to

have seen your face when the screen was thrown down Ha! ha!

Sir P. Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

Sir O. But come, come; it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

Sir P. O pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. O yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S——, Lady T——, and Sir P——, will be so entertaining! I shall certainly leave town to-morrow, and never look mankind in the face again. [*Crosses*, R.

Row. (c.) Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools: but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

Sir O. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. [*Crosses*, L.] Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy. [*Exit*, L.

Sir P. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

Row. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

Sir P. Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

Row. Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

Sir P. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers, evidently intended for Charles?

Row. A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

Sir P. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

Row. Certainly.

Sir P. Though when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

Row. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

Sir P. I'faith, so I will I and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the county.

Row. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion—

Sir P. Hold, master Rowley! If you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*The Library.*

Enter LADY SNEERWELL *and* JOSEPH SURFACE, L.

Lady S. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of consequence no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

Joseph S. Can passion furnish a remedy?

Lady S. No, nor cunning neither. O! I was a fool an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

Joseph S. Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

Lady S. No!

Joseph S. You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us.

Lady S. I do believe so.

Joseph S. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

Lady S. This, indeed, might have assisted.

Joseph S. Come, come; it is not too late yet. [*Knocking at the door*, L.] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

Lady S. Well, but if *he* should find you out, too?

Joseph S. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it, I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

Lady S. I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time. [*Exit Lady Sneerwell*, R.

Joseph S. I will, I will. So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly——Hey!—what!—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't! that he should return to teaze me just now—I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and—

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, L.

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

Sir O. (L.) Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you I'll try what he'll do for me.

Joseph S. (R.) Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg——Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

Sir O. No: Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

Joseph S. Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

Sir O. Nay, sir—

Joseph S. Sir, I insist on't: here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir,—not one moment—this is such insolence! [*Going to push him out*, L.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, L.

Charles S. Hey day! what's the matter now! What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium. [*Crosses*, C.] What's the matter, my little fellow?

Joseph S. (R.) So! he has been with you too, has he?

Charles S. (C.) To be sure he has Why, he's as honest a little——But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

Joseph S. Borrowing! No! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every——

Charles S. O Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure?

Joseph S. Yet Mr. Stanley insists——

Charles S. Stanley! why his name's Premium.

Joseph S. No, sir, Stanley.

Charles S. No, no, Premium.

Joseph S. Well, no matter which—but—

Charles S. Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.

Joseph S. 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley—

Charles S. Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium—

Sir O. Gentlemen——

Joseph S. Sir, by heaven you shall go!

Charles S. Ay, out with him, certainly!

Sir O. This violence——

Joseph S. Sir, 'tis your own fault.

Charles S. Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing Sir Oliver out*, L.

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* SIR PETER, MARIA, *and* ROWLEY, L.

Sir P. My old friend, Sir Oliver—hey! What in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle at a first visit!

Lady T. Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

Row. Truly, it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

Sir O. Nor of Premium either; the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and with the other, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

Joseph S. (R.) Charles!

Charles S. (R.) Joseph!

Joseph S. 'Tis now complete!

Charles S. Very!

Sir O. (C.) Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him: judge then my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of truth, charity, and gratitude.

Sir P. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be selfish, treacherous, and hypocritical.

Lady T. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

Sir P. Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

Charles S. If they talk this way to honesty, what will they say to me, by and bye? [*Aside.*

[*Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, and Maria, retire.*

Sir O. As for that prodigal, his brother, there——

Charles S. Ay, now comes my turn: the damned family pictures will ruin me. [*Aside.*

Joseph S. Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

Charles S. Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. [*Aside.*

Sir O. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself? [*To Joseph.*

Joseph S. I trust I could.

Sir O. Nay, if you desert your roguery in its distress, and try to be justified—you have even less principle than I thought you had. [*To Charles.*] Well, sir! you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

Charles S. Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

Sir O. What!—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

Charles S. True, sir; but they were *family* secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

Row. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

Sir O. Odd's heart, no more I can; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

Charles S. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvass, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may certainly rise up in judgment against me; there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you—and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

Sir O. Charles, I believe you; give me your hand again: the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

Charles S. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

Lady T. [*Advancing*, c., *Maria on her left hand.*] Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

Sir O. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush—

Sir P. Well, child, speak your sentiments!

Maria. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me—whatever claim I had to his attention, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

Charles S. How, Maria!

Sir P. Hey day! what's the mystery now?—While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

Maria. His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

Charles S. Lady Sneerwell!

Joseph S. (R.) Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed. [*Opens the door*, R.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL, R.

Sir P. So! another French milliner! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose.

Lady S. Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

Charles S. Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

Joseph S. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

Sir P. And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake. Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

Row. Walk in, Mr. Snake.

Enter SNAKE, L.

I thought his testimony might be wanted: however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

Lady S. (R.) A villain! Treacherous to me at last!—Speak, fellow; have you, too, conspired against me?

Snake. (L.) I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons: you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I, unfortunately, have been offered double to speak the truth.

Sir P. Plot and counter-plot! I wish your ladyship joy of your negociation.

Lady S. [*Crosses*, L.] The torments of shame and disappointment on you all!

Lady T. Hold, Lady Sneerwell: before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

Lady S. You, too, madam—provoking—insolent.—May your husband live these fifty years! [*Exit*, L.

Sir P. Oons! what a fury!

Lady T. A malicious creature, indeed!

Sir P. [*On Lady Teazle's right hand.*] What! Not for her last wish?

Lady T. O no!

Sir O. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

Joseph S. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. For the man who attempts to— [*Crosses and exit*, L.

Sir P. Moral to the last!

Sir O. Ay, and marry her,—Joseph, if you can. Egad! you'll do very well together.

Row. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake, at present.

Snake. (L.) Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

Sir P. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

Snake. But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

Sir P. Hey—What the plague!—Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

Snake. Ah, sir, consider,—I live by the badness of my character; and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world. [*Exit*, L.

Sir O. Well, well; we'll not traduce you by saying any thing in your praise, never fear.

Lady T. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

Sir O. Ay, ay, that's as it should be; and, egad, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Charles S. Thank you, dear uncle!

Sir P. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first!

Charles S. Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

Maria. For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

Sir O. Well, then, the fewer the better;—may your love for each other never know abatement!

Sir P. And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

Charles S. Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

Sir P. Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

Charles S. Why as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide—Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, should'st wave thy beauty's sway,
Thou still must rule, because I will obey:
An humble fugitive from Folly view,
No sanctuary near but Love and you; [*To the audience.*
You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,
For even Scandal dies, if you approve.

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SIR O., SIR P., LADY T., CHARLES, MARIA, ROWLEY, R.] [L.

EPILOGUE.

BY MR. COLMAN.

Spoken by Lady Teazle.

I, WHO was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade wind must now blow all one way
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one dull rusty weathercock—my spouse!
So wills our virtuous bard—the motley Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays!
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives:
Each bring his dear to town, all faults upon her—
London will prove the very source of honour.
Plunged fairly in, like a cold bath it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves:
Such is my case; and yet I must deplore—
That the gay dream of dissipation 's o'er.
And say, ye fair! was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me, untimely blasted in her bloom?
Like me, condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money—when I just knew how to waste it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!
Must I, then, watch the early crowing cock,
The melancholy ticking of a clock;
In a lone rustic hall for ever poundod,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curate can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire,)
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven 's the main! Dear sound, that must expire,
Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the plumed head, the cushion'd tête,
That takes the cushion from its proper seat!
That spirit-stirring drum!—card-drum I mean;
Spadille—odd trick—pam—basto—king and queen!

And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen throat,
The welcome visitors' approach denote;
Farewell all quality of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town!
Farewell! your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazle's occupation 's o'er!
All this I told our bard; he smiled, and said 'twas clear,
I ought to play deep tragedy next year.
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:
Blest were the fair like you; her faults who stopt,
And closed her follies when the curtain dropt!
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage.

LIBRARY
OCT
28
1987
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

E.M. 12-7-88

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

PR
4699
F9P5
1828
c.1
ROBA